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MAY
1921

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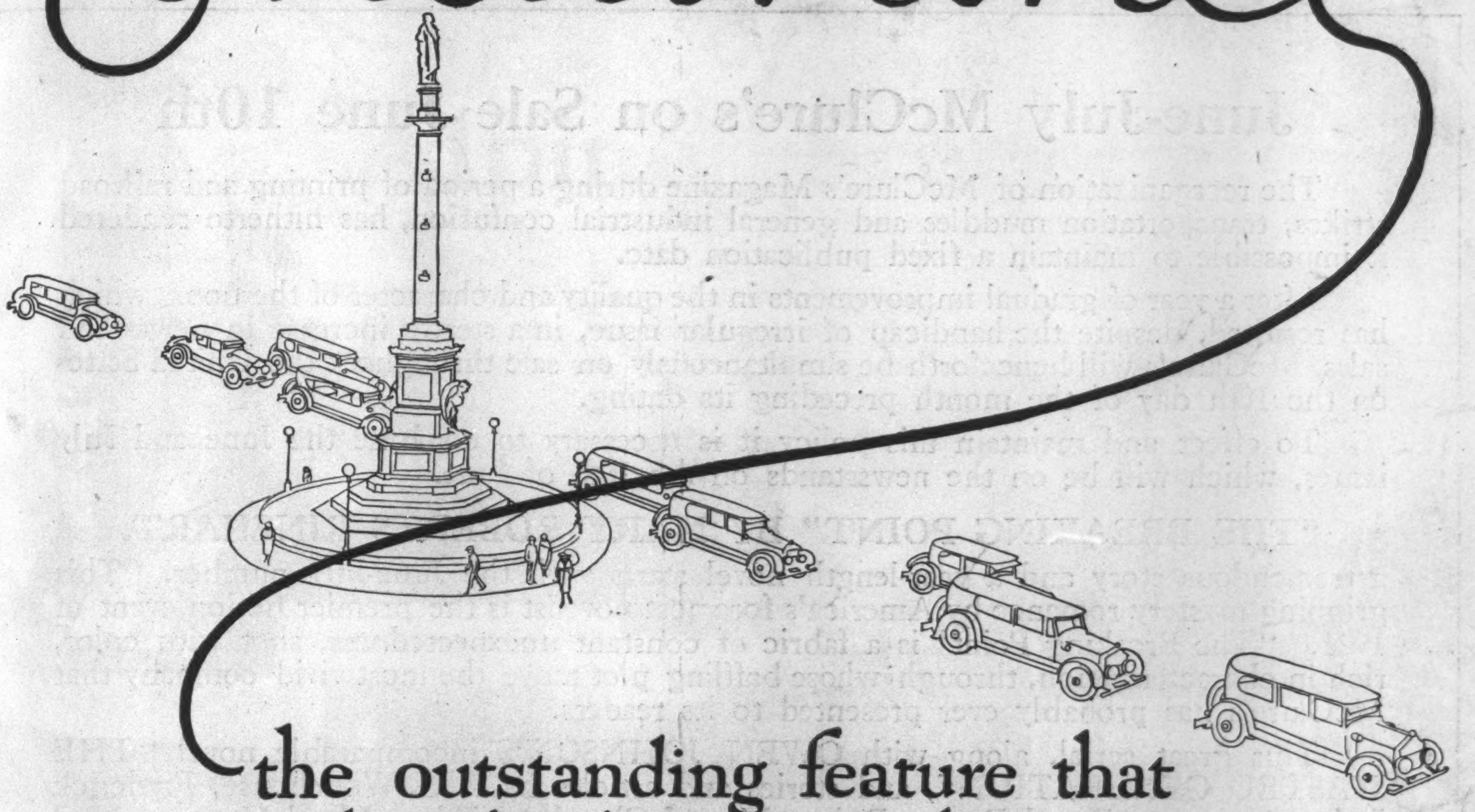

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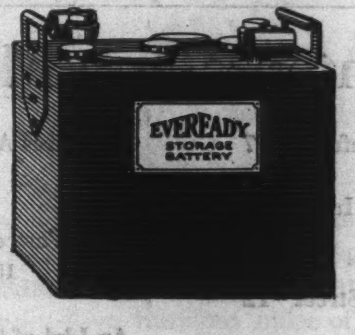

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Volume 54
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McCLURE'S

Number 5
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June-July McClure's on Sale June 10th

The reorganization of McClure's Magazine during a period of printing and railroad strikes, transportation muddles and general industrial confusion, has hitherto rendered it impossible to maintain a fixed publication date.

After a year of gradual improvements in the quality and character of the book, which has resulted, despite the handicap of irregular issue, in a steady increase in newsstand sales, McClure's will henceforth be simultaneously on sale throughout the United States on the 10th day of the month preceding its dating.

To effect and maintain this policy it is necessary to combine the June and July issues, which will be on the newsstands on the 10th of June.

"THE BREAKING POINT" BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART,

a tremendous story and a year-length novel starts with the June-July number. This gripping mystery romance by America's foremost novelist is the premier fiction event of 1921. "The Breaking Point" is a fabric of constant unexpectedness, shot with color, rich in characterization, through whose baffling plot move the most vivid company that McClure's has probably ever presented to its readers.

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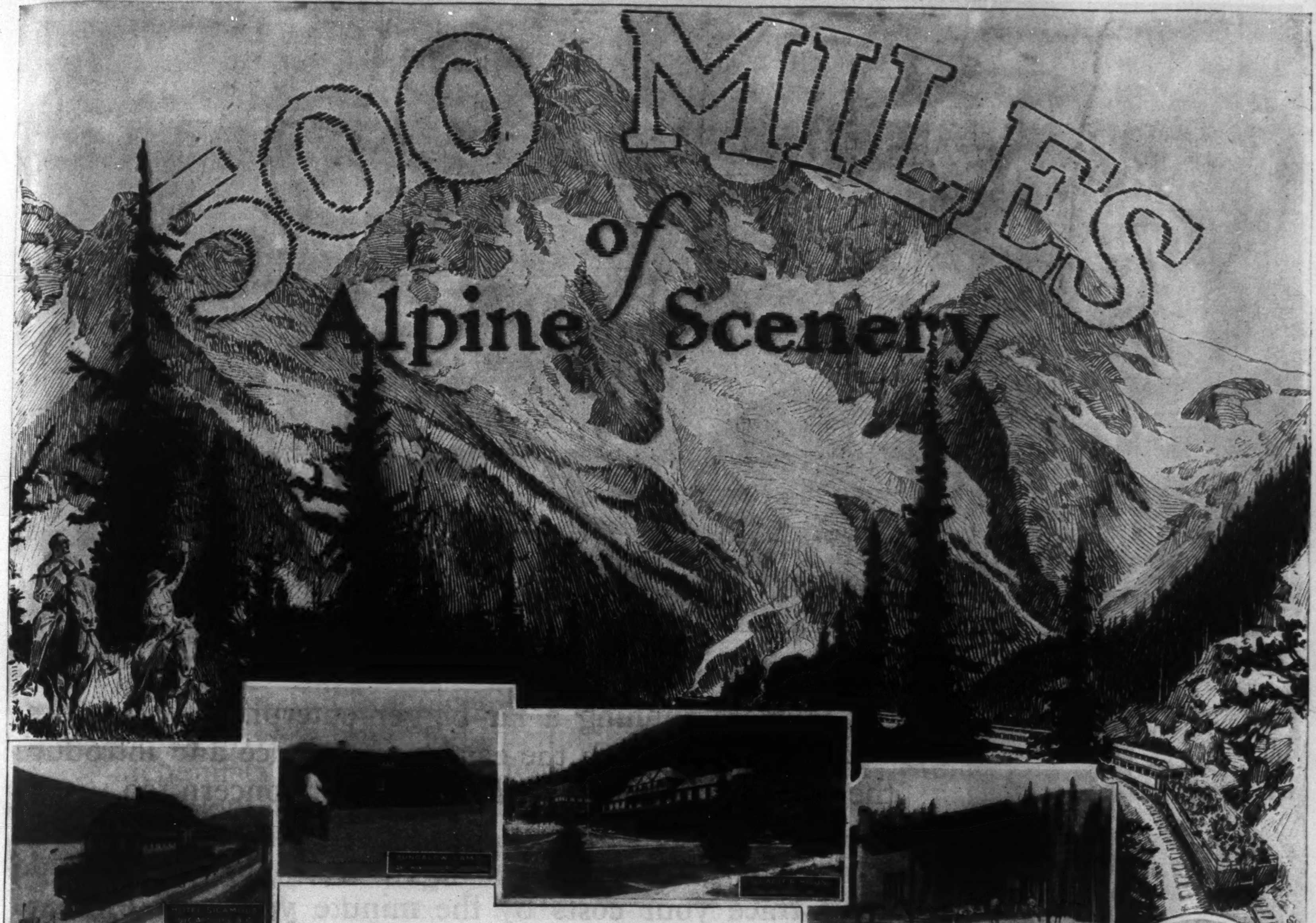

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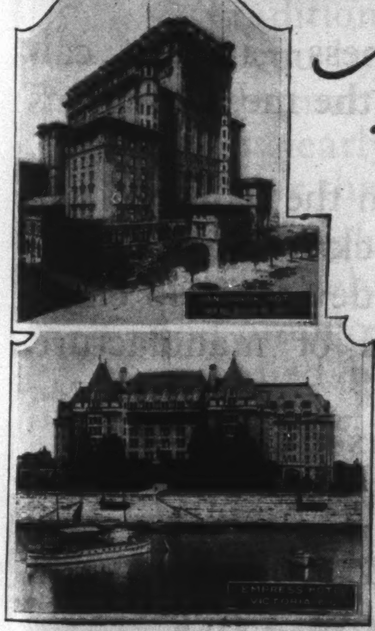

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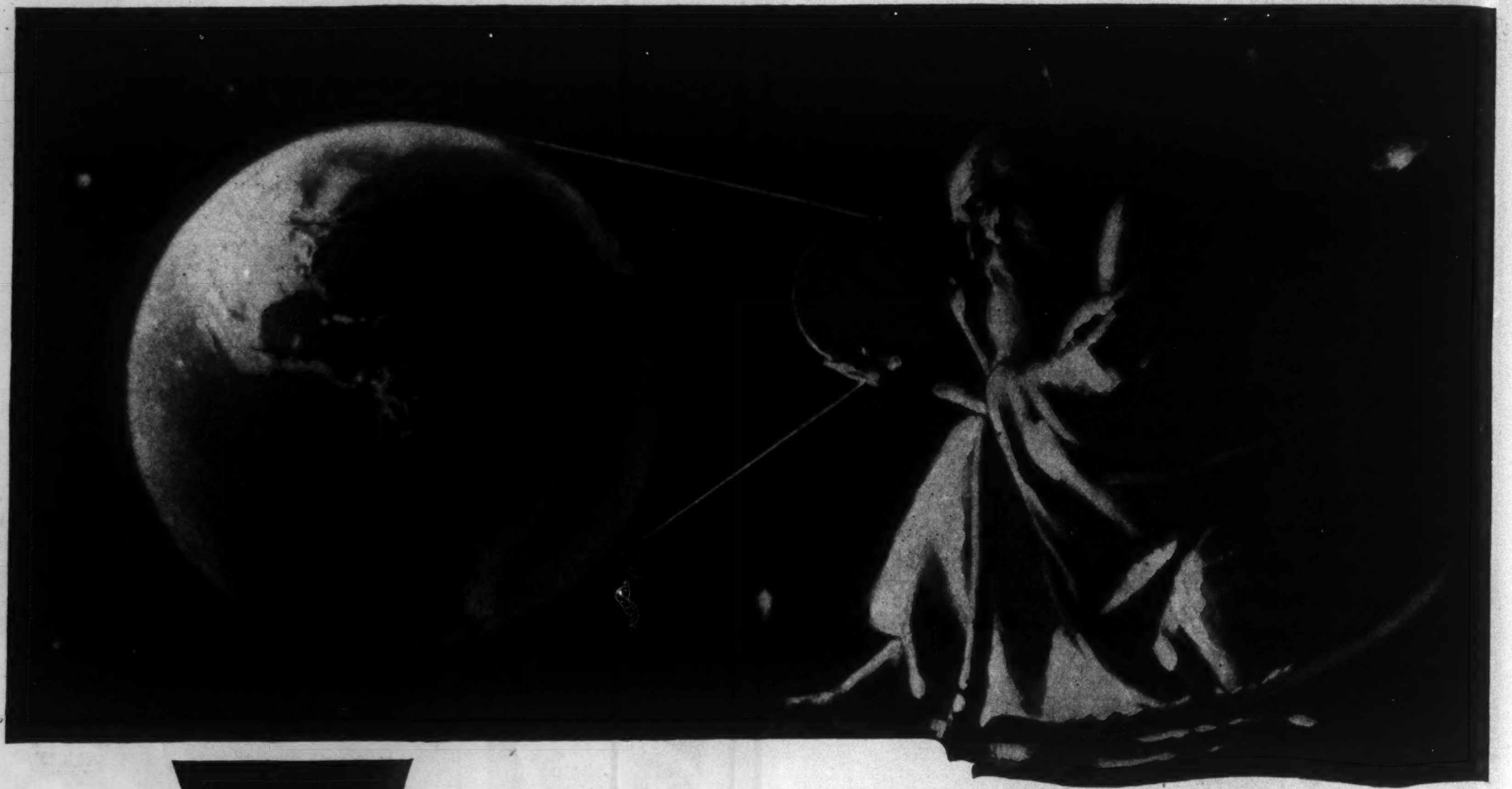

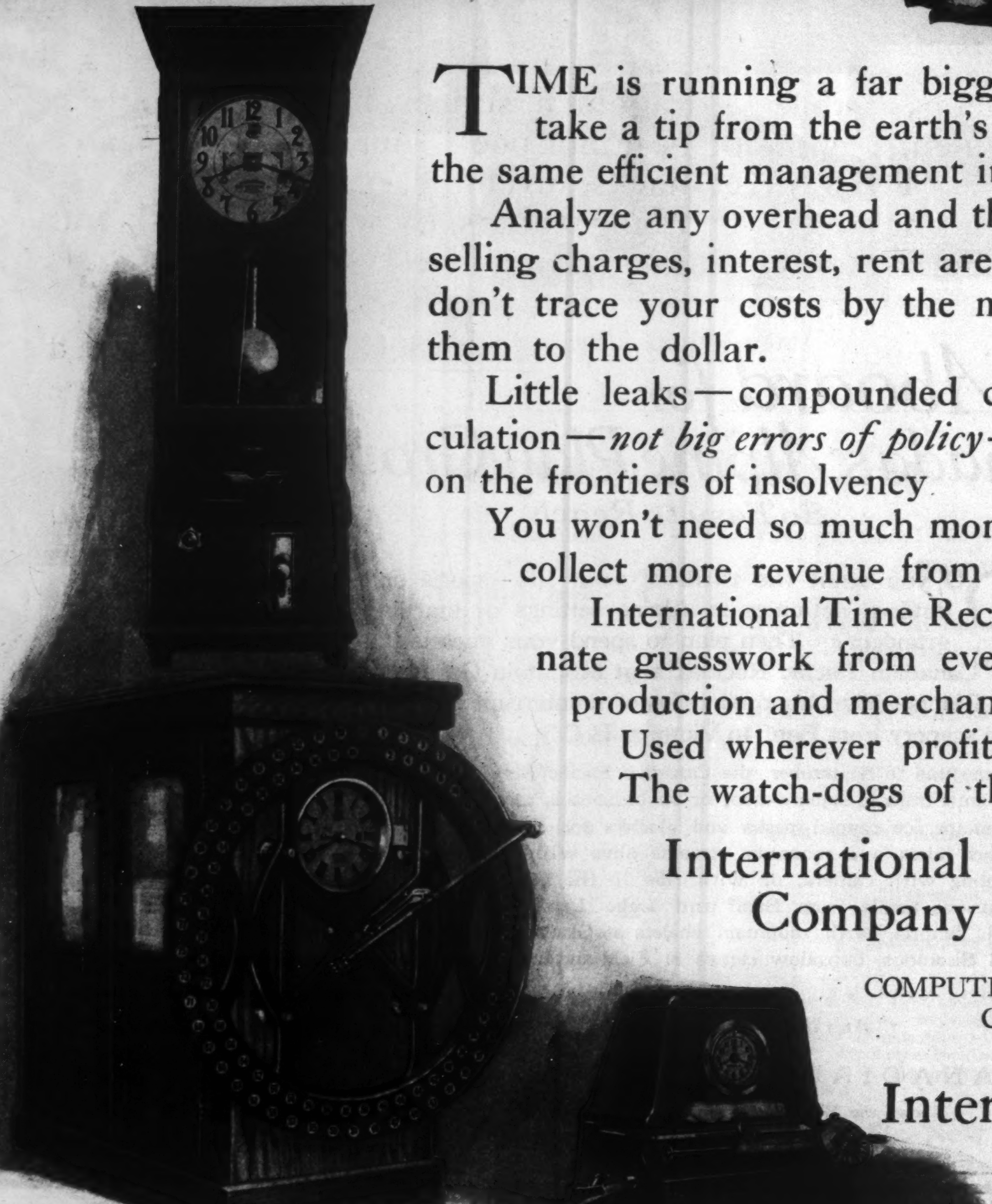

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Volume 53
Number 5

McCLURE'S

MAY 1921

Second-Hand Brains

by Herbert Kaufman

YOUR head is an attic crowded with second-hand notions, a dump-heap of ready-made thought to which originality has probably not contributed one unique idea.

Nordic nomads and Neanderthal troglodytes, Jain husbandmen and Coptic artisans, Judean herders and Assyrian masons, Babylonish craftsmen and Bœotian blacksmiths, Nubian witch doctors and Norse shipwrights, Sardinian lapidaries and Athenian philosophers, Druid priests and Visigoth horse-breakers, Iberian miners and Genoese weavers, Finnish trappers and Franciscan monks, Florentine woodcarvers and Saracenic armorers, Moorish potters and Welsh harpers, Arapahoe hunters and Sheffield cutlers, Genghis Khan and Napoleon Bonaparte, together with various sherbet sellers, camel drivers, muleteers, mahouts, dragomen, scribes, bards, astrologists, alchemists, highwaymen, steel puddlers, minor poets, romancists, historians, encyclopedia drudges, Fleet Street hacks, inventors, navigators and explorers, through their chroniclers and biographers, by word of mouth and deed of hand—through act and work and record—have generously provided you with a layette of hand-me-down rules, reasons and opinions.

Tradition has indexed and systematized this conglomerate, and purveyed it to you by legend and precept and print, but the ability to memorize the intellectual and industrial exploits of all the constructive folk since Adam is not nearly so valuable to the world as was the clipping of flint to an edge, or the astounding notion of twisting entrails into a bowstring.

Although you feel assured that, born in a wilderness, you would have instinctively fashioned weapons of the chase, devised a fibre fishing-line, and produced a stone and stick club, remember that millions were born and died before man ever sensed the latent potentialities in a hunk of copper ore.

No one can state exactly how many of your ancestors wore their shrouds before they bred a mentality giant enough to design the first wheel.

What legacy shall you leave to posterity?

Possessed of every tool, calculation, formula and equation transmitted by the past and therefore better qualified to originate than were Archimedes, Euclid, Galileo, Gutenburg, Harvey, Arkwright, Fulton or Morse—is the memory of your existence to rest solely with the chisel of a monument cutter?

Use your brain, add *something* to the total of human achievement. If you can't build a safer airship, at least produce a better pencil.

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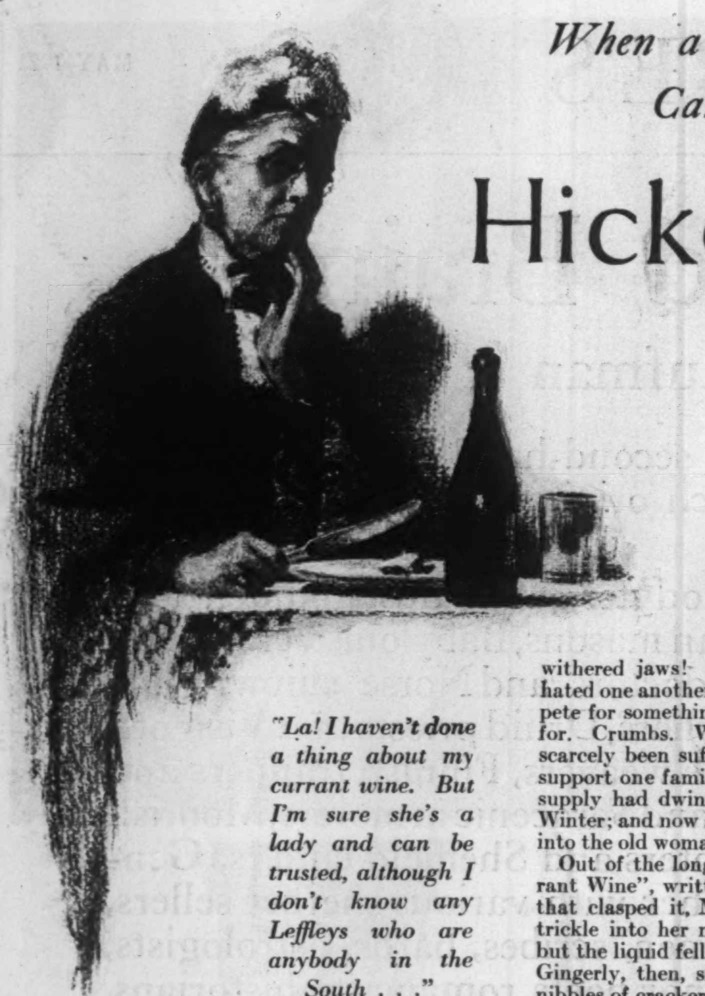
When a Man and a Woman Are United by a Lie Can Anything Efface the Memory of It?

Hickory Dickory Dock

by Wallace Irwin

Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore



"La! I haven't done a thing about my currant wine. But I'm sure she's a lady and can be trusted, although I don't know any Leffleys who are anybody in the South . . ."

ONE thing the gods will never forget in their careless ministry over the lives of mice and men: Hunger is the supremest passion, and as such it has caused more bloodshed than either love or hate. Some there are who will group love and hate together as spiritual manifestations of hunger. But it is a crass physical yearning after more bread and more cheese that sets bright-clad field marshals astride their white horses and turns national boundaries into vast graveyards, a million crosses, row on row.

Let us begin, then, with a very minor character in our drama — a mouse.

In the lowering dusk of early February a mouse peered round a square tin box, fictitiously labeled "Cake", in the kitchen of a square-shouldered house wherein Turnbulls had flourished and decayed. Like the church mouse of tradition he was thin and scrawny, and the tiny jet beads through which he surveyed his narrow world were bright with famine as he crouched and waited for the superior being whom he hated and upon whom he depended for his crumbs.

Down the creaking stairs she came at last, the withered old woman. The mouse knew her step, and he marked her progress through the gaunt faded hall toward the kitchen table whereon she had set a thick blue plate beside an almost empty bottle and a nicked glass. She was late to-night; the mouse knew that by the intelligence that dwelt in his stomach. But it was not until she had groped her way across the kitchen and reached shakily to turn up the gas that the change in her appearance was visible, even to the mouse's limited powers of observation.

She was dressed, ceremoniously, for an appearance in the great world. Not since the funeral of her sister, Caroline, nearly a year before, had she decked herself so punctiliously in her little black bonnet and the cloak which had been dyed and still showed an undertone of brown. Miss Octavia Turnbull was quite evidently going somewhere; and the shabby traveling-bag which she set beside the oil-clothed table indicated that her journey might be far.

The mouse lay in wait. Famine gnawed his little vitals and steeled his heart to a sort of cold ferocity as he lurked in shadows, anticipating her next move. She rolled her black gloves into a neat ball and laid them on the oil-cloth before, with the irritating deliberateness of old age, she opened the cake-box and brought out the sum and substance of her evening meal. A box of crackers and a slab of moist yellow cheese.

The mouse glided forth a quarter of an inch, slinking like the beast of prey that he might easily have been. Had he been a larger animal — a lion, perhaps, or a leopard — with what a triumphant growl might he have thrown himself upon the crone who nibbled crumbs between her withered jaws! For the old woman and the mouse hated one another with all the hatred of those who compete for something which seems hardly worth fighting for. Crumbs. Within the memory of mice there had scarcely been sufficient food in that echoing house to support one family of long-tailed robbers. The food supply had dwindled again as the months wore into Winter; and now something meanly dramatic had come into the old woman's ebbing life.

Out of the long-necked bottle with the label "Currant Wine", written in a hand as shaky as the talons that clasped it, Miss Octavia poured a thin, pinkish trickle into her nicked glass; she drained the bottle, but the liquid fell short of the brim by a full half-inch. Gingerly, then, she sipped the sour comfort between nibbles of crackers and cheese. In appearance she was not unlike her enemy, the mouse. Her ears were round, her face thin and pointed; her eyes were like shoe-buttons that had been endowed with a sort of starved intentness.

And as she ate she scattered crumbs. Crumbs! The mouse hitched forward another length. An inviting silence had fallen over the musty kitchen. So intense was the hush that the asthmatic wheeze of the crooked gas-jet sounded, by contrast, like Niagara's roar. He tensed his muscles for a final leap, then stopped. Her eyes were upon him. How could he know that their filmy stare was fixed in the vacancy of her ancient dream?

"Mercy me!" she was thinking. "The train leaves at six forty-seven. Or is it six forty-nine? I do believe I've lost my time-table. Oughtn't I to stay and see that those people get into the house? She seemed a real lady — but they're Australians. Tut-tut! She had a lovely face. She looked a little like the Crocketts of Charlottesville — only she paid her rent in advance. Sixty dollars! I do hope she didn't think I was overcharging them.

"She says her husband's an invalid. Lawsy me! Thank goodness, those nervous diseases aren't catching. I must see Judge Mallok about that. I do hope he won't forget to collect the rents on the first of the month. Australia! What a place to come from! La! I haven't done a thing about my currant wine. But I'm sure she's a lady and can be trusted, although I don't know any Leffleys who are anybody in the South —— "

At that instant the train of her thought was interrupted by a movement under her eyes. A mouse.

"Scat, you little pest!"

Her voice came sharp like the cackle of a startled hen and her eyes snapped venomously as she laid hold of the bottle and brought it down club-like on the space where her enemy had but lately cowered. The bottle cracked itself against empty oil-cloth.

After that she set herself busily to brushing away crumbs. Fussily, minutely she gathered the precious flakes into her thick blue dish, carried them over to the stove and cast them ruthlessly into the burning mouth of Moloch. A sizable nugget of golden cheese and a depleted package of crackers she put away in the cake-box and fastened the lid against depredations of robber mice.

From a hole above the wainscoting two little evil eyes peeked out.

Now Miss Octavia Turnbull, after having the day before exacted a three months' lease, at sixty dollars a month, from the lovely Australian lady with the sad brown eyes, had planned to treat herself to a visit upon her distant and elderly cousin, Mrs. Darius Pennybank of Middleboro. Therefore her heart was all a-flutter that night as she quit the big, shabby house — after having gone the rounds of the gas-jets and seen that the parlor was tidy as she knew how to make it — and at last minced forth on an adventure which was as foreign to her as it would have been to the mouse in the kitchen.

She had just opened the wrought-iron gate and was scurrying in the timid hope that she wouldn't miss her train when an automobile came up the dusky street and stopped beside the Turnbull hitching post. Helen Leffley leaned across her husband's figure, swaddled in scarves, and called out in a voice which was sweet and slightly rough — like the sweeping of winds over harp-strings of rusted gold.

"Miss Turnbull!"

"Oh!"

The little old spinster, her body awry from the weight of the bag she carried, peered nervously around.

"It's Mrs. Leffley. I'm sorry we're so late. I hoped we might have a chat before you left —— "

"They're right inconvenient, these trains," apologized Miss Turnbull. "The railroad has never done a thing for Scarletburg since Eighteen-eighty — it leaves at six forty-seven — or is it forty-nine?"

Her look was so helpless that Helen volunteered.

"Won't you let us take you over to the station in the car?"

"Mercy, no! Thank you ever so much, but I wouldn't ride in one of those things."

The man, whose face she had never seen, sat, wrapped to the eyes, against the cushioned seat.

"I don't think I have your address, Miss Turnbull," ventured Helen, whereat the little being straightened proudly to mention the important name.

"In care of Mrs. Darius Pennybank of Middleboro."

"Shall we send the — rent there?"

"The rent? Oh." The old woman stood collecting her wits. "Judge Mallok will handle all that. He's coming over to-night with the lease — he lives next door, you know. And if you want anything, call on him. He's our coroner, you know."

Helen Leffley might have smiled at this, but the jangled discord of the day was in her ears; and fear of her husband was growing like a cancer against her heart.

"I hope you'll find the house in good order," the old lady wandered on. "And, oh yes — there's the mice. I think you'll find some traps in the cellar — Caroline must have put them down there. I left the key on a nail beside the front door. Some groceries came from Pratt's and I left them out on the storm porch. Oh dear!"

Something to do with the six forty-seven — or forty-nine, perhaps — inspired the little body to desperate

action. With an agility quite unexpected in so decrepit a frame she scurried away into the dusk.

"Fred!" called Helen to her husband, who had sat silent all during their trip from Charleville.

Reaching impatiently to the thick muffler which had concealed the lower part of his face, he tore it away, revealing haggard, handsome features in which his burning eyes were set.

"Well?" he suggested sullenly.

"We're here, Fred," she announced with a sort of lip-cheerfulness. "If you'll run up and find the key I'll pay the chauffeur."

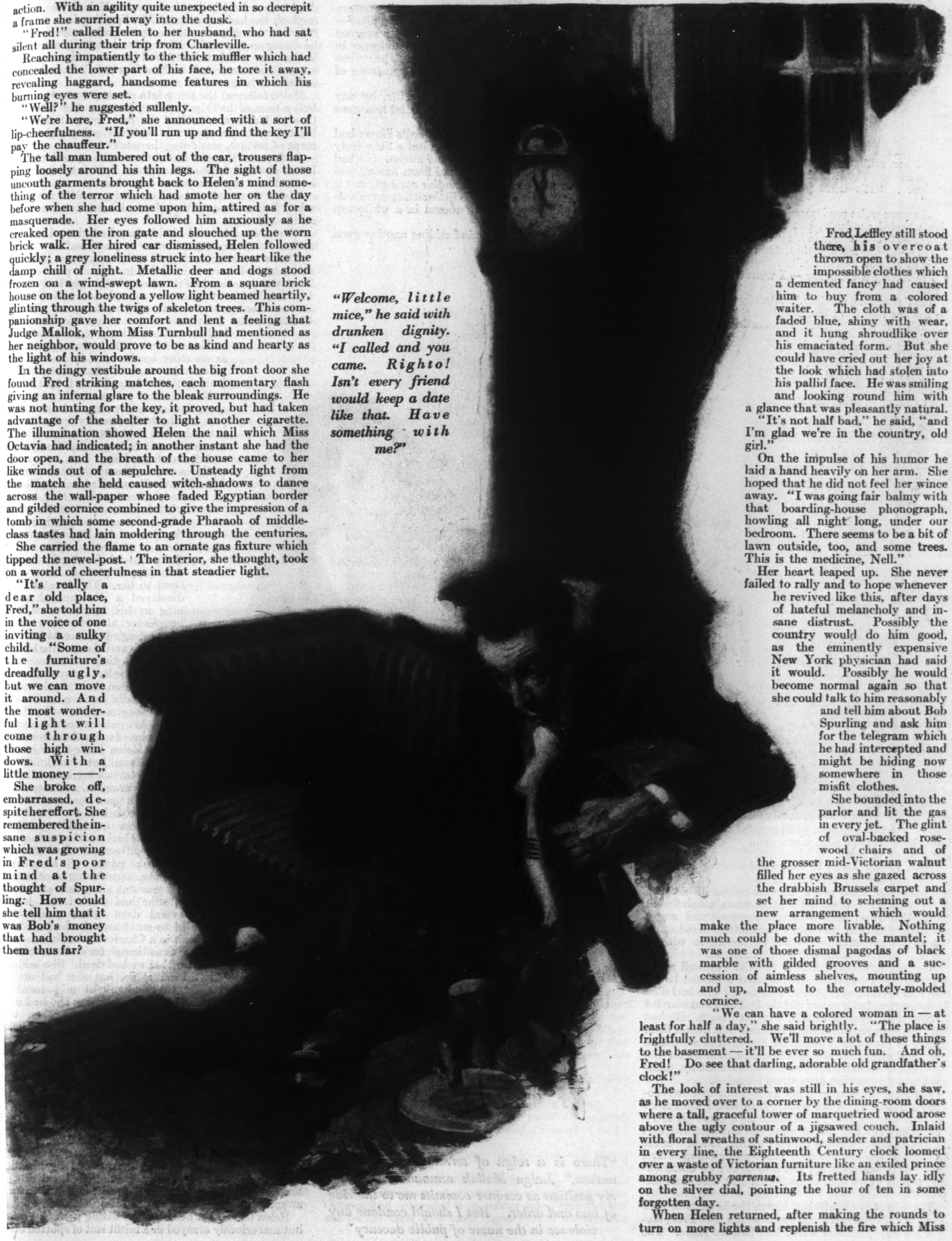
The tall man lumbered out of the car, trousers flapping loosely around his thin legs. The sight of those uncouth garments brought back to Helen's mind something of the terror which had smote her on the day before when she had come upon him, attired as for a masquerade. Her eyes followed him anxiously as he creaked open the iron gate and slouched up the worn brick walk. Her hired car dismissed, Helen followed quickly; a grey loneliness struck into her heart like the damp chill of night. Metallic deer and dogs stood frozen on a wind-swept lawn. From a square brick house on the lot beyond a yellow light beamed heartily, glinting through the twigs of skeleton trees. This companionship gave her comfort and lent a feeling that Judge Mallok, whom Miss Turnbull had mentioned as her neighbor, would prove to be as kind and hearty as the light of his windows.

In the dingy vestibule around the big front door she found Fred striking matches, each momentary flash giving an infernal glare to the bleak surroundings. He was not hunting for the key, it proved, but had taken advantage of the shelter to light another cigarette. The illumination showed Helen the nail which Miss Octavia had indicated; in another instant she had the door open, and the breath of the house came to her like winds out of a sepulchre. Unsteady light from the match she held caused witch-shadows to dance across the wall-paper whose faded Egyptian border and gilded cornice combined to give the impression of a tomb in which some second-grade Pharaoh of middle-class tastes had lain moldering through the centuries.

She carried the flame to an ornate gas fixture which tipped the newel-post. The interior, she thought, took on a world of cheerfulness in that steadier light.

"It's really a dear old place, Fred," she told him in the voice of one inviting a sulky child. "Some of the furniture's dreadfully ugly, but we can move it around. And the most wonderful light will come through those high windows. With a little money ——"

She broke off, embarrassed, despite her effort. She remembered the insane suspicion which was growing in Fred's poor mind at the thought of Spurling. How could she tell him that it was Bob's money that had brought them thus far?



"Welcome, little mice," he said with drunken dignity. "I called and you came. Righto! Isn't every friend would keep a date like that. Have something with me?"

Fred Leffley still stood there, his overcoat thrown open to show the impossible clothes which a demented fancy had caused him to buy from a colored waiter. The cloth was of a faded blue, shiny with wear, and it hung shroudlike over his emaciated form. But she could have cried out her joy at the look which had stolen into his pallid face. He was smiling and looking round him with a glance that was pleasantly natural.

"It's not half bad," he said, "and I'm glad we're in the country, old girl."

On the impulse of his humor he laid a hand heavily on her arm. She hoped that he did not feel her wince away. "I was going fair balmy with that boarding-house phonograph, howling all night long, under our bedroom. There seems to be a bit of lawn outside, too, and some trees. This is the medicine, Nell."

Her heart leaped up. She never failed to rally and to hope whenever he revived like this, after days of hateful melancholy and insane distrust. Possibly the country would do him good, as the eminently expensive New York physician had said it would. Possibly he would become normal again so that she could talk to him reasonably and tell him about Bob Spurling and ask him for the telegram which he had intercepted and might be hiding now somewhere in those misfit clothes.

She bounded into the parlor and lit the gas in every jet. The glint of oval-backed rosewood chairs and of the grosser mid-Victorian walnut filled her eyes as she gazed across the drabbish Brussels carpet and set her mind to scheming out a new arrangement which would make the place more livable. Nothing much could be done with the mantel; it was one of those dismal pagodas of black marble with gilded grooves and a succession of aimless shelves, mounting up and up, almost to the ornately-molded cornice.

"We can have a colored woman in — at least for half a day," she said brightly. "The place is frightfully cluttered. We'll move a lot of these things to the basement — it'll be ever so much fun. And oh, Fred! Do see that darling, adorable old grandfather's clock!"

The look of interest was still in his eyes, she saw, as he moved over to a corner by the dining-room doors where a tall, graceful tower of marquetried wood arose above the ugly contour of a jigsawed couch. Inlaid with floral wreaths of satinwood, slender and patrician in every line, the Eighteenth Century clock loomed over a waste of Victorian furniture like an exiled prince among grubby *parvenus*. Its fretted hands lay idly on the silver dial, pointing the hour of ten in some forgotten day.

When Helen returned, after making the rounds to turn on more lights and replenish the fire which Miss

Octavia had left in the kitchen stove, she found him still staring at the silver dial.

"Jolly old clock!" he was muttering. "Makes one feel at home, doesn't it. By Jove, Nell, we're going to be cozy as two squirrels in a tree — lost in the woods!"

His tone gave her courage, yet even then she looked into his wild eyes to read some hidden sarcasm. Intuitions warned her that she had acted too blindly upon impulse in taking this lonely house, merely because Fred had groaned for peace and she had seen an advertisement in a sleepy Southern paper.

"I'll take a wonderful brace here, old girl," he assured her, still staring at the silver dial.

"I'm so glad, Fred!" she told him, and dared to pat his sleeve. "It's what you need — what we both need."

"Of course we're paying quite a rent — eh what?"

He wheeled suddenly, but she was relieved to see nothing but good humor in his grey eyes.

"We — we can manage that, dear. The main thing now is to get you well again."

"I'm feeling a bit seedy — I wonder if I might lie down."

"That's sensible, my dear." Already she was leading him toward the gaunt black walnut staircase. "Miss Turnbull put the big front bedroom in order — a sort of order. You take a little snooze, Fred, and I'll have something hot for you in a jiffy."

"Something hot." He smacked his dry lips. "You didn't chance to bring anything along in a flask?"

"Don't be silly," she was brave enough to command, and he followed her meekly enough into the shadows of the second floor.

Helen found the storm porch which Miss Octavia had mentioned and there, true to specifications, she discovered two boxes laden with paper parcels. These she dragged into the kitchen and was searching for a bag of rice when something small, grey and disgustingly alive began a frenzied scampering under the papers and leaped up, almost in her face. A mouse! She gave a little scream and tightened her skirts instinctively. She would search in the morning, she resolved, for one of those traps, which Miss Octavia's deceased sister had hidden in the basement.

Cooking is the most reflective of the arts. The simmering of a tea-kettle, the dropping of quartered vegetables into a hollow pan, the comfortable chuckle of beating eggs, induce a philosophical train of thought. No wonder Mæcenas, lover of food and genius, went to his cook, when poets bored him, for Olympian views upon the destiny of man.

Helen Leffley loved to cook; and as for philosophy, her way of life had made that a necessity. She worked busily between stove and table, planning a little menu which would be a relief from Mrs. Bascomb's greasy and soggy school of Southern cooking. The mouse stirred again behind its listening-post — she frightened it with a spoon. And her thoughts raced on and on.

She had introduced herself to Miss Turnbull as an Australian. In that she had spoken a partial truth. She had been born of American parents who had died in Sydney, and as a young girl she had met and married Leffley, a picturesque wanderer of the planet. He had been a mercurial, charming neurasthenic with a little money of his own. Their child had died in a Chinese port, and after that her devotion had been all for the man whose eccentricities, as the years went by, gathered into storms that devastated his mind.

The story of her nine years' martyrdom had been nobody's business but her own. How could she tell it? No true martyr goes to the stake crying out his sacrifice. Only she had talked a little to Bob Spurling, and he had guessed so much without telling. That was the wonder of the man, heavy, blunt and unimaginative, to all outward seeming; yet how much he could observe with those eyes of his, small and wise as an elephant's. . . .

The winds of chance had blown the Leffleys to New York at the close of a great war in which poor Fred, useless for any practical work, had had no share. The hope of a small position in a British mercantile concern had gone a-glimmering with internment in a hospital — the doctors had been so kind as to call it "a nervous break-down." Whatever it was, a mild indulgence in whiskey and soda had brought it on again. The veriest sip of liquor seemed to destroy the fragile balance of Fred's mind.

Bob Spurling did not come into her life, by any stretching of that hackneyed phrase. She had gone into his.

One morning, about a week after Fred's illness had come on, Helen had gone to the hospital a little early to be told by the nurse that he was still asleep. She had got him a good room on the second floor, having sold the last of her war bonds to obtain this comfort; and it was while she was reading in the little sitting-room outside that a plumply cheerful woman in a white cap came in and asked,

"I wonder if you would mind adding another good deed to your list?" And in answer to Helen's questioning look she had explained, "Mr. Spurling feels dreadfully low sometimes. It's really convalescence — he'll be sitting up in a week. His leg was dreadfully mangled in the same accident that killed his wife. He seems to have almost no friends in New York; he's been living in Cuba so long —— "

"There is a reign of terror in Scarletburg, ma'am," Judge Mallok announced. "And my position as coroner commits me to the side of law and order. But I should condone any violence in the name of public decency"

Helen followed the nurse into a sunny room to see a bulky man of forty propped up among the pillows. One of his legs, swaddled beyond recognition, was hoisted up on an apparatus which, feigning an instrument of torture, was doing the work of mercy.

At first she thought him dull and unresponsive, but before she had finished the quaint little interview she learned how shy he was and how alone.

"Isn't there something I can bring you?" she had asked before departure — she had been doing nearly all the talking.

"Yes," he said, and his big face had glowed into a smile. "Just bring me another look at you."

That was the beginning. Until his recovery Helen's attitude had been one of kindness and protection. Then the situation had reversed. Why they had come together had been a matter as simple and as intricate as the opening of flowers and the decay of weeds. Crushed under the weight of her own misfortune she had flown instinctively to his goodness and his strength. She had accepted him as an elder brother and he had never taken advantage of that acceptance. During Fred's long illness it had been a daily comfort to see the big-framed man, limping on his cane, as he came to pay his bashful, friendly call. How little she had told him, yet how much he understood! Only once had he offered to help her financially . . .

Slaving to-night over the hot stove in Miss Octavia Turnbull's kitchen, Helen had in her heart nothing but a wistful gratitude for the man who had tapped so gently upon the door of her life. But from the day of Fred's release into the world of men and women Bob Spurling had been no boon to her. The invalid had displayed a distempered cunning in his treatment of her benefactor; always gaily cordial in Spurling's presence he had reserved his artful sneers for Helen as soon as they were alone together. She had enjoyed a sense of relief when their physician — undoubtedly anxious to be rid of a hopeless case — had ordered his patient to the mythical quiet of a Southern town.

But Helen Leffley, her hands flying from bowl to knife in Miss Octavia's kitchen, felt the grip of fear again, as if a spectre had slunk upon her from behind and seized her by the hair. Less than a week ago Bob Spurling had sent her money — a check for fifteen hundred dollars between the pages of a crisply worded note, mentioning repayment in three years at a regular rate of interest. She had carried that letter for several days before pride had yielded to want and she had made a deposit in a Charleville bank.

It was as though furies had pursued her for that wicked deed. She seldom left Fred alone, but she had stolen away to the bank at mid-morning, while he was still asleep; she had met Syria, the capable negress, on the boarding-house stairs and besought her with bribes to stand alert in the event that Mr. Leffley should awake and ask for her. The errand had taken longer than she had hoped, and upon her return she found Syria, her eyes rolling with excitement.

Her terror gathered force at the black woman's wandering tale. A telegram had come for Mrs. Leffley, and Syria, with racial genius for misdelivery, had given it to the madman up-stairs! Appalled by his rage and fury Syria had acted according to her lights — she had stolen his clothes. "Cuz he done try to bust away, Miss Leffley," was the black woman's excuse. Helen had found her husband sitting perfectly calm, but marvelously arrayed in a misfit suit of spotted blue.

He had bought it of a negro waiter, he explained with one of his frozen smiles, his features twisted to the look of cloying sweetness which he used when his soul was gone and the Black Beast was astride his back . .

Helen Leffley went on with her cooking, now moving a sauce-pan to the back of the range, now carrying the skillet to the sink to drain hot water from her mess of potatoes. She felt sure that in yesterday's telegram Bob Spurling had called her. Was he in trouble? What had he said that had thrown poor Fred again into the abyss?

Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

A loose-tongued clamor rang through hollow depths in the Turnbull house. A mouse scuttled away from behind the cake-box. Helen stood palsied for an instant, then she remembered the door-bell, one of those pre-electric arrangements which work by a knob from the outside. Who would be calling at this time of night? Fearful lest the noise should be repeated and arouse Fred to another rage she rescued her half-cooked supper from the hot stove-lid, wiped her hands and hastened through the Egyptian splendors of the Turnbull hall.

"HOW do you do?" asked a pleasant voice out of the darkness. "This is Mrs. Leffley, isn't it?"

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Leffley," she agreed, and from the vestibule's dimness stepped the jolliest little man in the world, his hair snow-white and a withered turkey neck sticking loosely out of a stiff collar which showed above a low-cut waistcoat and one gold stud, somewhat smaller than a lima bean.

"Well, I'm Judge Mallok," he explained, shaking hands with a spirited cordiality. "I hope you aren't nervous, ma'am. I've left my shotgun outside."

"Shotgun?" she echoed, although there was nothing about Judge Mallok to inspire nervousness.

"There is a reign of terror in Scarletburg, ma'am," he announced, stiffening himself to his full height, which was not colossal. "An epidemic of thievery and lawlessness has made it so that no citizen can go abroad at night unless he is armed for self-protection. Last week the post-office was robbed and government property — to wit, stamps — was removed. Colonel Grant's wine cellar was plundered Wednesday night and Mr. Hugo Sperritt, our tax collector, held up by a masked bandit on the open highway. Not that I wish to alarm you, Mrs. Leffley."

"Oh, no. You couldn't do that," she answered, quite sincerely.

"I occupy the position of coroner here," said the little man.

"So Miss Turnbull told me," replied Helen, amused in spite of herself.

"And my public position commits me to the side of law and order. But I am free to say, Mrs. Leffley, that I should condone any violence — to wit, shooting or lynching — in the name of public decency. My son and his wife have gone out to dine and taken with them my watch-dog, Caesar. Like Caius Julius of old, my Caesar is not of royal blood, but he is ruthless in the cruel maxim, *semper vigilans*."

Despite her feeling that the dinner was burning and that Fred might awake in a fury Helen made a show of hospitality by inviting the Judge into Miss Turnbull's drawing-room.

"You're right kind," admitted Scarletburg's official coroner with a stately little bow. "But I'll be going back. Miss Octavia — a fine lady, Mrs. Leffley, but getting on in years — has asked me to draw up a form of lease. If you'll be so kind, ma'am, as to show it to Captain Leffley for his approval—— "

Disregarding the military title thus easily conferred, Helen took the folded document which the Judge whipped out of his little cock-robin coat.

"You're very kind," she told him, and hoped that he would go.

He arose at the unspoken hint, bowed again stiffly and wished her a very good night.

"I hope Captain Leffley's health will be improving," he said as he backed away. "And if you hear suspicious noises in the night, ma'am, don't fail to enlist my services, and those of my very capable dog. Good night, ma'am."

"Good night, and thank you, Judge Mallok."

The door was scarcely closed upon him when Fred, his body bent, his eyes alert, came slinking down the stairs.

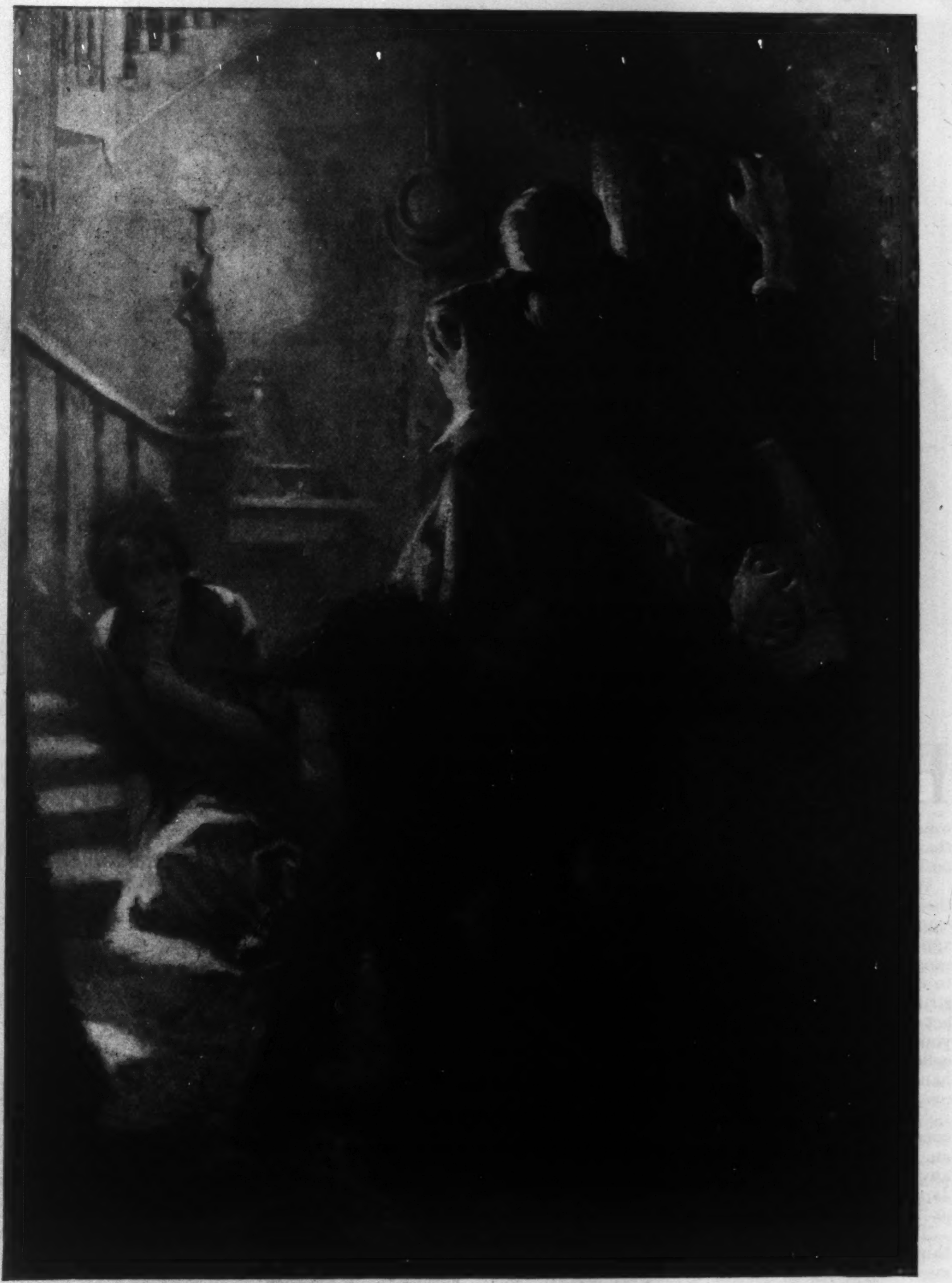
"Who's that?" he asked shrilly.

"Our neighbor from next door," she informed him. "He's been attending to the lease for Miss Turnbull."

"Oh."

Something in that monosyllable told her that his suspicions had been ranging far afield with a monstrous jealousy.

"B-r-r-r!" Fred shivered. "This château's like a barn. What do these people do in winter — hibernate? A great fireplace in every room and nothing to burn."



She recovered her senses to realize the two men had grappled and were wrestling furiously. Their writhing bodies, closely locked, seemed to be keeping time to the contortions of a modern dance

"Miss Turnbull left plenty of wood in the basement," she said. "I paid her for a cord and a half."

He had followed her to the kitchen, and when she had turned toward the basement door he stayed her with an impatient hand.

"I'm starved," he drawled. "Go right ahead with the cooking, old girl. I'll bring up wood and we'll start a blaze in the dining-room."

As he shuffled toward the door the scarecrow shabbiness of his attire struck her anew. The negro who had owned the suit must have been tall and fat, for the coat hung straight from Fred's narrow shoulders as though it had been stretched across a lath. Was it a hope that he would speak and tell her what she must know that caused her to ask as lightly as she could:

"Really, Fred, if you're putting on a disguise, why don't you get one to fit you?"

He wheeled suddenly and faced her with a scowl.

"Aren't they good enough for me?" he snarled. "Am I any better than a nigger and a tramp? Can't I wear my rags in peace?"

His grumblings died away like his footsteps, down the basement stairs.

She went on trance-like with her work. In the tin cake-box she found the nugget of cheese which Miss Octavia had concealed from robber mice; this she laid out on the table with some vague idea of a recipe she could not remember. The terror came upon her this time in another form. What if she, too, should lose her reason in this lonely house, chained to the half-man with whom she was foresworn to endure? Again she bullied herself into calm and fell to setting the black-walnut table with nicked Turnbull china.

He was gone a long time, Helen thought — or did it only seem a long time to her apprehensive mind? She knew how it enraged him to be spied upon, therefore she went on with supper preparations, straining her ears the while for any sound coming out of the depths. A musical tinkle, something like the touch of glass on glass, sounded from somewhere underfoot. Unable to endure the uncertainty, Helen tiptoed over to the basement door and peered down the dimly-lighted stairs; the flickering candle made wild shadows through the cluttered vault. A great shadow moved like a hunchback goblin against the farther wall.

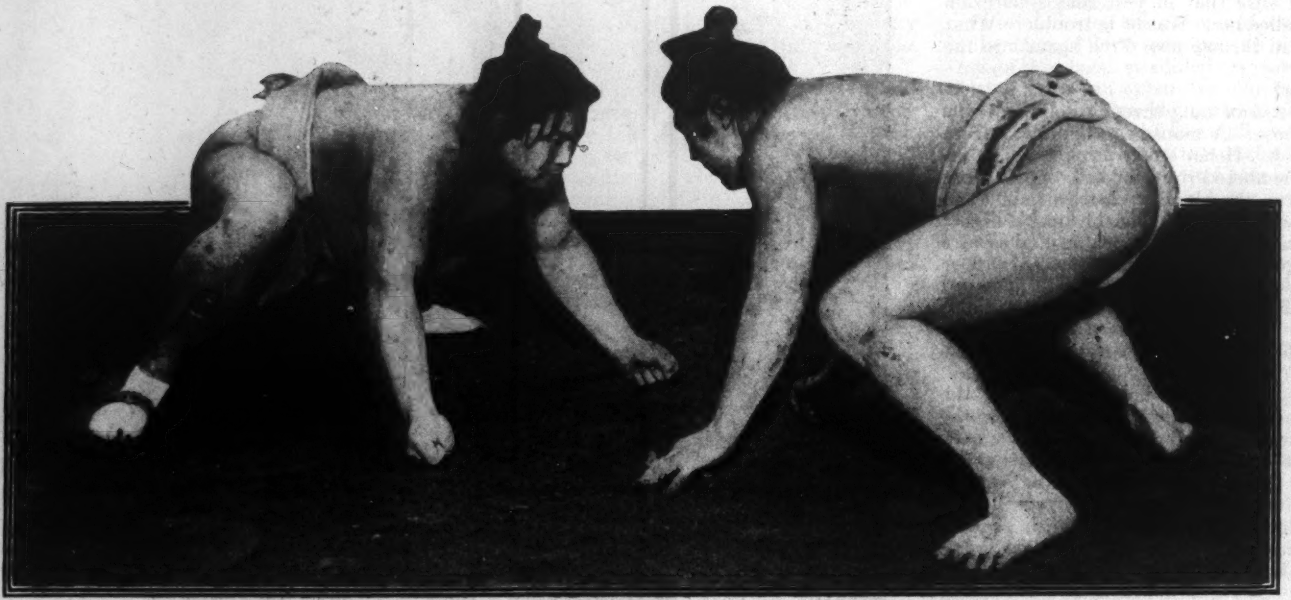
"Fred!" she called softly.

There came at first no answer. Then she heard the freezing sound: a series of low, idiotic chuckles.

She bounded down the stairs to find him seated on the floor. The candle stood sentinel on the shelf and illuminated a company-front of bottles in shapes and sizes as ill assorted as an awkward squad of Bolshevist infantrymen. One of those bottles Fred had removed from the ranks and was flourishing

[*Continued on page 48*]

Are *the* Japanese Efficient?



Japanese wrestlers are, as a rule, so fat that their paunches bulge like balconies over the tops of their aprons

ELSEWHERE, I have said that the Japanese are generally hard workers; wherefore it may seem paradoxical to add that they are also leisurely workers. But the paradox is not so great as it would seem. The hours of work are longer in Japan than in most other countries, but work is not so vigorously pressed.

Without being in the least lazy, the Japanese take their time to everything. With masters and servants, employers and workmen it is much the same. They appear placid. They hold *sodans*, conferring and arranging matters with terrible precision. If you attempt to use the telephone you are prepared for a long, long struggle and a long wait. The clerks in the cable office act as though the cable had just been laid — as though your cablegram was the first one they had ever been called upon to send, and they didn't quite know how to handle it, or how much to charge. Often they are unable to make change. Sometimes even the railway ticket agents have no change. Business conferences are conducted over successive cups of pale green tea, and I am told that it is customary to begin them with talk on any topic other than the main one. In the lexicon of Japanese trade and commerce there is no such word as "snappy."

The hustling American business man who tries to rush things through often arouses the Japanese business man's suspicion. What is he after? Why is he in such a hurry? There must be something behind it all. It is necessary to be particularly careful in dealing with such a man. Negotiations drag and drag until the American, if he be of nervous disposition, is driven nearly wild. And sometimes this results in his making a bad bargain merely for the sake of getting through.

"I'm sorry I ever came to the Far East!" he will declare bitterly. "I feel that I am getting nothing accomplished over here — nothing!" Then he will tell you what is the trouble with the Japanese:

"They are used to playing only with white chips!"

The American housekeeper in Japan, if she knows what nerves are, has similar difficulties. Her Japanese servants will conduct her *ménage* well enough if she lets them do it in their Japanese way, but if she attempts to run her home as she would run it in the United States, she is lost. It can't be done. I know of an American woman who could not get a cook because her efforts to Americanize her household had given her a bad reputation with the Cooks' Guild. Another could get no sewing done, for a like reason. For all the servants and working people have their guilds, and news travels. Thus many an American housekeeper in Japan has become a nervous wreck.

Yet, on the other hand, numbers of American business men and their wives enjoy Japanese life, and only come home when it is necessary to give their children an American education. The men are successful and their homes are comfortable and well run. But always you will find that they are people of calm disposition: people having sufficient balance to adjust themselves to the customs of the country.

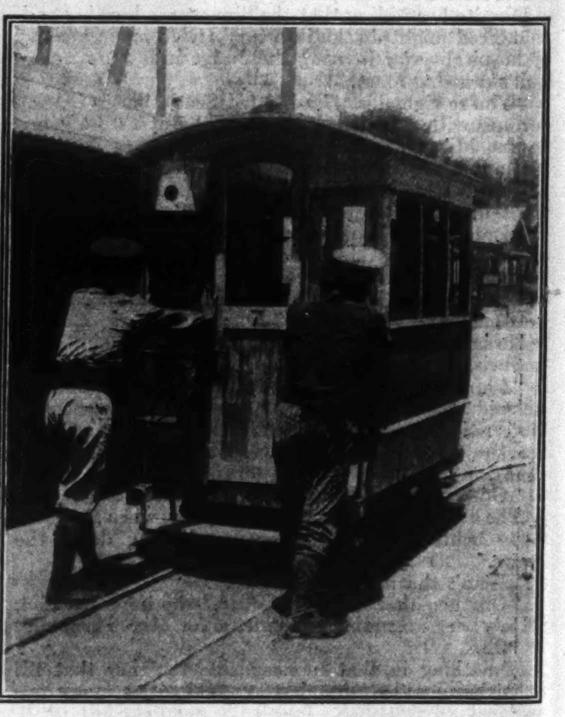
In Japan the sea is made to yield all the food that it can give. Even the octopus is boiled and eaten

The essential point seems to be that the Japanese view life in longer perspective than we do. Where we see ourselves as individuals having certain things to accomplish in a rather short life, they see themselves as mere links in an endless family chain. We are conscious of our parents and our children but they are conscious of ancestors reaching back to the mists of antiquity, and of a posterity destined to people the nebulous vaults of the far distant future.

But while, from a philosophical standpoint, this way of looking at life may be quite as good or even better than ours, still I believe it tends to handicap the Japanese in meeting the urgent material problems by which they are confronted. And though these problems are not so terrible as those of war-racked Europe, they are, if measured by any other standard, terrible enough.

Japan's fundamental problem — the one out of which grow all other Japanese problems in which the world is interested — is that of great density of population coupled with an inadequate supply of food and raw materials. Fifty years ago the population of Japan proper was less than 33,000,000. To-day it is more than 57,000,000. There has been an increase in five decades of more than seventy-five per cent., but there has been no corresponding increase in the country's arable land.

In Japan itself there have been various theories as to how this problem should be met. The militarists, who are still very powerful, have in the past undoubtedly favored what we have come lately to call the Prussian system: the grabbing system: the system which has been followed in the Far East not by Japan alone, but by England, Russia and France — and by the United States (if in a form somewhat more moderate) in the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines.



The Japanese are not always as efficient as they ought to be: this railroad, fifteen miles long, is operated by man-power

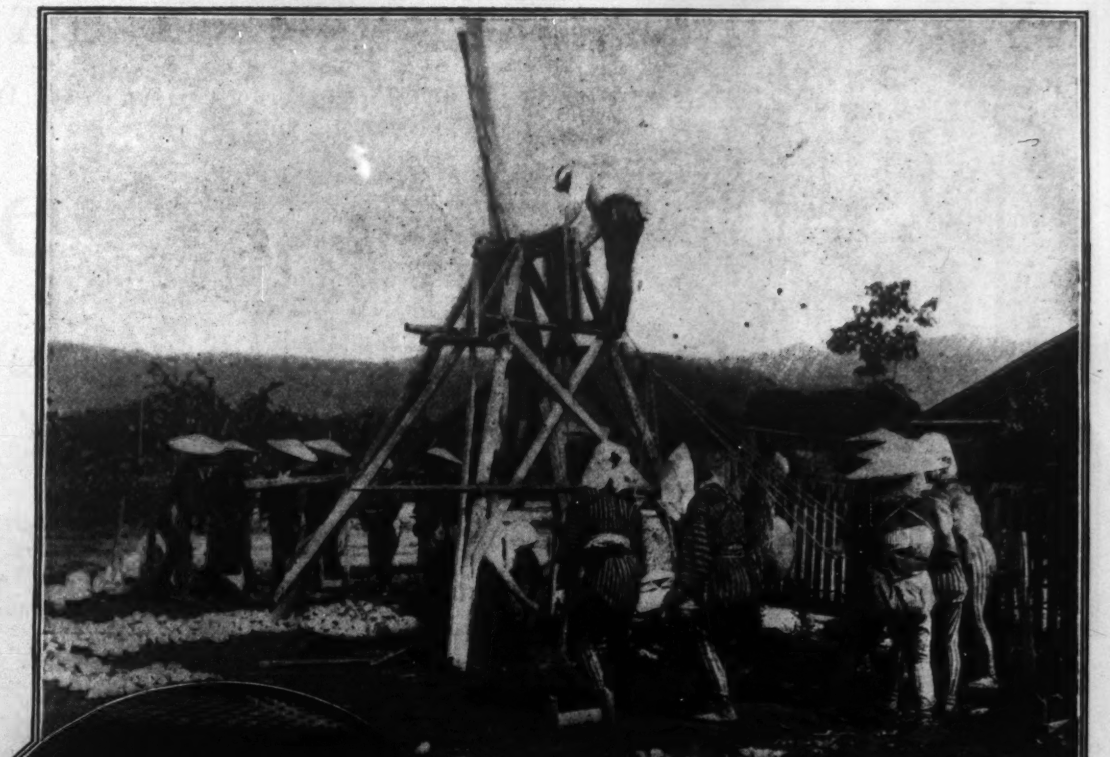
How They Work and How They Play As Seen Through American Eyes

by Julian Street

"If the others do it," the Japanese militarists have argued, "why shouldn't we? Why shouldn't we grab territory on the continent of Asia to which our surplus population may be sent, and from which we may get food and raw materials?"

To which the other nations answer: "Unfortunately for you, you came along too late. The good old grabbing days are gone. The world is radiant with a new international morality, and woe be unto those who offend against it! Germany tried it — see what happened to her!"

Japan did see what happened to Germany and the lesson was not wasted on her. Nor was the least striking part of the lesson contained in America's exhibition of military might. And truth to tell, Japan needed such a lesson; for her victories over China and Russia had put her militarists in the ascendant, and had made them, and perhaps the bulk of their countrymen also, over-confident, with the result that Japan occasionally rattled the sabre in the Far East somewhat as Germany was wont to do in Europe.



Pile-drivers are operated by hand — this one by women. It is as though Japan says: "I have all these people to look after and must put as many as possible to work"

On Japanese farms they thresh the grain as they did a thousand years ago

The silk industry of Japan is still largely a home industry. The silk is stripped from cocoons by boiling

But although it cannot be denied that the Japanese militarists exhibited undue aggressiveness in China and Siberia during the late war, and although their actions since have not been altogether satisfactory to the rest of the world, there is good reason to suppose that their old-time dream of vast territorial aggrandizement has diminished, even though it may not have entirely faded from the minds of some of them.

This new tendency toward moderation is due to the war's lesson and to the marked growth of liberal and anti-militarist sentiment among the Japanese people. The militarists, though they still control the government, are less aggressive than they used to be, both because the Japanese public protests when too much aggressiveness is shown, and because the more intelligent members of the militarist group now realize that if Japan were to bring on a great war she would inevitably be ruined. So, while the power and aggressiveness of this dangerous element slowly wanes, the liberal element, led by some of the sanest and ablest men in Japan, steadily gains strength.

The outcome of this struggle between the advocates of force and those of fair dealing will, in my judgment, be determined largely by the course pursued by other nations. If, as we all hope, a new order of things is to grow out of the war, then within a few years I believe we shall see the liberal group running Japan. But if, on the contrary, the world backslides, and the old selfish system is resumed, then the Japanese militarists will say to the people: "Well, you see that we were right after all!"

Thus, as I conceive the position of Japan to-day, she is without a well-formulated policy in Asia. She is waiting on the rest of us — waiting to see what the world is going to do. And as the world goes, so will Japan.

But however these matters may turn out, I do not believe that Japan will ever fully settle her surplus population problem by means of emigration, whether to acquired territory, or to other countries. The Japanese do not like to leave home. Not nearly so many of them have settled in Korea, for instance, as might have settled there since Korea became a Japanese colony; and there are only about 300,000 Japanese in China. Nor have they colonized as much as they might in Siberia. If they do leave home they seek mild climates, but they are now barred from colonizing in the United States, Canada and Australia, and even when they settle in Mexico or South America one sees protests in our press. Yet if Japan's population is to remain static, 400,000 to 600,000 of her people must leave the islands every year. All considered, it seems to me more than improbable that they will ever emigrate in such a wholesale way.

By what means, then, is the problem to be solved?

Apparently the leaders of the small group that governs Japan came, some years ago, to the conclusion that the best means for solving their difficulties lay in turning Japan into an industrial country. They determined to manufacture goods, export them, and with the proceeds pay for imports of raw materials and food — in short, to adopt the plan which England began to follow nearly a century ago, and which Belgium has also followed. England's situation was in many respects like that of Japan, for there were certain essential raw materials which she did not have either at home or in her possessions; and like Japan she is unable to feed herself. With Belgium the situation was even worse than with England. Yet through industrializing themselves both countries have prospered greatly. Is it not then logical to suppose that by following a similar course Japan will likewise prosper? Recent statistics seem, moreover, to indicate that with industrialization the birth-rate tends to decline.

In attempting a great industrial programme Japan has two advantages: she has abundant cheap labor and a short haul to the great markets of Asia. Geographically we are her nearest competitor for Asiatic trade, yet we have at the very least, four thousand miles farther to carry our goods. Obviously this is an immense handicap to us, and we are further handicapped by the high cost of our labor.

Having us at so great a disadvantage in the matter of

Agriculture is carried on with astonishing intensity, but when all is done the nation is still short of food

commerce with Asia, it would seem that Japan should have little difficulty in securing for herself the lion's share of the Asiatic trade.

But it must not be supposed that Japan has as yet become sufficiently industrialized to solve her problem. She must become a much greater manufacturing and exporting nation than she now is. And in order to accomplish that she must greatly improve in one particular: she must master much more thoroughly than she has so far mastered them, the horrid arts of "efficiency."

I do not mean to imply that the Japanese are never efficient, but only that they are not always so efficient as they ought to be, and as they must become. I am aware, now, that I expected too much of them in this particular. Reports of their astonishing military efficiency at the time of their war with Russia, caused me to think of them almost as supermen. And they are not that; nor is any other race.

It may be true that in military matters they are highly efficient. Probably they are. My own observation as a traveler on their ships convinces me that they are efficient on the sea, and this opinion is supported by what American naval officers have told me of their navy and their naval men. I visited a huge cotton mill near Tokyo which was clearly a first-class institution of the kind; also I was much struck, in going through a penitentiary, by the evidences of their understanding of modern and enlightened practise in the conduct of penal establishments; and I might go on with a list of other institutions which impressed me favorably.

But that is not the side I wish here to bring out. On the contrary, I wish to call attention to the fact that the high degree of efficiency shown by the Japanese in certain instances serves to emphasize their widespread inefficiency in others.

In an earlier chapter I spoke of the fact that in Japan one sees three men instead of two in the cab of a locomotive, that hand-carts are used for watering city streets, and that more servants are required there than here in a house of given size. These are but minor items in the wholesale waste of labor. It is as though Japan said to herself, "I have all these people to look after and I must put as many of them as possible on every job." And that, in my judgment, is not the way Japan should look at it. Instead of putting on every job more people than are actually needed, she should develop her industries to such a point that there will be a full, honest day's work for every one. For, of course, her labor wastage keeps up her manufacturing and operating costs.

An example of the way time is wasted may be seen wherever railroad gangs are at work. They swing their picks to the accompaniment of a song, and the rhythm is taken from the slowest man. Wastage is also exhibited in the way they erect a house. They build the frame-work of the roof upon the ground. Then they take it apart. Then they go up and put it together all over again, in place. A whole house is constructed in this way. The parts are not fashioned on the premises as the building goes up, but are made elsewhere and brought up to the actual scene of building to be fitted together. The tiles are fastened to the roof with mud, but instead of carrying this mud up in bulk they toss it up from hand to hand, six men forming a chain for the purpose.

Or again, to cite a very simple example of domestic inefficiency, consider their method of washing a kimono. Instead of laundering the garment all at once, they rip it apart, wash the pieces separately, dry them on a board, and sew them together again.

In factory management also one often finds the most surprising inefficiency. I know of a great manufacturing plant in Japan which, if you were to go through it, you would call thoroughly modern. The buildings are modern, the machinery is modern. But there is one thing missing, and it is a vital thing. The plant stands a good half-mile from the railway line; coal and raw materials are transported from car to factory in carts, or in baskets carried on the backs of coolies, and the finished product is removed in like manner.

Though the cost of labor in Japan has trebled since the war, wages are still low as compared with other countries. But this fact, which should be taken advantage of in the struggle for world trade, is too often used only as an excuse for such waste of labor as I have pointed out. And it is because of this and similar inefficiencies that the Japanese now find themselves unable to compete in costs, in certain lines, with other nations, even though the labor of those other nations is much better paid.

Among the things most criticized by visitors are the bad roads, both in the country and in the cities; the hotels, which except in a few places are poor (I am speaking only of the foreign style hotels); and the miserable conditions of what the *Japan Advertiser* humorously refers to as "public futilities."

Tokyo, with a transportation problem which ought easily to be solved, has utterly inadequate street car service. The rush hour there is only saved from being as terrible as the rush hour in New York by the lack of subterranean features.

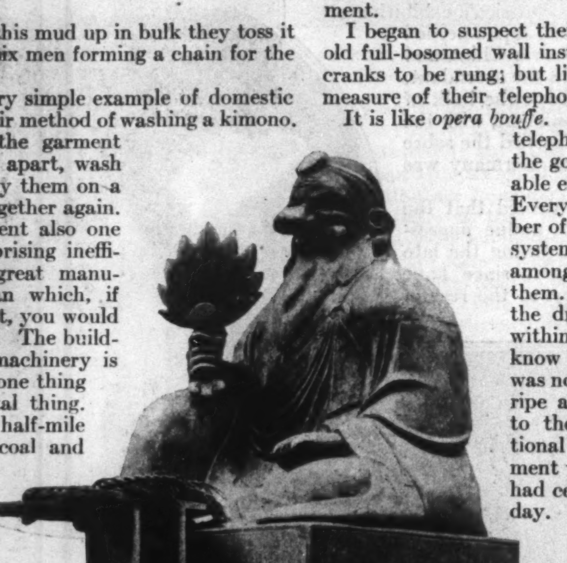
But it is in all matters having to do with communications that Japanese inefficiency is most strikingly brought to the notice of strangers. The postal service is poor, the cable service is expensive and absurdly slow (when I was in Japan it took about ten days to cable to America and get an answer back), and the telephone service is unbelievably awful. All these, like the railroads, are owned and operated by the government.

I began to suspect their telephones when I saw the old full-bosomed wall instruments they use, with bell-cranks to be rung; but little did I then guess the full measure of their telephonic backwardness.

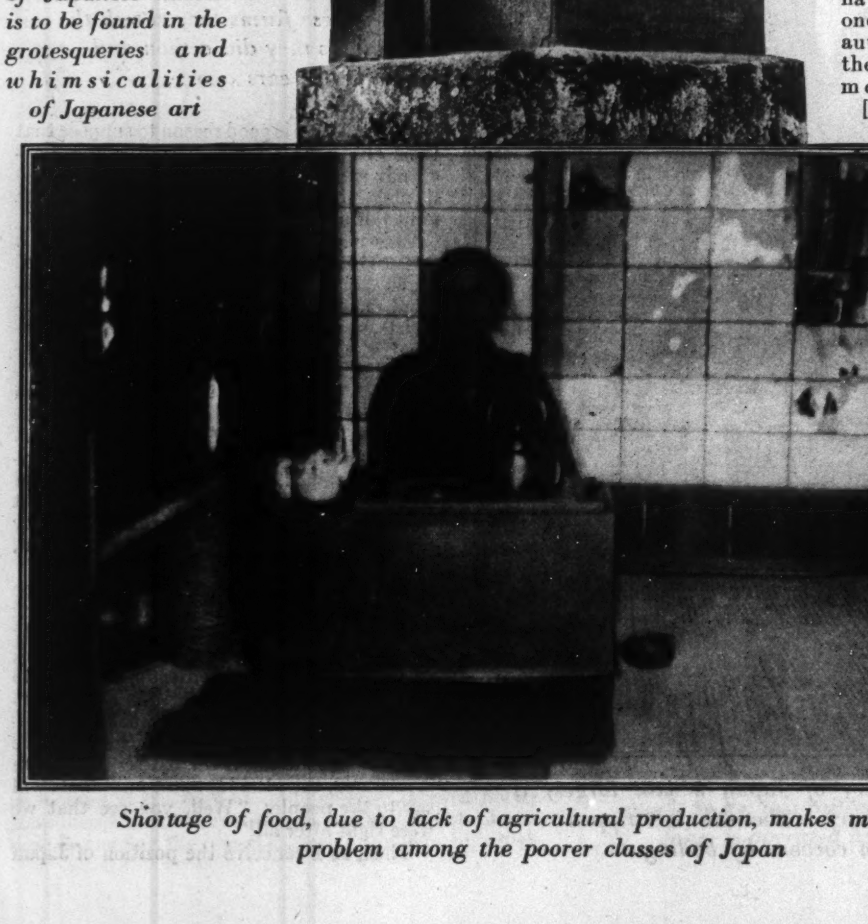
It is like *opera bouffe*. Though the demand for new telephones far exceeds the supply, the government makes no appreciable effort to remedy the situation. Every year an absurdly small number of lines is added to the existing system. These are assigned by lot among those who have applied for them. Thus, if a man be lucky in the draw, he may get a telephone within two or three years. But I know one gentleman in Tokyo who was not lucky in the draw. At the ripe age of sixty-seven he applied to the government for an additional office telephone. The instrument was installed shortly after he had celebrated his eightieth birthday. Long may he live to use it!

If one be in a hurry to have a telephone put in, one does not apply to the authorities, but attacks the problem in a manner more direct—either

[*Continued on page 53*)



The supreme proof of Japanese humor is to be found in the grotesqueries and whimsicalities of Japanese art



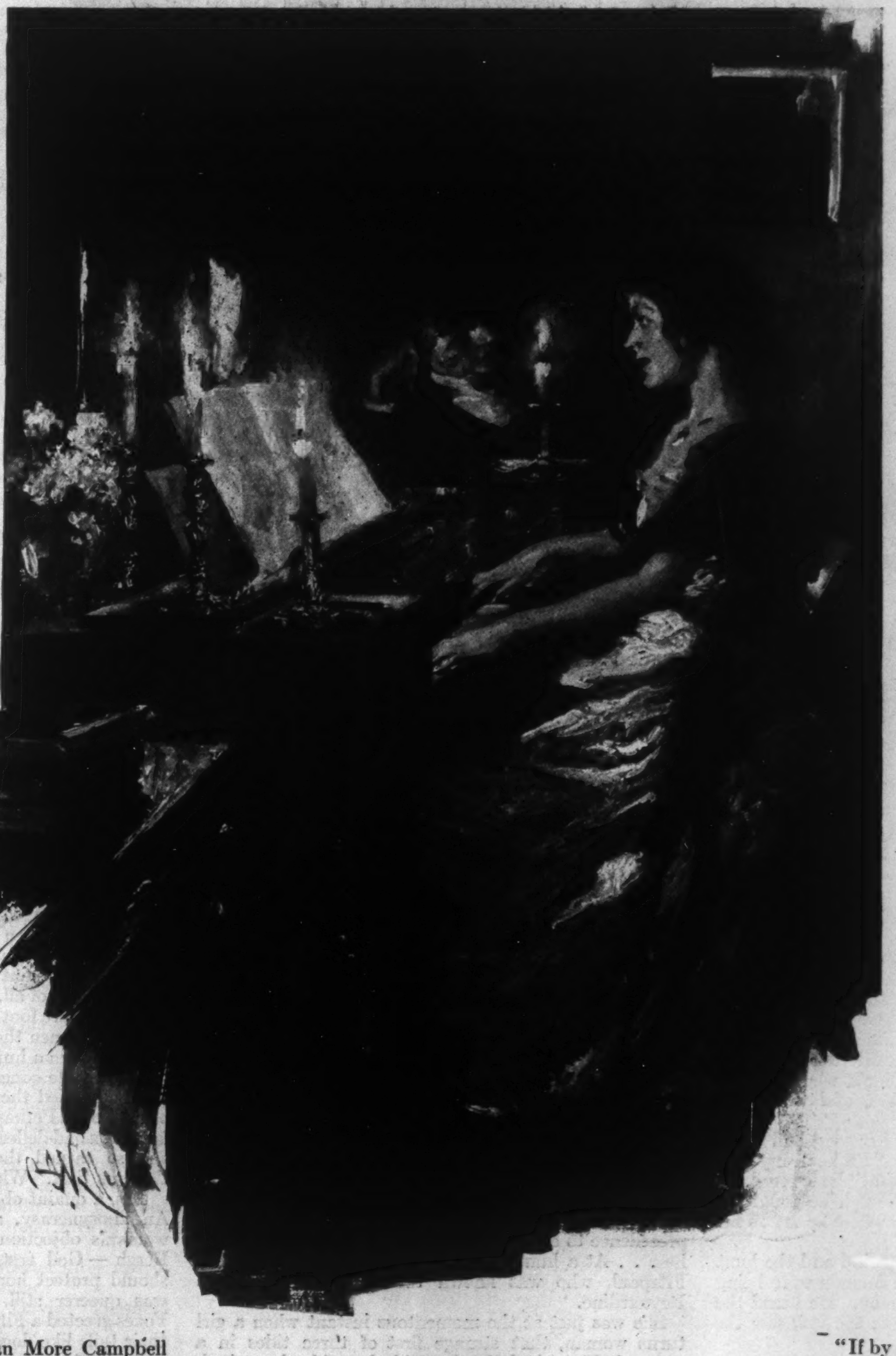
Shortage of food, due to lack of agricultural production, makes mealtime a problem among the poorer classes of Japan

A Fairy Tale That Removes One from the Clatter of Realities to a World of Exquisite Romance

Reynardine

by Donn Byrne

Illustrations by A. I. Keller



Yes, she had been in love with him. He could even yet see her dark murmuring eyes in the golden light of the candles, as she sat there in her white frock and sang to him, her beautiful hands plucking haunting melody from a pianoforte as from some old-time clavichord

THE big gray hunter caracoled under him and with a vicious twitch of curb and snaffle Morgan brought him to stand. He smacked the croup and touched the gelding's fore-thigh with the toe of his riding boot until the great hunter stood like a horse in an illustration. Then Morgan turned around.

About him was the cold gray of an Irish morning in November. Woolly, dull, frost on the roads and a touch of easting to the wind — a perfect day for hunting. Forward of him a hundred and fifty yards the hounds were circling round the copse, while the leaders were inside, raising the red fox. Through the gray branches of the wood, gaunt as witches' arms, the pink of the whipper-in's coat showed like a Hallowe'en candle back of a screen. And here and there were knots of the hunt, talking to one another as neighbors talk. There were the women's fluting voices; there was the men's deep laughter. All were friendly, toward one another, toward the world, even toward the red fox himself, friendly toward everyone except Morgan.

Well, to blazes with them, Morgan swore to himself. What the blazes did he care about them — a crowd of country squires, and young army men, of stray farmers, and an occasional doctor or parson? What did they amount to, anyway, he'd like to know?

And yet, he thought they'd have been different. It had been over twenty years, and he'd been away all that time, and he'd been only two days back. But they'd never forgotten. What haters they were, these Irish! What implacable enemies! What brought him back anyhow? He could have been happy in America. Or hunting in England. What he'd come back for was the red Irish fox.

"Steady, blast you!" he warned the big hunter.

"THERE he goes!" some woman cried, and "No, Janet, no!" a friend laughed. Janet That would be Janet Congers. And Janet Congers must be forty now, and here she was still riding to hounds. Yes, he recognized a full dozen of them. Good Lord! Did people live as long as that? There was old Sir John Burroughs, spare as a lance, and old McGinty, who owned the Mill Farm. Yes, and the Master of Munsterberg was there, red-faced, hale, all of sixty. And that Grecian profile, wasn't that Di Connors, who was now Baroness Rothlin? And the big gaunt man with the hook nose, wasn't that Ian More Campbell of the Antrim glens? Poet and soldier and horseman, Morgan felt a tremor of fear before the great Ulster Scot.

There was the yelp of a foxhound and a roar of anger. The thundering Master of the hounds was turning on an inoffensive stranger.

"What the — What the — What the blazes do you mean, sir, riding over hounds in that manner? What hunt do you belong to anyhow?"

"I don't belong to any hunt."

"Well, what the — What did you come out here for anyhow?"

"My medical man told me I needed fresh air and exercise, and I thought — "

"You thought! You thought! Why in blazes don't you buy a bellows and stick it up your nose. You'd get all the fresh air and exercise you want, but — "

There was a roar of laughter from the field, and above it rose Morgan's deep basso, like the bourdon note of an organ. But the instant the field noted his laughter, their laughter died.

MORGAN smothered a curse and moved fifty yards down where he could get a flying start away from the rush of hunting. How they hated him, resented him, he felt, and yet he had killed no man, stolen no money, betrayed no woman. They hated him as much as they had loved and admired his wife, Reynardine. Queer! Queer! He was the one they should love and she was the one they should have felt aloof from. For he was the steeplechaser, the horseman, the hunter of foxes, and she was of a family whose tradition it was never to hunt or harry a fox, but to protect and aid it. You would have thought it would have been the other way around. They should have liked him and been cool or indifferent toward Reynardine, these hunting women, these sporting men. But no!

And that was twenty years ago, and they hated still. Twenty years! War and famine and pestilence had raged through the world. But they remained the same, these Irish gentlefolk. Yes, it was all of twenty years, nearly to a day, since he had left for foreign parts, and Reynardine, his wife, had died.

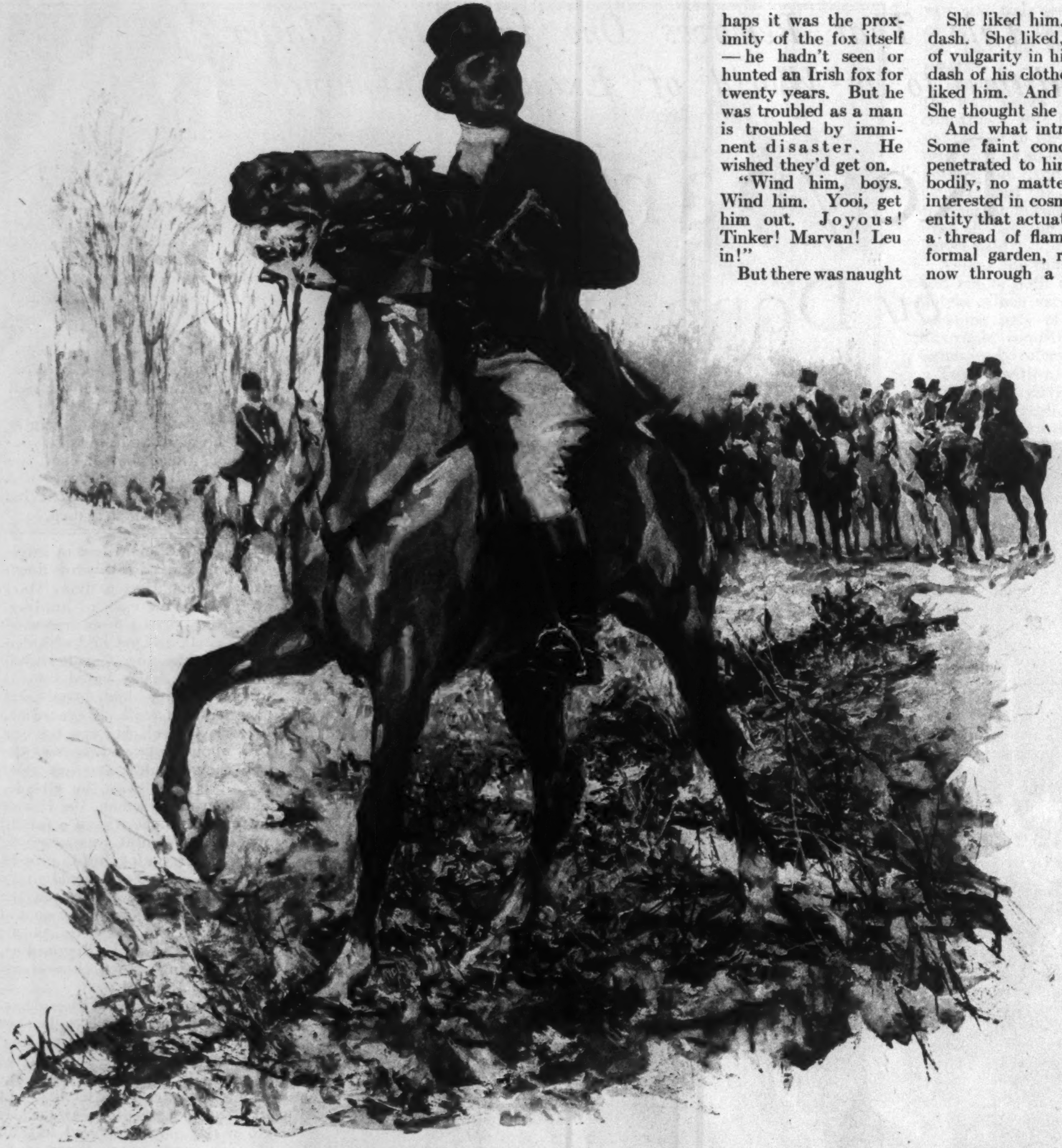
"Cop forard away!" went the ringing formula of the huntsman. "Cop forard away!" A long wail on the horn. The covert had been drawn blank.

Two sharp notes and a halloing. "Yo ho, Tinker! Yo ho, Tim! Forard, hounds forard!" And the pack of hounds began to move like a slow wave toward the distant woodland. The hunt followed at a slow trot . . .

Her name had been Petronilla, but through the countryside she was known as Reynardine, partly because of the Irish folk-song she could sing so well, with its haunting minors, its suggestion of superhuman music. He could see her slight form still, spiritual, virginal in the Irish twilight. He could hear her pulsating contralto voice:

"If by chance you look for me
Perhaps you'll not me find
For I'll be in my castle —
Enquire for Reynardine."

No, he wouldn't look for her, though he knew where she was. She was in her castle for sure! Her deep and narrow castle in the ancient, disused Cistercian monastery where the Fitzpauls buried their dead. Tier on



Morgan smothered a curse as he moved away from the rush of the hunt. How they hated him, resented him, even after twenty years

tier the old Norman-Irish family lay with their strange names, Fulke and Gilles, Milo, Tortulf, Bertran. There they lay with their carved effigies, dogs at their feet and swords at their sides — old Crusaders. There they lay, ancient harriers of the Irish clans, Arnold and Eudo. There they lay, old peers of the Irish parliament, Robert, Gerald and Syssak. There lay the newer landlords, Jenico and Maurice. There they lay, dead as their tradition. There they lay, and be damned to them, Morgan thought. All there was left of them now was one daughter, his and Reynardine's, whom he had seen only once in swaddling clothes, and whom, he trusted, he would never see again.

"If by chance you look for me," her song had gone. "Look for you," Morgan sneered. "I'll be in my castle!" "Well you can stay there, wife!" he sneered.

He'd never look for her, even though he could see the monastery where she slept from where he sat on his horse's back . . .

They had come to a woodland upwind and the hunt had slowed down to a walk. The hounds were being urged in by the pink-coated huntsman. He heard the short note of the huntsman to wake the fox, saw the pack pour in like a stream . . .

He had come out this morning, his second morning in the country, to hunt, to kill the fox, to enjoy the sport he loved with what had become a mania. And now his day was being spoiled by old black memories. Perhaps it was the Abbey where Reynardine slept that nudged him with ghostly concentration, perhaps it was the field that ignored him as though he did not exist, perhaps it was the proximity of the fox itself — he hadn't seen or hunted an Irish fox for twenty years. But he was troubled as a man is troubled by imminent disaster. He wished they'd get on.

"Wind him, boys. Wind him. Yooi, get him out. Joyous! Tinker! Marvan! Leu in!"

But there was naught but the crash of whins, and the whirring of pheasants. There rose the huntsman's clear call.

"Yo hote back. Yooi over try back!" And the blast of the horn as he turned to draw the woodland again.

Twenty years ago! Could it have been only twenty years ago since he had met and married and parted from Reynardine? It was so misty, so vague, he had come to think of it as centuries before. He had come north from Dublin, a boy of twenty-two, just out of Trinity, son of old Jasper Morgan who had made a half-dozen fortunes in remounts for the South African War, grandson of Ed Morgan who had been ostler and stableman and later livery keeper at Kingston. And because he rode hard and well he was admitted everywhere. There is no democracy as open as that of the Ulster clans. A baron from William the Conqueror's invasion, or an Irish chieftain whose ancestors were Druidists yields precedence to any man who can do a thing better than he . . . At a hunt ball young Morgan met Petronilla Fitzpaul, who was known through the country as Reynardine.

She was just at the momentous instant when a girl turns woman, that strange first of three tides in a woman's life. And the first tide breathlessly waited, curled, flowed in as he came. Very slight, very dark-haired, very deep-eyed, she was spared the ancestral Norman traits. She hadn't the eagle beak of her brothers, or their intent scowling brows. She was a little thing of kindliness and deep emotion. One felt it in the face, somehow like a pansy, one felt it in her eyes, one felt it in her hands.

She liked him. He was new to her. She liked his dash. She liked, as gentlewomen will, the faint flavor of vulgarity in him. It was new to her. She liked the dash of his clothes. His assurance overcame her. She liked him. And she was at the mystic tide of her life. She thought she loved him.

And what intrigued Morgan was the spirit within. Some faint conception of her beauty and mystery penetrated to him. No man is interested in a woman bodily, no matter how much he thinks he is. He is interested in cosmic womanhood, or in the one spiritual entity that actuates the body. And before Morgan was a thread of flame that might lead him now down a formal garden, rhythmic with the murmur of bees, now through a woodland where the thrush sang in the branches, now through a Roman crypt, mysterious and sanctified. He was like a barbarian who has found a great jewel, topaz or opal or sapphire, the light of which enthralls him, but of whose value and use he is ignorant . . .

Her brothers and her father were not inclined to view a marriage between them with favor. It was not because of his lack of lineage, but because the points of view were so different. They saw a gulf. But Reynardine dissuaded them.

"Brothers dear and my father, cannot I, cannot we all," she put her hands out toward them, "make him see our way, take our things to his heart?"

They were all great hulking men, her father and her brothers, Ulick, Garett, Gilchrist, Kevin, and she was the only woman of them — her mother had died so long ago! — and she was so little, so pleading! They were as wax in her hands.

"You know, dears," she hung her head, "I love this man."

"DO WHAT your heart says, Reynardine," they gave her the precept they obeyed themselves with such success and chivalry. And they frowned the family frown. "If she can do so much with us, what can't she do with him!" they reasoned in their simple way. Alas! poor gentlemen!

There was an immensity of pride in Morgan's heart, apart from pride in his young wife, to be allied to a family such as the Fitzpauls. Twice they had refused duchies. They were so old they went back into the mists of Norman tradition. They had the quaint customs of their sort, and strange superstitions, such as all Irish families have — superstitions being but ancient mystic conceptions of nature, and customs observed so often through the centuries that their shadows became facts.

But of all quaint customs, their friendship to the fox was strangest of all. Their crest was a fox courant, and over no square foot of their lands could a fox be hunted. Great horsemen they were, but none had ever followed the hounds in a hunt. Perhaps some old Fitzpaul, seeing all people concentrated on ridding the land of the fox, had pitied the little red hunted one, and given it protection. Perhaps by some accident of border warfare a fox had deflected the chase from a hunted Fitzpaul and so earned the family gratitude. Perhaps this. Perhaps that. What did it matter?

Yes, a quaint observance, this trait of the Fitzpauls. An idiosyncrasy, a person might put it, such as a woman's objection to mice, or the energy of Henry Bergh — God rest him! — who fought that the law should protect horses from maltreatment. But what was queerer still, was their power over the foxes. Foxes greeted a Fitzpaul joyously, barking and wagging their tails like dogs — foxes, the most suspicious of all animals of the field. They had some strange rhythmic power over foxes, as some people have over dogs. And yet, though this was mysterious, it was not so immensely mysterious. Some trainers are born with power over man-eating tigers, some men can handle snakes, some can soothe stampeding cattle. Morgan remembered hearing his father speak of Whistler Sullivan, who was called in when all hope of breaking a horse was gone. A mean ferret-faced man, he would steal in to the stall where a man-eating horse was tied and tackled, closing the door behind him, and a half-hour later he would bring the horse out. The horse would be cowed and dripping with sweat, and never afterward would it balk or bolt or rear. And the Whistler had never laid a hand on him. He had only talked or hissed. People were afraid of the Whistler — the peasantry claimed he had bargained his soul with the Devil — but he had only power over horses, as the Fitzpauls had over the foxes of the field.

Well that was all explicable, within the range of human knowledge. It was extraordinary but that was all. But there was an eerier thing yet about that family. Other families had their banshees, their ghostly pipes, their drummers on battlements to portend or announce approaching Death. But when a Fitzpaul died, so went the tradition, so it had been attested by living men, so it had happened within a wheen of years, the lawns were peopled with foxes at the dusk of day. Not spectral things, but foxes of the field and wood who gathered to bid their protectors godspeed on their strange, strange journey. They knew of death as bee-keepers say bees know. They made no sound, but for the rustle of the grass and the faint thudding of their pads. But they were there. And a passing peasant might see them and raise his hat.

"God be good to the Fitzpauls," he would pray. "'Tis they are good to the poor!"

A STRANGE thing that of the foxes, a thing not understood. How little, after all, did we know of animals. But to blazes with that! Morgan swore. Animals weren't here to be understood. Animals were here to be used, a horse to be ridden, a hound to hunt with, a fox to be chased to the death — as he was here to do to-day, as he had done always, as he had done when Reynardine, his wife, lived . . .

A bird rose shrieking from the copse, and suddenly a hound gave tongue, and then another, and then the pack cried as one dog. There was a blast of the horn.

"Gone away!" came the cheer of the huntsman. "Away! Away!"

Then fifty horses thundered.

First there was the minute red flash of the fox, slipping through the furze like a serpent, then the dappled flood of hounds, heads up, giving tongue like bells, then the Master of the hunt on his great brown steeplechaser, then the huntsman, gay in pink, leather-faced with puckered eyes, on his little black mare. Then came the bunched hunt, the crash of ditches, the crackle of brambles, the thunder over turf, the splosh-splosh over ploughed land. There was the cheering of the countryside.

There a woman was down at a fence and men stopped to help her. There a riderless horse went by, mane tossing, stirrups flying. Now a groan, now a curse. The countryside flew by as in a motion picture. Patch of brown, patch of green, patch of gray, like a crazy quilt. The crack of hunting crops, the pahk of spurs. "Tally-ho! boys! tally-ho! On! hounds! On!"

Morgan, with certainty, crept ahead of the field, not a hundred yards behind Master and huntsman. Beneath him the great gray moved like a steam engine. A little steadying forward, a rush and a thud, and they were over. Now a ditch was taken with a clatter, now a fence cleared nicely, now through a blackthorn hedge, Morgan's arm up to protect his eyes. Five minutes! Seven. Eight minutes! Nine. Ten, by the Lord Harry! And suddenly they were at Kyle na Maroo — Dead Men's Wood. And the hounds were sniffing, wailing, at check.

An old earth-stopper, wizened, purple-lipped, like a grave-digger of Hamlet, appeared like a troll.

"Into the wood he went, your Honor," he addressed the Master. "Into the wood the Red One went, your Honor, like a man diving into his own house."

"Are all the holes stopped, Mickey Dan?"

"Stopped is it, your Honor? Sure they're stopped as if they were the burrows of the Devil himself and the Saints to be out hunting him on the Judgment Day. Stopped is it? Sure a worm itself couldn't get in or out of them the way I'm after stopping them with interest and grand care — "

"All right, Mickey Dan!" The Master interrupted. "Hoick in!" He ordered the huntsmen.

"Leu in, boys, leu in. Tinker! David! Dermot! Ranger! Tally in! Beauties! Tally in!"

Morgan pulled up his hunter and turned around to watch the field come up, no longer bunched, but straggling now. The burst to check had been too much for them. His horse was still fresh, his seat easy. He had done a notable thing, following so closely on the Master's mount — the great racer that had won the Grand National — and the huntsman's mare, fleet as a greyhound, with so little weight up. Morgan desired a word of commendation, even a look of envy. But they took no notice of him. He might have been some old fox-hunter, invisible, long dead, riding a spectre horse over some well-remembered run, for all the attention they paid him. To them he wasn't there; he didn't exist.

And because of Reynardine!

And what had he done to Reynardine? It wasn't his fault. It was hers. She had been in love with him, and then she turned and was not. Was it his fault that a woman was fickle?

Yes, she had been in love with him. He could even yet see her dark murmuring eyes in the golden light of the candles, as she sat there in her white frock and sang to him, her beautifully cut ivory hands plucking haunting melody from a pianoforte as from some old-time clavichord.

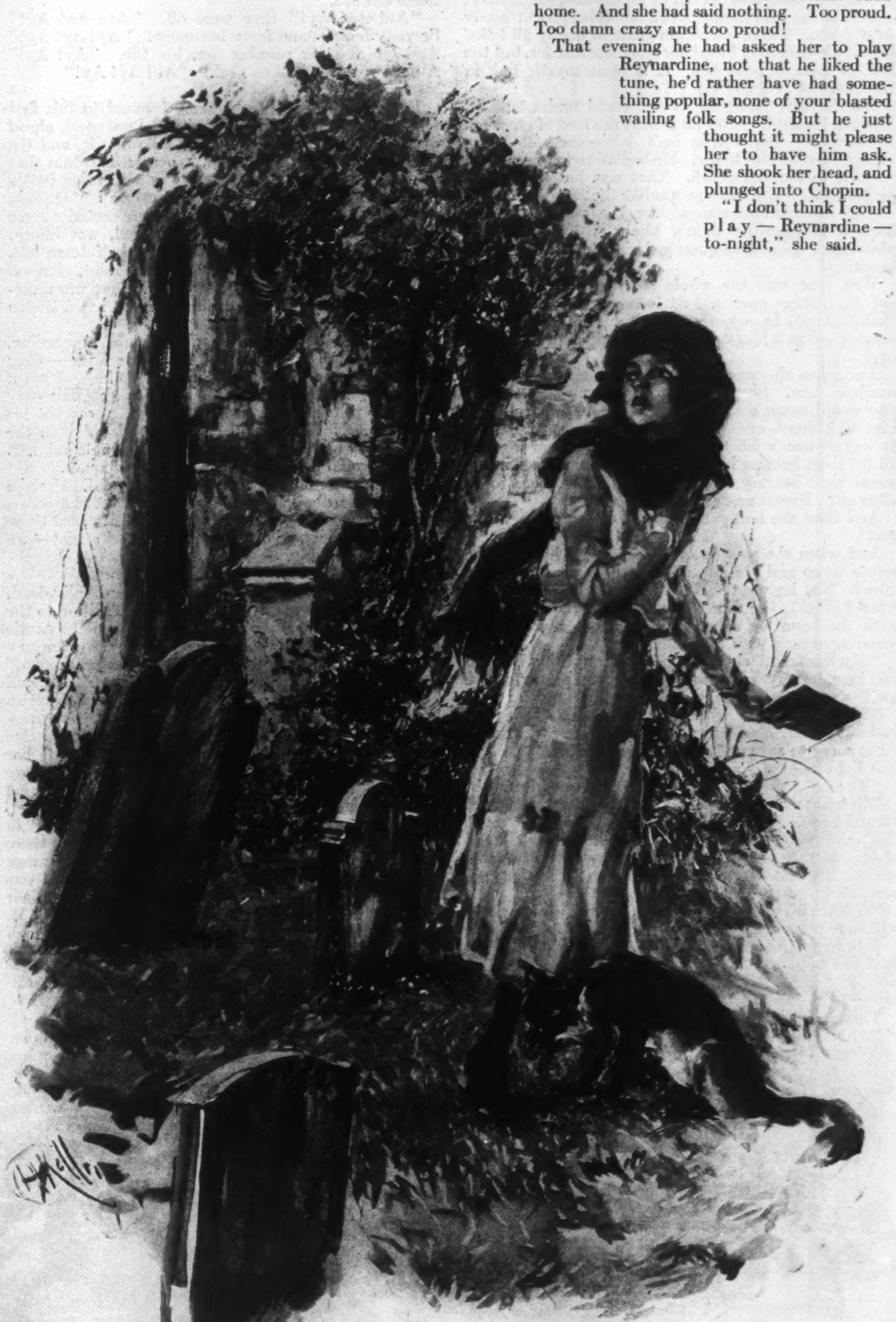
"Sun and dark I followed her,
Her eyes did brightly shine:
She took me o'er the mountains,
Did my sweet Reynardine.
If perchance you look for me
Perhaps you'll not me find — "

Oh, damn! What did she ever come into his life for anyway. She didn't want a man. She wanted a poet. Crazy! That's what she was, crazy as a coot. He supposed her daughter — their daughter — was as crazy as she!

First of all there'd been the trouble about the hunting. She never said a word about it but her face had blanched the first morning he had saddled up for the Louth. She had expected him, he laughed, to have the same crazy notions as her family. And her face had been drawn with pain when he came back home. And she had said nothing. Too proud. Too damn crazy and too proud!

That evening he had asked her to play Reynardine, not that he liked the tune, he'd rather have had something popular, none of your blasted wailing folk songs. But he just thought it might please her to have him ask. She shook her head, and plunged into Chopin.

"I don't think I could play — Reynardine — to-night," she said.



Standing there was a white figure against which the red fox cowered. The face was the face of Reynardine. The eyes were the eyes of Reynardine, black, deep, dilated with fear

And she had never played or sung Reynardine to him again.

She and her folk had such darn queer notions. They thought more of a horse under them than themselves. They went to infinite pains and immense time to train a green horse or break in a dog where another person with a flick of spurs or a crack of the whip could do it in half the time. True, they did it well. But, after all, you didn't make human friendships with animals. You made them do what you wanted to, or if they didn't — That was a man's way.

BUT people are queer, some of them. One man is proud that his horse whinnies in the stall when he hears the beloved footstep. And some men give friendship to dogs they never give to women, and their hearts break when a hound dies. And to some folk the birds of the air will come and eat out of their hand, so confident are the birds. And the death of a rabbit is a great tragedy to children. There is a virgin glade in nearly all folks' hearts where neither blood nor marriage wander, but the love of animals possesses. It is some mystic link in the chain of creation.

But he never had it. Never could understand it, Morgan thought. After all man is the lord of creation, he decided — that's true isn't it? — and all living things were for him to use. He had all rights over them — even to life and death. That was how sane folks looked at it — not crazy people like the Fitzpauls.

And Reynardine didn't like the way he broke horses. Reynardine didn't like the way he shot pheasants. She was a queer girl but, God! she was very beautiful!

Well that was the whole story of it, they didn't get on. There grew a gulf between them, and was that his fault, he asked? Was it his fault he wasn't insane? Was it his fault he was too much of a man for her?

And when she was to have a child, she expected so much of him. She never asked of course — oh, no! She would never ask for anything — but she followed him with dumb eyes. What did she expect anyhow? It was no man's job to hang around a gravid woman, all the time, holding her hand. A million women in the world were bearing children. What was there to it, after all? Everyone did it.

And then she had run home. Let her run. Crazy coot!

And when she was dying and sent for him, did he refuse to go and see her, as many a man would have done? No, he went. He remembered well the soft April twilight; the dim white figure in the great bed, with the haunting eyes. And her four big brothers standing around with set, grim faces.

"My husband," she had said, "for anything I did to you here, for any way I hurt you, will you please forgive me."

"That's all right, Reynardine," he said. "We were just not suited. And I forgive you." Then awkwardly: "I'm sorry to see you this way, Reynardine."

A light had gone out of her face:

"Then — good-bye!" Her hand unclasped from his.

"Good-bye!" he had said uncomfortably. And turned to go. He noticed three of the brothers look at the senior, Gilchrist, meaningly. Gilchrist turned to go after him. A cold shiver had gone down Morgan's spine. His knees trembled. And then came the very soft voice:

"Gilchrist, and brothers dear, in a minute maybe I will have gone with the twilight, and I shall not be able to talk to you again, ever again, with these human lips. And I'm going to ask you just one more favor, brothers dear, my brothers. Please do it for your sister. Let my — let this man go!"

Then Gilchrist threw open the door.

"This is no place for you," he had said, "go!"

A crazy breed! He had never heard from them again. Never had they asked him to see or support his daughter. He had even forgotten her name. But he didn't want to see her. He wanted to see no more of the Fitzpaul blood. She was living in the old place, he understood, which was hers now.

Well, let her —

But, funny! He could never get out of his mind's eye the vision of his wife sitting by the great piano, plucking out the ancient melody:

> "If by chance you look for me,
> Perhaps you'll not me find,
> For I'll be in my castle — "

The hounds shifted, grew keen. "Ay! Ay!" Came the tongue of the finder. Scent was picked up again. "Ay! Ay! Ay!" went the pack, heads up, tails straight. There was a red flash ahead in the grassy field.

"Come up, Finn!" the Master shoved his great horse onward.

"Ay! Ay! Ay!" they were off. "Ay! Ay! Ay!" Seventy hounds and forty horsemen. "Ay! Ay! Ay!" And one red fox running for his life. "Ay! Ay!" A dead fox or a broken neck! "Ay! Ay! Ay!"

For years he had been looking forward to this first fox hunt in Ireland, and now with the red speck ahead of him, and the flood of hounds following it, and the great gray between his knees, it occurred to him that he was not enjoying it. Never was a morning better for hunting, never a keener scent, never a better pack, never had he pushed as powerful, as sure-footed a horse at a fence. Behind him the field fell, was blown, dropped out, until there were hardly a half-dozen left. And he was close on the Master of the hunt, close on the huntsman, close on the pack. Yet there was something in it that took the thrill away and left a leaden depression instead.

She wouldn't go out of his mind, would Reynardine. What was that daughter of hers — and his — like? Like her mother, he'd be bound, every inch of her a Fitzpaul. Hardly any of his blood there. His only were the mechanics of procreation — she was not his daughter. Nothing lifeful of him had fused with the soul of Reynardine to perform the ineffable miracle. No, she would be all her mother — all Fitzpaul.

God! how he hated that name of Fitzpaul. How he hated Reynardine, who had made him feel like a cur — though he wouldn't admit it! How he had hated those four big brothers, who had made him feel afraid — an unforgivable thing.

WELL, they were dead, he laughed, all dead. Gilchrist had died on Nevison's expedition to the Pole, and he lay somewhere in the immaculate Arctic snows with the inscription his comrades had written on a simple cross: "Here lies a very gallant Irish gentleman." And Kevin had died fighting the Turks in Africa, and Ulick! Ulick was somewhere in the depths of the Irish Sea, where he went out with the Coastguards to rescue a vessel in distress. And Garett was funniest of all. He was killed defending a woman of the people from her drunken husband in a Dublin slum. All dead! Serve them right, too. They were always doing something that never got them anywhere. Fools!

He had hated them in life, and he hated them in death. But now their bodies were in dissolution, there was nothing concrete to hate and by some strange symbolism, he had come to hate what in his mind was most closely allied to the family, the fox that was their crest, the fox that had their protection. He hated it. He hunted it. He wanted to kill it. The day on which a fox was killed was to him a red-letter day. He felt somehow he had killed a Fitzpaul.

Foxes took on for him now a strange sinister entity. By thinking much of them, they had become to him a quasi-human, hypernormal race. There was something strange about them anyway. Cleverest of all the beasts of the field, their cunning outwitted men. They were strange in their likes and dislikes. Their only friend was the dull-witted badger, a dark personality, too, whose burrows they used, with whom they often lived. They would eat fruit and shellfish. And though they killed birds, they would not touch a dead bird of prey. They had tabus as strict as a Maori's. Strange, mystical laws.

Very sinister they seemed to Morgan. Once in America he had seen Michi Itow, the Japanese, dance his dance of the fox. And there was something terrible in it, something so mysteriously awful that he all but rose in his seat, the cry of the pack ringing from his throat: "Ay! Ay! Ay! . . . Ay! Ay!"

And he had a dreadful waking dream, of an acre of foxes watching him in the twilight, never moving, still on their pads. Just their pointed muzzles, their baleful, luminous eyes . . .

He had hunted foxes everywhere since he left Ireland. In Canada, where he had many a good kill. In England, where the sport was too ladida, too much of a social gathering to please him. In America, in Maryland, where they hunted the gray fox with hounds, stag crossed with fox, but seldom killed. He couldn't stand their way of hunting. The Marylander didn't care to kill, and they had dubbed their favorite foxes with endearing nicknames. No! That was ridiculous! What he wanted was an Irish hunt, fine horses and good riders, and keen hounds, and a dead fox at the end of the day.

HE LOOKED up from the pack as they swung through a ploughed field. The fox had swung in a circle and was running to where it had started. There was Cashelshane, King John's castle. There was Owana Mrack Meg, the river of the little trout! There was Crock na mero, the hill of the querns! There was — there was the Abbey where the Fitzpauls, where Reynardine slept.

> "If by chance you look for me,
> Perhaps you'll not me find,
> For I'll be in my castle — "

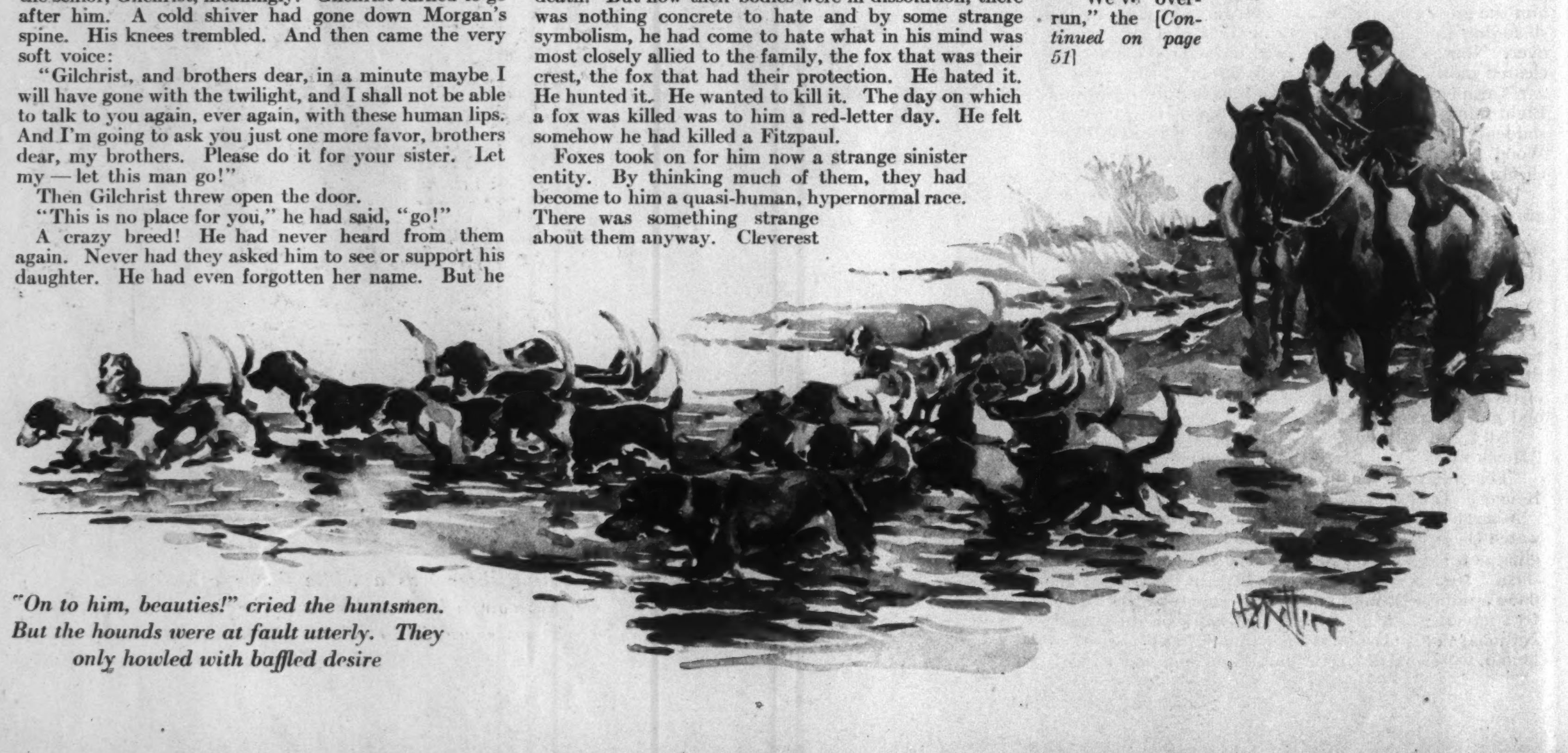
A great castle that, he laughed, six feet underground . . . Damn it! Were those hounds at fault again?

A piece of bog in process of reclamation — there the fox had taken refuge. He might be lying in some clump of grass. He might have slipped into one of the many drains the strong farmer had made in his attempt to make arable land of what was morass. Here and there were green patches, still dangerous, where a whole hunt might be engulfed. Neither the Master nor the huntsman cared to chance their mounts in that treacherous sward. They halloed the hounds to and fro.

"Leu in, lads, leu in! Ranger, Rambler, Tinker, Tim. On to him, beauties, on to him!"

But the hounds were at fault, utterly. They howled with baffled desire. They went to and fro, tails twitching, noses aground. Two or three beaten hunters turned up, their horses gone, their fire quenched, sitting dully in the saddle, thankful for the respite of check.

"We've overrun," the [*Continued on page 51*]



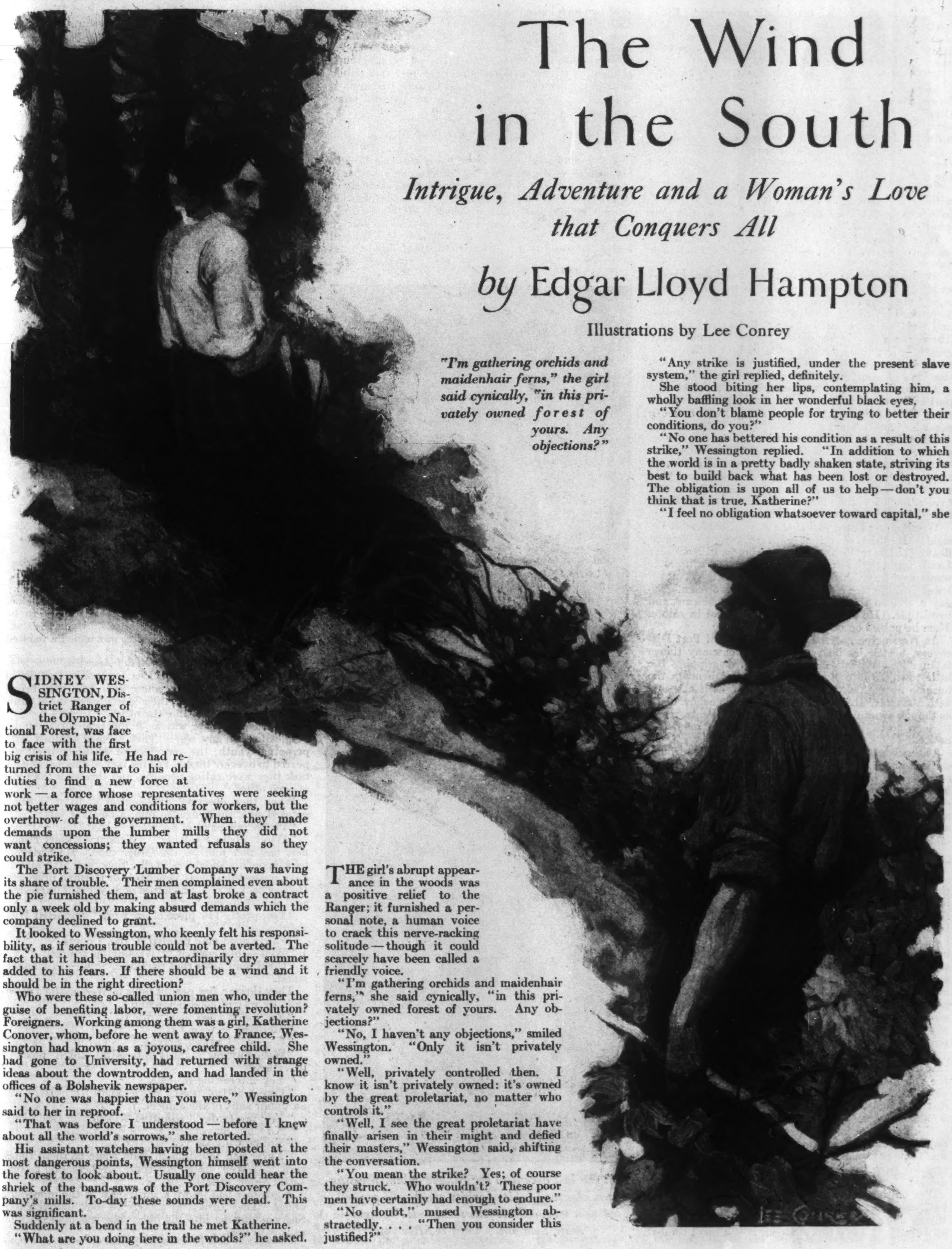
"On to him, beauties!" cried the huntsmen. But the hounds were at fault utterly. They only howled with baffled desire

The Wind in the South

Intrigue, Adventure and a Woman's Love that Conquers All

by Edgar Lloyd Hampton

Illustrations by Lee Conrey



"I'm gathering orchids and maidenhair ferns," the girl said cynically, "in this privately owned forest of yours. Any objections?"

SIDNEY WESSINGTON, District Ranger of the Olympic National Forest, was face to face with the first big crisis of his life. He had returned from the war to his old duties to find a new force at work — a force whose representatives were seeking not better wages and conditions for workers, but the overthrow of the government. When they made demands upon the lumber mills they did not want concessions; they wanted refusals so they could strike.

The Port Discovery Lumber Company was having its share of trouble. Their men complained even about the pie furnished them, and at last broke a contract only a week old by making absurd demands which the company declined to grant.

It looked to Wessington, who keenly felt his responsibility, as if serious trouble could not be averted. The fact that it had been an extraordinarily dry summer added to his fears. If there should be a wind and it should be in the right direction?

Who were these so-called union men who, under the guise of benefiting labor, were fomenting revolution? Foreigners. Working among them was a girl, Katherine Conover, whom, before he went away to France, Wessington had known as a joyous, carefree child. She had gone to University, had returned with strange ideas about the downtrodden, and had landed in the offices of a Bolshevik newspaper.

"No one was happier than you were," Wessington said to her in reproof.

"That was before I understood — before I knew about all the world's sorrows," she retorted.

His assistant watchers having been posted at the most dangerous points, Wessington himself went into the forest to look about. Usually one could hear the shriek of the band-saws of the Port Discovery Company's mills. To-day these sounds were dead. This was significant.

Suddenly at a bend in the trail he met Katherine.

"What are you doing here in the woods?" he asked.

THE girl's abrupt appearance in the woods was a positive relief to the Ranger; it furnished a personal note, a human voice to crack this nerve-racking solitude — though it could scarcely have been called a friendly voice.

"I'm gathering orchids and maidenhair ferns," she said cynically, "in this privately owned forest of yours. Any objections?"

"No, I haven't any objections," smiled Wessington. "Only it isn't privately owned."

"Well, privately controlled then. I know it isn't privately owned: it's owned by the great proletariat, no matter who controls it."

"Well, I see the great proletariat have finally arisen in their might and defied their masters," Wessington said, shifting the conversation.

"You mean the strike? Yes; of course they struck. Who wouldn't? These poor men have certainly had enough to endure."

"No doubt," mused Wessington abstractedly. . . . "Then you consider this justified?"

"Any strike is justified, under the present slave system," the girl replied, definitely.

She stood biting her lips, contemplating him, a wholly baffling look in her wonderful black eyes.

"You don't blame people for trying to better their conditions, do you?"

"No one has bettered his condition as a result of this strike," Wessington replied. "In addition to which the world is in a pretty badly shaken state, striving its best to build back what has been lost or destroyed. The obligation is upon all of us to help — don't you think that is true, Katherine?"

"I feel no obligation whatsoever toward capital," she said. "And this is all a capitalistic movement. Build back! Faugh! Get what they've lost? The wage slaves will never get what they've lost until they destroy capital, take forcibly into their own possession the things that they already own."

Wessington did not reply to this statement, at once. It had suddenly occurred to him as passing strange that he should have discovered this wayward girl up in the Olympic National Forest. Why was she here? What secret purpose had she in mind? However, he permitted the matter to rest, for the moment.

"So you think we should destroy the system then, close down our factories, dissipate our assets, and leave the world to shift for itself?"

"The things that belong to the people they shall do with as they please," she said, with a sort of fierceness in her voice. "They may scatter them to the four winds, if they will."

Wessington gave a good-natured laugh, and moved on down the trail. No one could argue against such vehemence as this.

At the bend in the foot-path he turned and looked suddenly back. She was standing as he had left her, except that she had twisted half around in her tracks to follow him with her steady, even gaze. He smiled and waved her a hand; but she did not reply in kind. There was a look in her eyes that puzzled the Ranger greatly — left him guessing: not a look of defiance exactly, it was another sort of look. What was her mission up in the Olympic National Forest, anyhow?

As Wessington emerged from the trail, out upon a partially cleared area, the mill town itself became suddenly visible, lying below him along Fuca Strait a scant half-mile distant.

The thing that held his attention after a first casual glance, was the huge American flag; McBreen had run it to the top of the tall staff, by No. 2 mill, over next to the pier; there it hung, limp and inert against a burning sky, stirring now and again under a vagrant breeze, like some living thing which awakens gradually from sleep.

Wessington paused and squared his shoulders at the sight. He had seen that emblem before — seen it floating out over the hangars on the border of No Man's Land, hurling grim defiance at the world's traducers — sometimes frayed with shell and shrapnel, yet never lowered in the face of any foe or any class or clan. Today it seemed to embody a force both significant and irresistible. He smiled and lifted his hand in salute. Then he passed on down the trail.

As Wessington entered the main street of Port Discovery, he felt instinctively the urge of many things intangible. A death-like quiet seemed gripping the little town, as in a strangle-hold. It lay beneath the burning autumn sky, inert, motionless, as if obsessed with a singular absence of purpose, yet somehow alert, as though awaiting the next swift turn of events, ready to leap forth into life and action at a moment's notice.

The sawdust streets ran deep with currents of men, shifting about here and there, eddying in slow circles, or standing in circumspect groups along the curbs. Yet they were devoid of action — no quick movement of a hand, no voice lifted anywhere in sudden argument; they were silent, vastly, terribly silent — yet with an ever-present urge of keen watchfulness from under lowered hat-rims.

THERE were other men, too; even a casual observer might have caught the difference — this beyond the fact that these other men carried odd-looking bulges underneath their coats. For they smiled — these particular ones — pleasantly, and continually, strolling indifferently along the sawdust streets, their hands behind their backs, or paused reflectively at the curbs to look with speculative eyes, across at the tops of the one-story buildings, up at the glaring August sun, out across Fuca Strait — anywhere, in fact, except at their immediate environment. They seemed filled with happiness — an endless good-humor — as if they awaited some series of events, some more or less *pleasant* series of events — as if, in fine, nothing could possibly transpire except in the shape of a delightfully pleasant surprise.

If a voice arose above a monotone, they looked casually, though wonder-eyed, in that direction, and the voice subsided. Wherever a crowd converged beyond its due proportion, they sauntered leisurely into its midst, and the crowd melted away, as if under some occult influence.

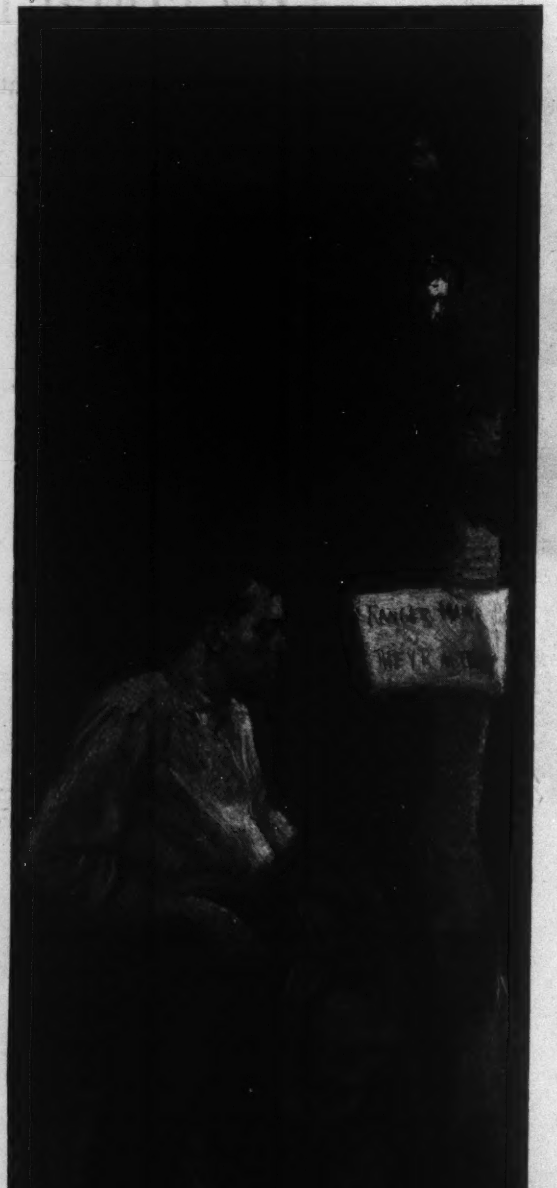
Nothing more important than this was transpiring on the surface of events in the town of Port Discovery, upon this particular afternoon; a Sabbath calm seemed reigning perpetually over the little town, like a benediction.

Yet pulsing about, and through, and over this Sabbath calm, ran that deadly urge of an undercurrent of things not yet materialized. They were feeling each other out! It was a test of strength — a silent combat, as of two men locked in a close embrace, fighting to the death, without a word or sound. This thing was a truce — an unwilling truce; it was on for the moment. How long would Fate permit that moment to last?

Wessington moved on through the scattering groups of men, along the sawdust street. Upon the public bulletin board in front of the Last Chance Restaurant, a notice was in evidence. The Ranger paused before it for a moment, to read:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Any American citizen who so desires, may return to his former position with the undersigned company, at any time within twenty-four hours from the date of this strike, but not thereafter. The company will resume full operations at one o'clock P.M. August 25th, and will thenceforth continue at full time. Foreign born, unnaturalized applicants will not be employed under any condition. This is still the United States of America!



On the last ascent to the ranger cabin, Wessington observed a bit of white cardboard pinned to a tree. On it was scrawled: "Ranger man, look out. They're after you!"

The notice bore the signature of the Port Discovery Lumber Company. Thus Caswell had drawn his color line, and issued his ultimatum.

Copies of this legend had also been prepared for circulation in printed form. They were still in circulation. Evidence of this was not lacking in the streets of Port Discovery; wadded into tight, vindictive little balls they rolled along the curbs; torn into tiny bits and scattered to the four winds, like confetti at a carnival, they traveled hither and yon about the streets. Now and again a vagrant breeze, scurrying along the surface, picked up these bits and turned them over and over, gleefully.

Wessington continued on down the street, in the general direction of the mill office. As he passed along, the groups of strikers fell silent at his approach, gave way finally before him with furtive, or even unfriendly looks. How quickly they had singled him out! He was beyond their pale, not one of them — not open to the general confidence. As this knowledge came to Wessington, he smiled pleasantly, though somehow it was not a pleasant smile.

Gathered in the center of the street, along the path of his footsteps, was what appeared to be a more animated group. Among them he noticed Olsen and Skovoitch.

They were talking low, in a number of different tongues; but at Wessington's approach they shifted into English:

"Ah! Here comes the United States Government." The voice was that of Skovoitch.

"Yes; King of the Star Spangled Banana."

"See our little friend of the Rich!"

Their switch to English, apparently, was for his benefit. There came a sudden, cold gleam into Wessington's eyes; his smile returned, sweeter than ever. And, smiling thus, head erect, looking them squarely between their eyes, yet seeing none of them, he walked straight into the group.

THEY melted away reluctantly, on either side, at his approach, so that he passed directly through the spot where they had been, and emerged on the other side. And the throng closed in behind him as he passed, like water in a mill race, cursing deeply under their breaths.

In front of the huge flagstaff the Ranger paused and looked up. A fitful wind had seized hold of the silken banner and was shifting it about; it seemed to be struggling in an effort to release itself. Upon the staff, at the height of a man's shoulder, was nailed a painted sign, in a frame:

"*This is still the United States of America.*"

Gathered about this nucleus lounged a half-dozen casual souls. They were young men, tall, with broad shoulders. Underneath their coats were those same odd-looking bulges — like the others.

Yet their attitude was as if life held for them no perplexities of any sort. They seemed imbued with perpetual youth; the very fact of existence itself appeared to overjoy them. For the lack of a more arduous task they were eating peanuts, and throwing the hulls at each other.

When they observed Wessington in front of their painted sign, they engaged him in pleasant talk:

"Pretty fair piece of art work — that!"

"Why! Hello, Faulkner!" Wessington knew Faulkner; had met him on the Other Side. He had gold bars upon his shoulders at the time, and was said to have possessed a lively penchant for German prisoners. He was back in civilian clothes now, yet still interested, as it would appear.

"Yes; pretty fair piece of art work," admitted Wessington.

"Fairly good man painted it, too, I guess."

"Well — like enough." Wessington grinned.

"Good man *wrote* that particular sign — so I understand."

They threw a few peanut hulls in Wessington's direction, by way of good fellowship.

"Yes; fairly good man wrote it."

"McBreen — wasn't it?"

"U — m! Caswell, maybe."

"Well, anyhow a fairly interestin' lookin' piece of literature."

"Yes; interesting to *some*."

"Forest gettin' pretty dry — ain't it?" Here was an unfair shift of the subject.

"Yes; pretty dry," admitted Wessington grudgingly.

"No Chinook yet."

"No; no Chinook yet."

"Never can tell, though: rain some of these times, *sure* . . . Well, upon my soul! If here don't come Little Annie, at last!"

A steamer had blown a shrill blast in the immediate offing. They turned in a body to look, indifferently. She was putting into the pier. She was loaded to her rails with men.

Wessington saw the disheveled group of men ranged about the flagstaff, fronting the crowd as if to meet some sudden onset. In their hands were the pistols, still smoking

The comment at the base of the flagstaff continued its various course.

"Well, bless her little heart for gettin' here so soon! What's she got aboard; an orphan asylum?"

"No; a Sunday School picnic."

"Goin' to start a Sunday School here — maybe?"

"Or a cemetery — or something."

"Oh — *sure* to start *something!*"

Faulkner threw away the last of his peanut hulls and stood up.

"Guess I might as well stretch myself a little before the inquest," he remarked, casually.

The steamer sidled timidly up to her berth, cast a line about a pier post, and ran out a double gangplank. The strike-breakers had arrived.

They filed down the staging, camp-kits upon their shoulders, and gathered in small, revolving human eddies upon the wharf.

The strikers stood in long lines on either side of the pier, hissing and cat-calling, hurling the deadliest of insults at their hated foes:

"Scab!" "Slave!" "Siwash!" "Scissorbill!" "Scissorbill!" they called, derisively.

Faces front, and with no word in reply, between these two lines filed the company of new recruits, away from the wharf, up the sawdust street, to their new quarters.

And that was all — at least it appeared to be all. The mob dispersed, scattering into groups, milling, moving in swift whirlpools round and round, surly, grim and defiant. Up from their midst rose a low and continuous growl, deep, significant, menacing — running in an endless undertone like the surf against a distant precipice.

Yet the menace passed, slithered away into distance, leaving a sickly calm. No blow was struck, no hand was lifted in violence. From up the street came the shrill, fife-like note of a crying child. The huge flag against a purple sky flapped and flapped incessantly. The men with bulges under their coats stood looking dreamily away at the horizon. The group at the base of the flagstaff had returned to throwing peanut hulls.

"And their purpose was to confiscate the Port Discovery Lumber Company, take it over by force. Yet they didn't lift a hand!"

Caswell seemed greatly perplexed at this unexpected turn in events. He sat on the edge of the company porch, knitting his brows thoughtfully, as if the affair had passed entirely beyond his power to understand.

"McBreen got the dope straight," he went on. "They took a vote on it. The vote carried. And then they didn't try to do it. . . . If they'd only tried to do it!" he added, distractedly. "That would have been fine. But they didn't."

"Pretty big contract," Wessington smiled, cynically.

"That don't bother these Bolsheviks any," said Caswell. "They live on disaster. Yet they didn't try to put the proposition over — that's the trouble."

"Trouble?"

"Yes!" Caswell gazed at the forest Ranger with retrospective eyes; "that's *exactly* the trouble. They've shifted their plans; got something else on foot, now, don't you see? And it may be something worse."

"'Folded arms' sabotage, maybe," suggested Wessington.

"WHAT! These Bolsheviks? Not on your life. They're all direct actionists, out to overthrow the government. No 'folded arms' sabotage for them!"

"Odd they didn't do anything," mused Wessington.

"They didn't do anything — *yet*," corrected Caswell. "But that doesn't prove the case. You see, they forced the strike, all right — sixty per cent. of them went out. Yet they can't control that sixty per cent; some of them coming back to work already. They split on this confiscation of property business. No real American'll stand for that, you know — they've got property of their own. That leaves the Bolsheviks not quite so strong as they thought they were. So they've simply shifted their plans. And I wonder what those plans are. We start up the works again to-morrow afternoon, at one o'clock," he added. "If they don't do anything then, I'll know it's going to be something different. And I wonder what it'll be!"

"Don't you want the troops?" inquired Wessington. "I can get 'em up for you; fire-fighters, you know — three thousand of 'em; got things all arranged."

"N — o; I guess not," mused Caswell, thoughtfully. "Soldiers 'd only make matters worse, give 'em another chance to kick: 'Masters driving wage slaves at point of bayonet'; 'Government troops murder helpless women and children' — don't you see? We'll just try to handle the situation ourselves." He paused to relight his pipe, reflectively. "At least forty per cent. of the old men stuck with the job; and all the new ones are with us; they're Federation men, you know. So that's the situation at present. It's just these crazy Bolsheviks that —

"Say!" he veered from the subject suddenly, gazing at Wessington, "I think your former friend Kate's got as much to do with it as anybody."

The Ranger gave him a troubled look.

"Oh, I don't think she has," he said.

"Well, she's pretty bad," declared Caswell. "Ever hear her talk?"

"Yes;" said Wessington, "and my opinion is she don't really know what she is talking about. She's just let her sympathies run away with her, that's all — got an imaginary grievance."

"Well, so long as she don't know it's imaginary, she's dangerous," argued Caswell shrewdly. "As things stand now, she's the worst Red Card in these woods, outside of Ivanovitch and Blumberg — and that's saying a good deal. . . . Maybe you're right about her, though, after all. . . . Well, how's your work coming on?" he inquired cheerfully, switching the subject.

"Everything's in order, as far as I can see," admitted Wessington, "But I wish I could see farther."

"Boy, we all wish that!" gloomed Caswell. "But it don't do any good. We've just got to wait and see. . . . It sure is pretty dry, ain't it?"

"Yes, awful dry. I certainly am praying for rain."

"Wind's in the wrong direction, too," complained Caswell. "If the Chinook'd only blow!"

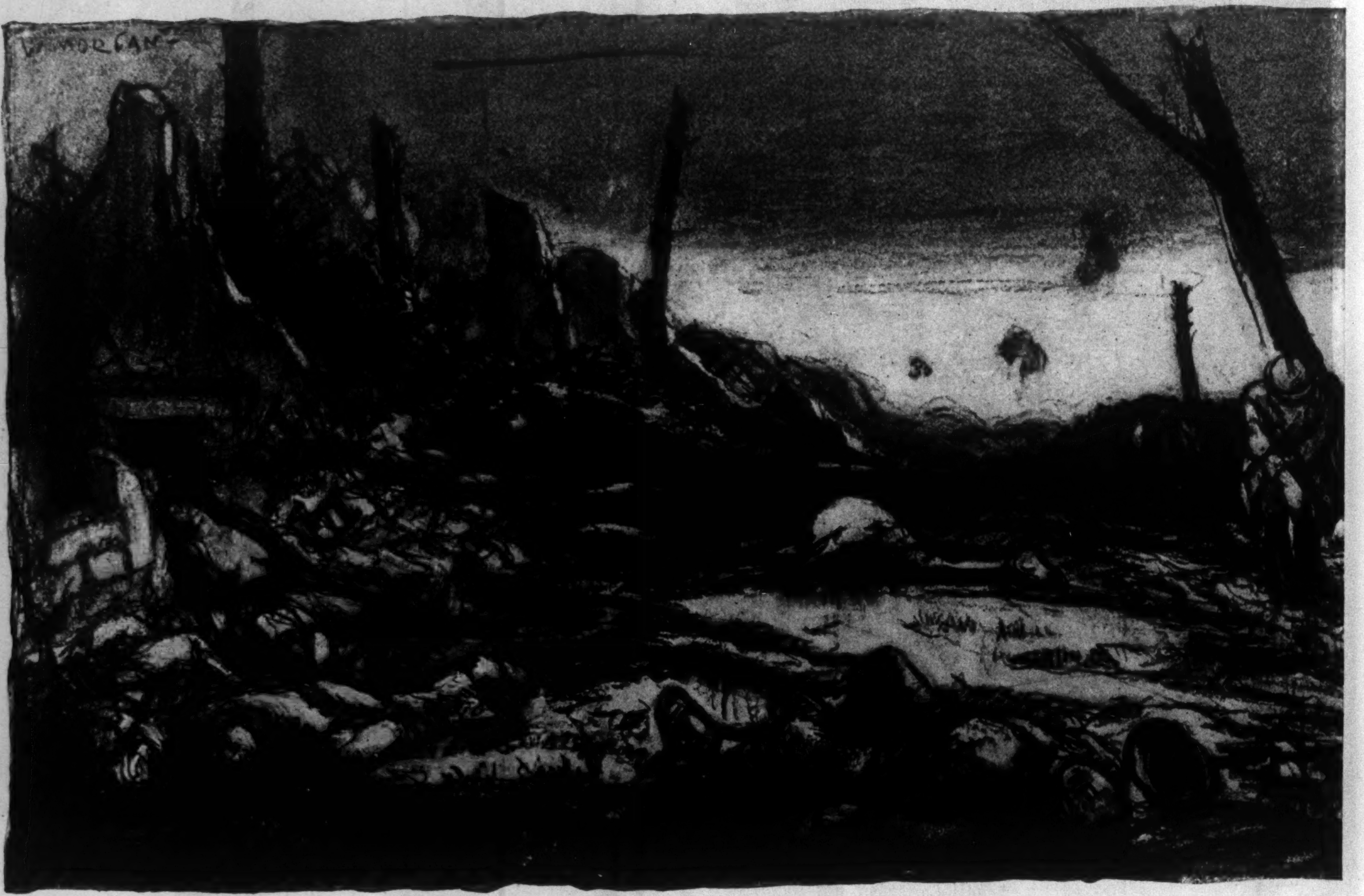
"Yes; if we could only get a Chinook. Everything depends upon the wind."

"You might just as well stay here with me for supper," said Caswell, veering the subject again, abruptly. "Can't do anything up there in the woods. . . . Oh, they're just bound to start something pretty soon," he added, filling in a brief hiatus with a sudden burst of pessimism. "That bunch of Wobs is out for trouble; they're not sticking around in these woods for nothing."

Immediately following the dinner hour Wessington moved forth upon the streets of Port Discovery. His pulse was at a fever pitch, his nerves strung to an unnatural tensity. It was beyond his power to forego that urge which drew him so irresistibly into the heart of the turmoil, to see and

[*Continued on page 56*]

WILL THE WORLD PERMIT



Can We Stop War?

by Frederick Palmer

Illustration by Wallace Morgan

"WHAT are you doing here? Are you reduced to writing about peace?" a friend asked me as I took my seat in the gallery for the first meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations.

"Who has a better reason for being here?" was my reply. "Who should feel the need of peace more than I?"

Within twenty years I had seen seventeen of the forty-one nations represented at war. I remained in Geneva all through the Assembly because I wanted to know what this effort for peace meant as I know what war in all its forms means.

Not one of those seventeen nations had desired war. Yet war had come. All through those twenty years the world was talking about how to end war. Since the World War we have wanted war less than ever. These days you are as likely to hear a man say: "Let's go out and kill all the babies in the park!" as "Let's have another war!"

The Irreconcilable Senator took his stand against war as vigorously as the most ardent Wilsonian pro-Leaguer. No one will say one good word for war. No one wants to pay taxes for arming. Yet the world has gone on arming; but to one who knows war and its causes as I know them, every sign indicates that we intend the babes which our mothers are now nursing for slaughter in a future world war.

So the sum of the situation is that we do not want war, but we feel that we must have war. Humanity has come to consider war as inevitable as earthquakes and floods.

But man does not make the earthquakes and the floods. They are disturbances which are not subject to his volition. War *is* subject to his volition. It is he who makes war. Why then can he not stop war?

The soldier's way to stop it is to make such powerful armies that no other nation dares attack. Thus we have the paradox of each nation forcing the peace by being stronger than the others. The lawyers want the matter left to them. They will write laws which, if followed by all the nations, would settle all disputes by arbitration. But the lawyers have no policemen to enforce their judgments.

The conscientious objector says that the way is for everybody to refuse to fight — a strike against war. This sounds logical. War is fighting. Stop fighting, and you have an end of war. But the objector's conscience does not avail against the armed guard which leads him away to jail when he refuses to shoulder a rifle. Humanity is behind the armed guard. It has decided to make war. What humanity decides is final. It could continue mutual self-destruction until the human race was extinguished. The soldier ably carries out the people's desires.

"SO YOU cannot stop war! And history proves there is no use trying," says the cynic.

He might point to my experience in having seen seventeen of the forty-one nations at war, as proof that he is right. His idea is the soldier's. He would make his nation so strong that war's horrors will be visited upon other peoples rather than his own.

Granting him his premise, I agree with him. If it is a question of my baby or another man's being starved and mutilated, I am for saving my baby; and I want an efficient army to protect my baby. This too is logic — that of self-preservation.

But why must we submit to such logic? Why must humanity commit suicide? Is there no escape from self-inflicted misery and death? As a prospector, hiking on short rations in rough country, seeks gold, so I, in many campaigns, have sought the answer.

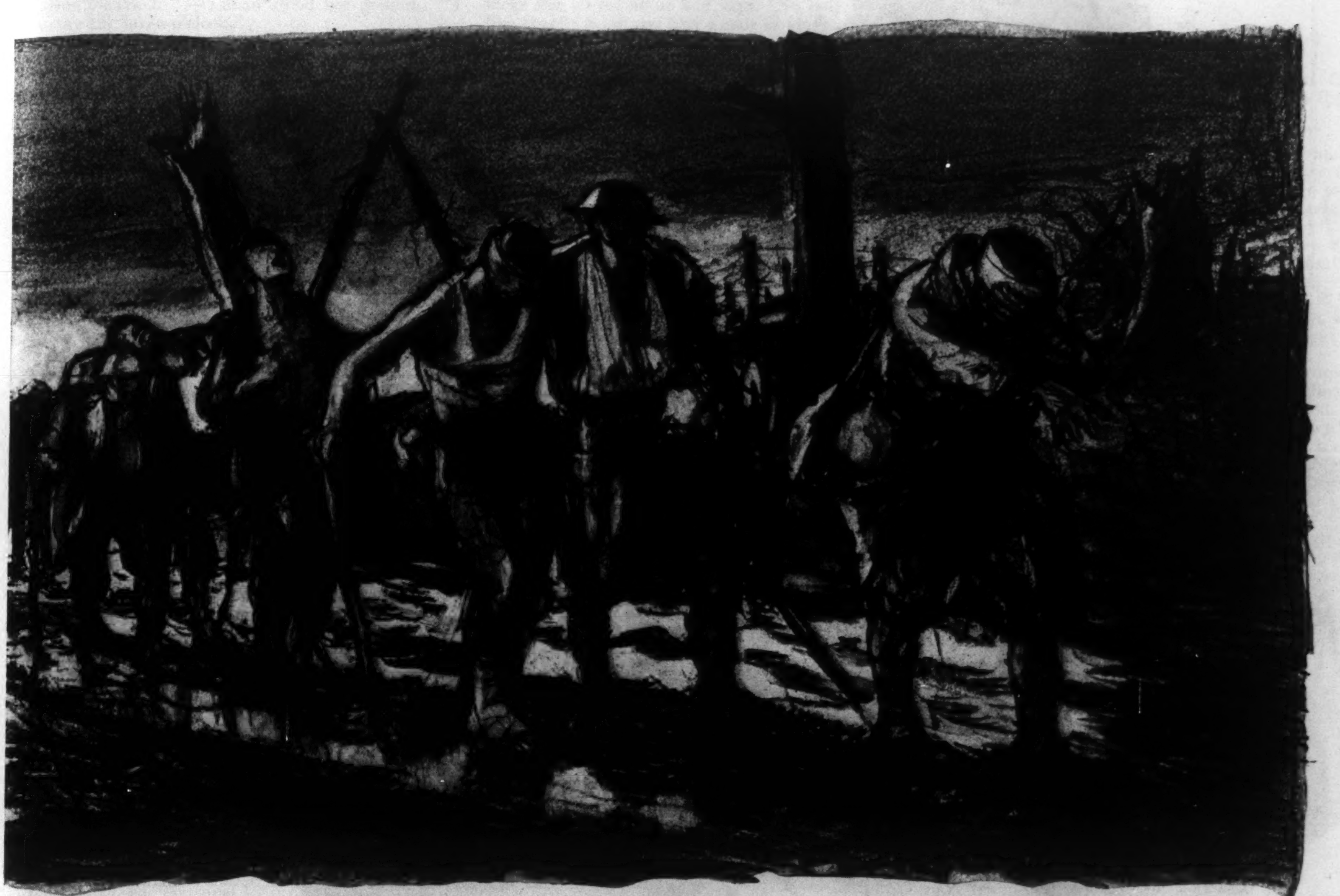
Why? Why? I had asked at the start of every campaign that I had seen when mothers' sons in the bloom of their youth and strength were going to the shambles. Why? I asked in the midst of the shambles in sight of the dead with the groans of the wounded in my ears. Why? I had asked looking into the drawn faces of misery of refugees in many lands.

Why? The soldiers themselves were asking. I have never known a soldier who, after he had seen a month's hard fighting, did not wish that the war was over — with victory for his side, of course. He was sick of war as war. But he was tied to the wheels of his Juggernaut which the war passion had set on the road, and his Juggernaut must keep going until it foundered or overwhelmed the enemy's Juggernaut.

As we have always had war with us — it began when Cain killed Abel — no wonder that we accept it. There was a time when yellow fever, the bubonic plague, typhoid, smallpox and syphilis were considered as inevitable as war. The "why" of modern medical science sank its shafts of investigation and analysis into causes. Yellow fever was not due to tropical heat, or malaria to swampy air, but to the bite of the mosquito. Typhoid came from the fly and the bubonic plague from rats. In the one-time pest-hole of Panama workmen were able to survive to build the canal and tourists now come and go freely, thanks to this little discovery about the mosquito. Typhoid is no longer a scourge. We are also conquering the social curse which sowed its vile seeds in the blood of future generations.

These were diseases of the body. We have been also studying the diseases of the mind. Doctors are thinking in terms of psychics. They diagnose a man's thoughts as well as his heart and lungs. They consider his temperament as well as his blood pressure. Why should not the indomitable "why" of progress sink its shafts of investigation into the causes of the war disease, which is a disease of the human emotions?

THIS TO HAPPEN AGAIN?



Let us have these causes — the simple human causes — as I know them after all my campaigns, including that at Geneva with the League of Nations!

The foremost cause is fear; the fear of invasion, death, ruined homes, humiliation under the iron heel of an enemy: the fear of another nation preparing to destroy yours which leads you to prepare to destroy his and gives you courage in the field when war comes.

The French revolutionary armies, a hundred and twenty-five years ago, fought out of fear that they should not be able to maintain their young republic against the kings of Europe. Napoleon, the conqueror, came to lead them in overrunning Europe. Then the other nations fought out of fear to overwhelm Napoleon. Our Monroe Doctrine sprang from the fear that the kings who had beaten Napoleon might try to extend their kingdoms across the seas. A brave doctrine, that — a people's doctrine. No wonder it is fixed in our national thought.

Prussia, having been overrun by Napoleon, laid the foundations of the great German military machine, in fear of another French invasion. When that machine overran France in 1870 a new fear possessed all the European nations. They must not suffer the fate of France. In Germany, every man was a soldier. Thus came universal service — out of fear. We Americans were saved from that fear because we had the ocean between us and Europe.

Fear on the part of all soldiers — fear of the horrors of invasion that would follow defeat — steeled the hearts of the soldiers in the World War. This includes the Germans who, after their war lords had failed in their plan of swift conquest, kept on fighting with indomitable spirit through four years of privations.

Fear! Fear that unless you prepare for war, you will suffer what France suffered in 1870-71 and what Germany, Austria and Russia are suffering, now! Man, the bravest of the animals, must kill his fellow-men because of fear of his fellow-men — when both profess Christianity.

Urgent at fear's elbow is memory — the memory of wrongs to your people done by another people in the past. Reparations! Revenge! An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth!

Then there is the cause of profit. More mouths than food to feed them, the pressure of hard times, the lack of opportunity for young men to better their positions, discontent of all kinds with economic conditions, a universal feeling that room is needed for further expansion, the desire of more rewards for less industry — all may be laid at the doors of the national enemy by political leaders who seek a scapegoat for their own shortcomings. Thus Germany wanted room for expansion. Her war lords thought that they could win it by blows.

Another cause is war's glamour. Tear the pages about war out of our history books and relatively few would be left — and those few dull to most of us. There is more thrill in the story of a charge than in an account of the building of a hospital or college. The reminiscences of veterans still exert their spell over youth. There is an inherent desire in every male to know the supreme emotion of being under fire and of the mighty gamble of life and death in battle.

WAR is a fiery new deal of the human cards. It calls with its excitement, its suspense, its mystery and its swift and theatric decisions. In its arena the day laborer may prove himself as good a man as the millionaire and share the cheers given to heroes.

There is the comradeship of the rhythmic step of infantry, of shared hardships and of bravery in the field. A man who would hesitate to go down-stairs in the middle of the night to tackle a burglar would go if he had another man with him even if there were four burglars. Women have preferred brass to horn buttons. A man is most heroic to woman when his courage stands between her home and disaster. She is most winning in her attention at the bedside of a man wounded in battle.

Still another cause is the way that one people libel another. As a boy I was brought up in the "bloody shirt" era to believe that all Southerners were cruel, haughty, idle slave drivers. When I grew up and met Southerners I learned that they had been brought up to believe that my ancestors were mean, small-souled, money-grubbing "mudsills." If we could have had the same truthful idea of each other in 1860 that we have now, the Civil War might have been prevented.

Differences of habit, manners, customs and food on the part of another people arouse our suspicion. We turn the suspicion into distrust and enmity. The other people are plotting against us. We must prepare against them. They take the same view about us and prepare against us. Leaders, appealing to the baser passions in order to curry popularity, fan these hostile feelings which war emphasizes, by making a heritage of distrust and hatred to breed another war.

It often serves the diplomacy of other nations to urge on the growing hostility between two nations. Thus, for the last ten years, as an American who has traveled much, I have always been hearing that the United States and Japan would go to war. Probably Japanese who travel have been hearing the same thing. That is setting the war-dogs on. It is the kind of talk which makes war.

Another cause is that war has been made the standard of national achievement. There was a public outcry against Belgium about the Congo atrocities, but Belgium became heroic at Liége. Yet the Belgians were the same Belgians that they were before the war. The Frenchmen, whose heroism won the Marne in 1914, were the same Frenchmen of 1913 who, some people then thought, belonged to a degenerating race.

Japan's orderly progress in peace would not give her place among the civilized nations. She had to defeat Russia to convince world opinion that she was civilized. The United States received cavalier treatment in its representations to the British Foreign Office until President Cleveland threatened war in the Venezuelan dispute.

Though we had grown strong in the arts of peace by developing the breadth of a virgin continent we were considered a second-class nation until we won our little war with Spain. Then our legations were raised to the dignity of embassies and we were taken into high international society.

In one's relations with his fellow human beings in every day civilized life, one does not judge them by their ability "to shoot to kill" or to knock one down. If one did, our first citizen would be a "two-gun man" or Jack Dempsey. Yet that is the standard of international society, despite all that Mr. Wilson or the United States Senate has been trying to do for betterment.

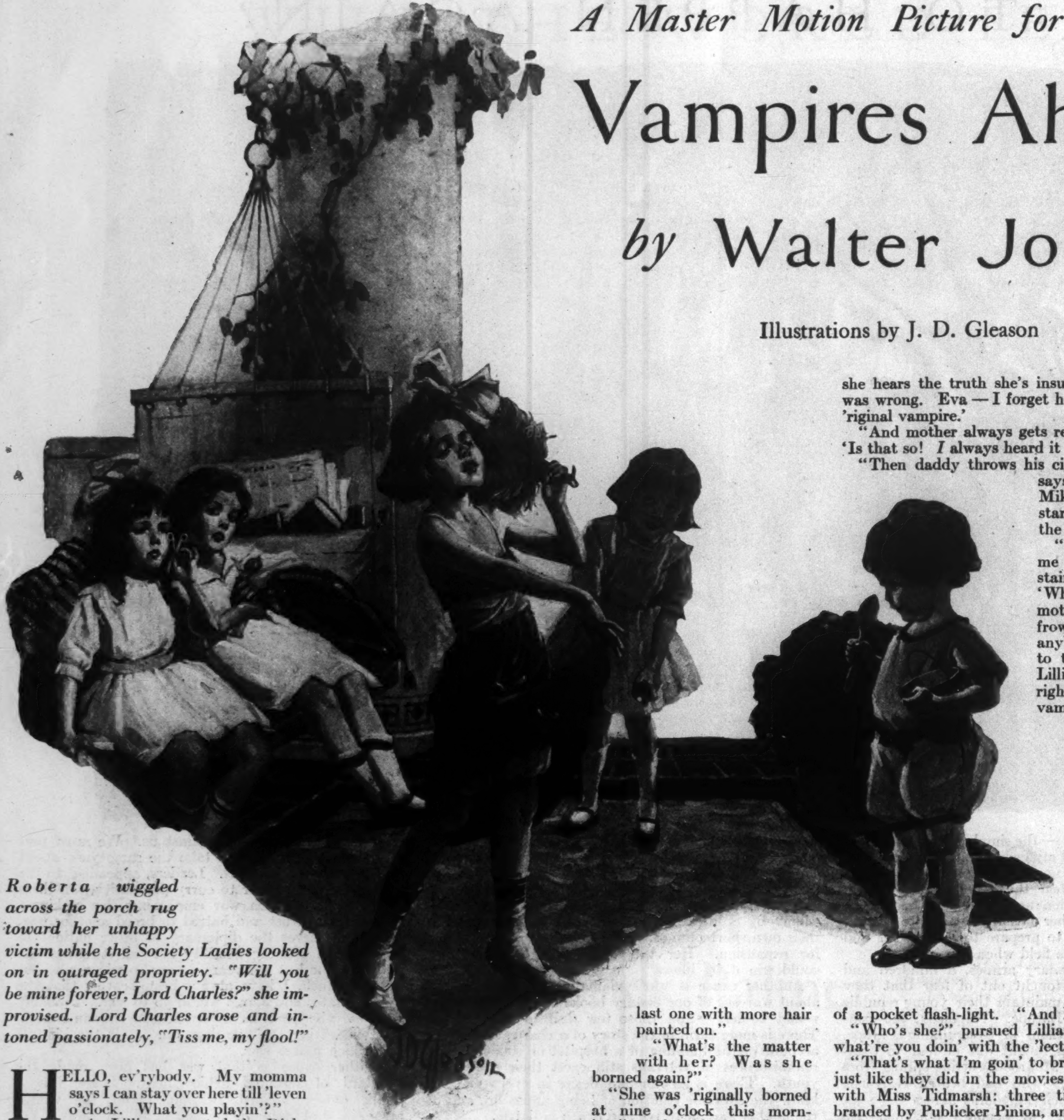
Did the World War affect these causes? We are now far away enough from it to form some judgment. It has not stopped fear, the prime (*Continued on page 39*]

A Master Motion Picture for the Home

Vampires Ahoy!

by Walter Jones

Illustrations by J. D. Gleason



Roberta wiggled across the porch rug toward her unhappy victim while the Society Ladies looked on in outraged propriety. "Will you be mine forever, Lord Charles?" she improvised. Lord Charles arose and intoned passionately, "Tiss me, my flool!"

HELLO, ev'rybody. My momma says I can stay over here till 'leven o'clock. What you playin'?"

As Lillian mounted the Dickman front steps, a kewpie under her arm and the stick end of a lollypop projecting from her dental orifice, the exclusive porch party thereon assembled suspended operations and gathered round her.

"I'm the mother of a new baby this morning," she announced impressively, "and her name's Gwennolyn. What you playin'?"

"Vampire," welcomed Roberta Dickman, as hostess in ordinary. "And you can play if you give us a lollypop."

"Ain't got any more," disclaimed the newcomer composedly.

The guests surveyed her with tempered enthusiasm.

"Well, give us a suck of that one then," suggested Charlotte, who possessed a Dutch clip and a practical disposition.

"It's all et" — protruding a licorice-coated appendage.

"I think she's real mean! She always swallows ev'rything, soon as she gets over here."

"Lessee your new baby," requested Mary Angeline, soulfully eying the kewpie.

"Yes, lessee, Gwennolyn!"

"Handle her careful, 'cause she's fresh yet," admonished Lillian, extending the infant.

Followed an industrious interval of punching and patting, after which the consensus of opinion seemed to be that Lillian was unfortunate in her offspring.

"She ain't new," discounted Roberta. "She's your last one with more hair painted on."

"What's the matter with her? Was she borned again?"

"She was 'riginally borned at nine o'clock this morning," explained the offended parent, "and my momma's makin' her a layout with pink ribbons in a grape-basket."

"Up-end her," commanded Charlotte. "If she was mine," she recommended, after an exhaustive anatomical inspection, "I'd throw her away. Her legs ain't on straight."

But this the affronted matriarch unaccountably refused to do.

"Well, then," Roberta compromised, "put her in the swing and come on and play."

"How do you play vampire?"

"I'm the vampire," Roberta explained. "And I have to wear a g'ranium in my barette, and carry a ostrich fan, and make pash'nate love — —"

"Like Teeda Wara," giggled Charlotte.

"— — And my name's Hanka Hair — —"

"Who's that?" demanded Lillian. "Does she go to our Sunday-school?"

"No, silly! She doesn't even live in this town."

"She's out of a book daddy's all the time readin' to mother, and she always says, 'For goodness' sake, that Rudyer Kindling thing again!'

"And he says, 'Yes, it'd do all you girls good to listen to it ev'ry once in awhile.'

"Then she says, 'Perfect rot! I consider that Hanka Hair a insult.'

"And daddy says, 'Just like a woman. Ev'ry time she hears the truth she's insulted. At that, Rudyer was wrong. Eva — I forget her last name — was the 'riginal vampire.'

"And mother always gets red in the face and says, 'Is that so! *I* always heard it was Adam.'

"Then daddy throws his cigarette in the fire and says, 'For the love o' Mike, if you're goin' to start an argument, send the children to bed.'

"And then she takes me and Charlotte upstairs and I ask her, 'Who is Hanka Hair, mother?' And she just frowns and says, 'Not anybody for little girls to talk about.' So there, Lillian! I know it's her right name and she's a vampire.

"Well, then," she resumed, after this genealogical digression, "I make pash'nate love to the nice man, till I get discovered, and they tear me from him, and — We haven't decided yet if I'm going to be arrested or only throwed out of the Country Club."

"That's the way we play," seconded Charlotte, snapping off and on the button of a pocket flash-light. "And I'm Publicker Pinion."

"Who's she?" pursued Lillian, perplexedly. "And what're you doin' with the 'lectric light?"

"That's what I'm goin' to brand the vampire with, just like they did in the movies that afternoon I went with Miss Tidmarsh: three times it said she was branded by Publicker Pinion, and I wanted to do it on Roberta with a curling-iron, but she won't let me 'cause it hurts too much. Mary Angeline's the S'ciety Lady that helps throw her out of the Country Club."

"'Nless I get arrested," qualified Roberta; "then she's the p'liceman."

"It's a awful mixed up game," sighed Lillian. "What can I be?"

While Roberta was considering her *dramatis personæ*, Charlotte derogated her powers as casting director.

"She ain't dressed up," she decided. "She'll have to be a brat."

This unexpected assignment produced a hubbub among the cast.

"Why, Charlotte Elizabeth Dickman, ain't you 'shamed of yourself!"

"Where'd you ever hear that? It ain't a nice word."

"Lillian ain't nice either," retaliated Miss Dickman. "'Cause she wouldn't give us a suck of her lollypop."

At this inhospitable indictment, Lillian unspigoted her tears. "I don't care, Charlotte Dickman, I think you're real mean! I got six lollypops at home that are only sucked a little, and I was goin' to bring 'em all over; but my momma said, no, she was tired of feeding the whole neighborhood. So there — ! And I won't be a brat!"

"You are anyway," reiterated Charlotte. "Our hired girl says so."

"I don't care, I won't be one!"

“If you won't be a brat,” adjudicated Roberta, “you better go home.”

“Don't have to” — Lillian stood her ground. “I can stay till 'leven o'clock.”

It was Roberta's turn to be discomfited. “Oh dear,” she stormed, “she won't be a brat and mother'd never let me send her home! What'll we do with her?”

Mary Angeline was sent indoors to reconnoiter the clock. It was scarcely a quarter to ten, and, upon Lillian's promising to bring all six lollypops next time she came over, it was finally decided to let her remain as Assistant Society Lady with a Feather Boa, if same could be reached down from the closet shelf with the aid of a window-hook.

The essential detail of her presence satisfactorily settled, Lillian inquired, “Who's Roberta goin' to vamp?”

“Charles,” informed Mary Angeline, indicating an improvised canopy of heterogeneous foliage, wherein the future unhappy victim of his sister's wiles sat unconcernedly eating a cookie and pounding with a wooden spoon on a superannuated tin pail.

“He's a lounge-lizard,” Charlotte explained, “in a conserv'tory.”

Lillian inspected the male protagonist of the impending drama dubiously. “Hm, ain't he too young to make love to?”

“Kind of,” regretted Roberta, “but he's the only man we could find around this morning.” She crossed over to the lounge admonishingly. “Listen, honey, you stay right where you are till we go in the house and get dressed.”

“Wanna go in wif you!” protested Charles.

“No, you stay here and we'll bring you another cookie.”

“And don't eat the leaves, honey.”

“Bah-bah — nasty — sister'll slap!”

With these impressive injunctions, the ladies repaired to Roberta's bedroom, where they proceeded to requisition such articles of histrionic apparel as were not too altitudinously concealed in closets and bureau drawers.

As the lureful vampire, Roberta was the chief center of adornment. After various selections, she finally peeled off her middy blouse, turned in her undervest, and essayed a black sateen petticoat, girdled around the middle with her best Sunday hair-ribbon and supported by shoulder-straps of pink corset lacing. Emptying her mother's powder-box over this scrawny *décolletage,* she postured before the mirror for approval.

“You're ragged out real wicked,” approved Charlotte, “all but your feet.”

This defect was remedied by a pair of satin slippers that reposed in the attic with a slit in the vamp. The same property morgue gave up a mangy ostrich feather fan and a set of jet pendants.

“Now how do I look?” demanded the siren.

“Swell!” tributed Mary Angeline. “But you don't smell.”

“Do I have to smell?”

“Uh-huh, mamma says the one that ran off with Uncle Harry was a 'bomination and smelled to heaven.”

Upon the relation of this touching item of domestic biography, Roberta seized the cologne bottle and besprinkled herself.

“Heaven,” observed Charlotte, geographically, “is a long ways off. If you're goin' to smell way up there, you better put on a lot.”

A second application emptying the bottle, the results were declared satisfactory.

“Now, then,” demanded Miss Dickman junior, “what do I do for Publicker Pinion?”

Roberta knit her brows cogitatively. “I don't remember in the film; but when *we*'re bad, mother always flicks her gloves at us and says, ‘No lady would act like that!’ So if you find a pair of gloves, and say it real sarcastic like her, and don't forget to brand me, I guess the rest won't matter.”

“Can't I have my dress low-necked in the feet?”

“No, 'cause that scab on your knee ain't healed yet where you fell over the carpet-sweeper.”

“Which am I,” ventured Mary Angeline pensively, “a s'ciety lady or the p'liceman?”

“You'll have to be a s'ciety lady,” Roberta rummaged; “Charles's pants ain't big enough for you.”

She was accordingly outfitted with a fish train of green rep and a pair of ivory-handled scissors on a tasseled cord. “That's your lornyette,” instructed Charlotte; “and you can look at Roberta real nasty, just like Mrs. Judge Dennis when mother talks too long to her husband. And when we throw her out of the Country Club, you can jab her.”

Lillian was equipped with the feather boa, as specified, and a large patent leather pocketbook, with the clasps off. “I don't want this satchel,” she wailed. “My Aunt Carrie says they look like you're peddling something.”

“She don't need to worry,” consoled Roberta. “You wouldn't peddle anything. You're too stingy. You'd keep it all yourself. Come on, les go down and vamp Charles before he starts hollering.”

Forthwith, amid much giggling and preening of paraphernalia, the ladies descended. But in the lower hall it developed that not even Roberta had any definite ideas as to the accepted tactics for vampires.

“What you goin' to do to him?” asked Mary Angeline, apprehensively.

“Why, *vamp* him, silly! Act mushy, the way Aunt Grace's fellah did that time he drank too much lemonade out of the liberry cabinet.”

“Wiggle,” itemized Lillian.

“And make eyes.”

“And hug him most to death.”

“I opened the door Sunday,” offered Charlotte sophisticatedly, “and seen Sophy sittin' in the grocery boy's lap.”

“Don't he have to drag you by the hair?”

“No, that was only once in the fourth reel and mother told daddy never to bring her to such a picture again. So we better not.”

“I know what you do to him!” cried Charlotte, clapping her hands. “You kiss him. You kiss the breath right out of him.”

“You don't neither,” Mary Angeline opposed. “Kisses ain't anything. They're too common.”

“They are too something!” insisted the propounder. “They're the only way you can make Charles eat his oatmeal.”

“They're what we get all the time,” Roberta reflected; “but daddy only gives 'em to mother when she goes away.”

“Well, then, you might kiss him just before you're throwed out. What are kisses at your house, Lillian?”

Lillian dropped the patent leather bag and put her hand to her eyes. “There ain't any kisses at my house,” she wept, “since my poppa's gone 'way out West and my momma belongs to the whist and rides around all the time in her limouzeen.”

The ladies exchanged commiserative glances and hastened to console her. “There, there, honey, don't cry,” soothed Mary Angeline, “just 'cause you don't get any kisses at home. *We*'ll kiss you — even if you are stingy.”

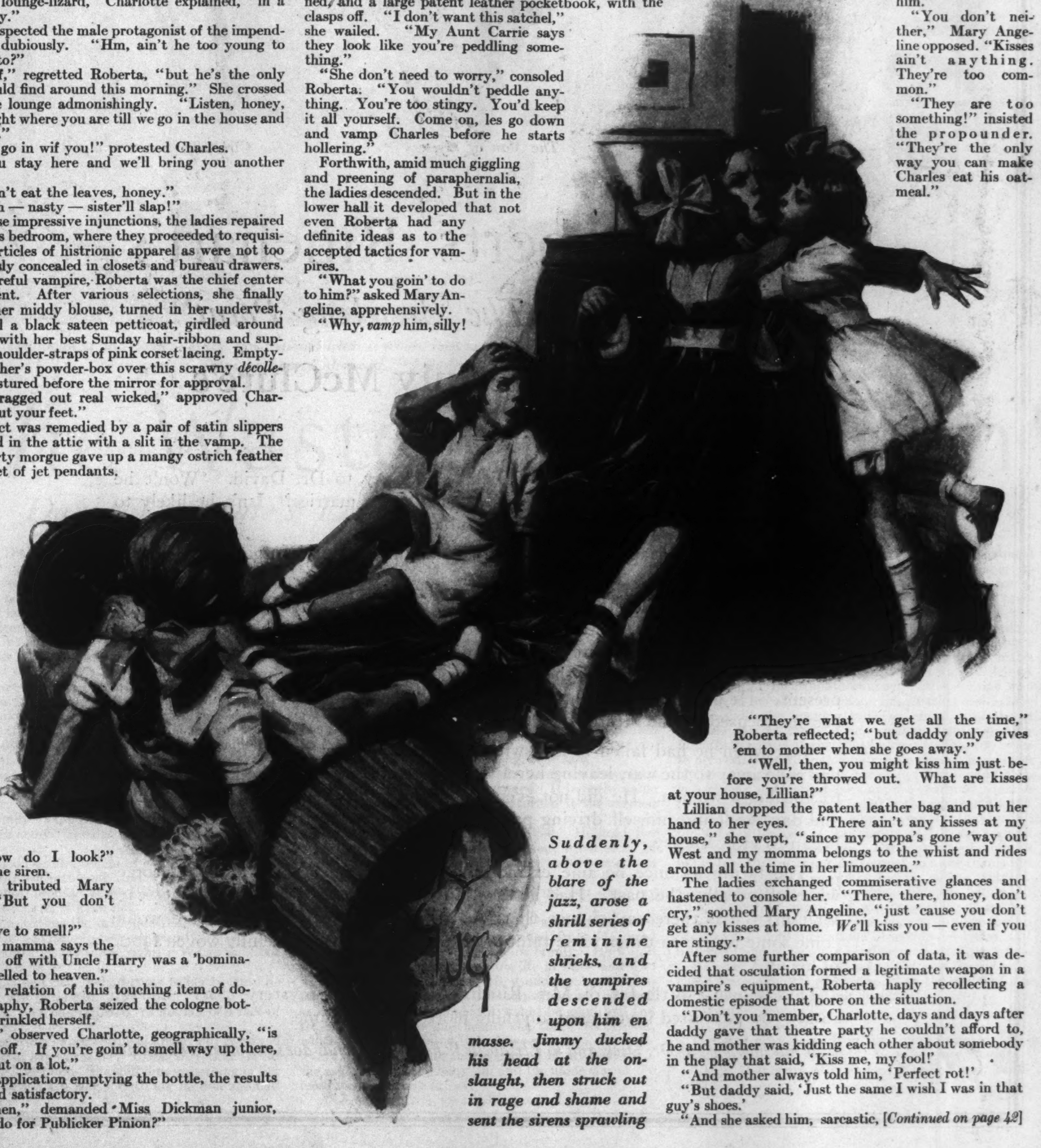
After some further comparison of data, it was decided that osculation formed a legitimate weapon in a vampire's equipment, Roberta haply recollecting a domestic episode that bore on the situation.

“Don't you 'member, Charlotte, days and days after daddy gave that theatre party he couldn't afford to, he and mother was kidding each other about somebody in the play that said, ‘Kiss me, my fool!’

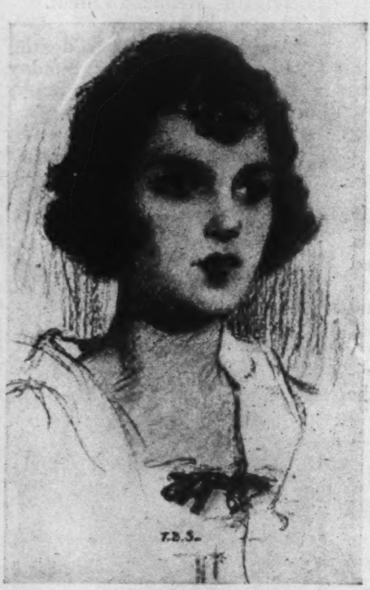
“And mother always told him, ‘Perfect rot!’

“But daddy said, ‘Just the same I wish I was in that guy's shoes.’

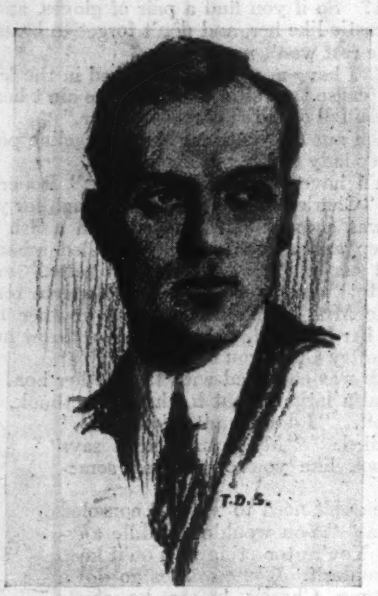
“And she asked him, sarcastic, [*Continued on page 42*]



Suddenly, above the blare of the jazz, arose a shrill series of feminine shrieks, and the vampires descended upon him en masse. Jimmy ducked his head at the onslaught, then struck out in rage and shame and sent the sirens sprawling



The Girl He Loved



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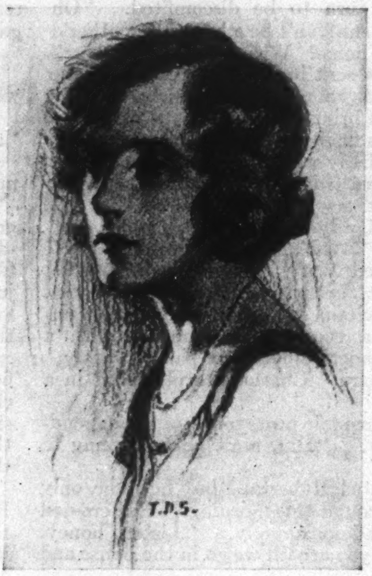


The Girl Who Loved Him

Mary Roberts Rinehart's

Latest Serial "The Breaking Point"

Begins in June-July McClure's

(*From Mrs. Rinehart's new serial*)

"'I WANT to talk to you about Dick,' said Lucy to Dr. David. 'Won't he want a good many things cleared up before he marries? Isn't he likely to want to go back to Norada? If he does go back— '

"'Donaldson is dead,' broke in David roughly. 'But Maggie Donaldson is still living.'

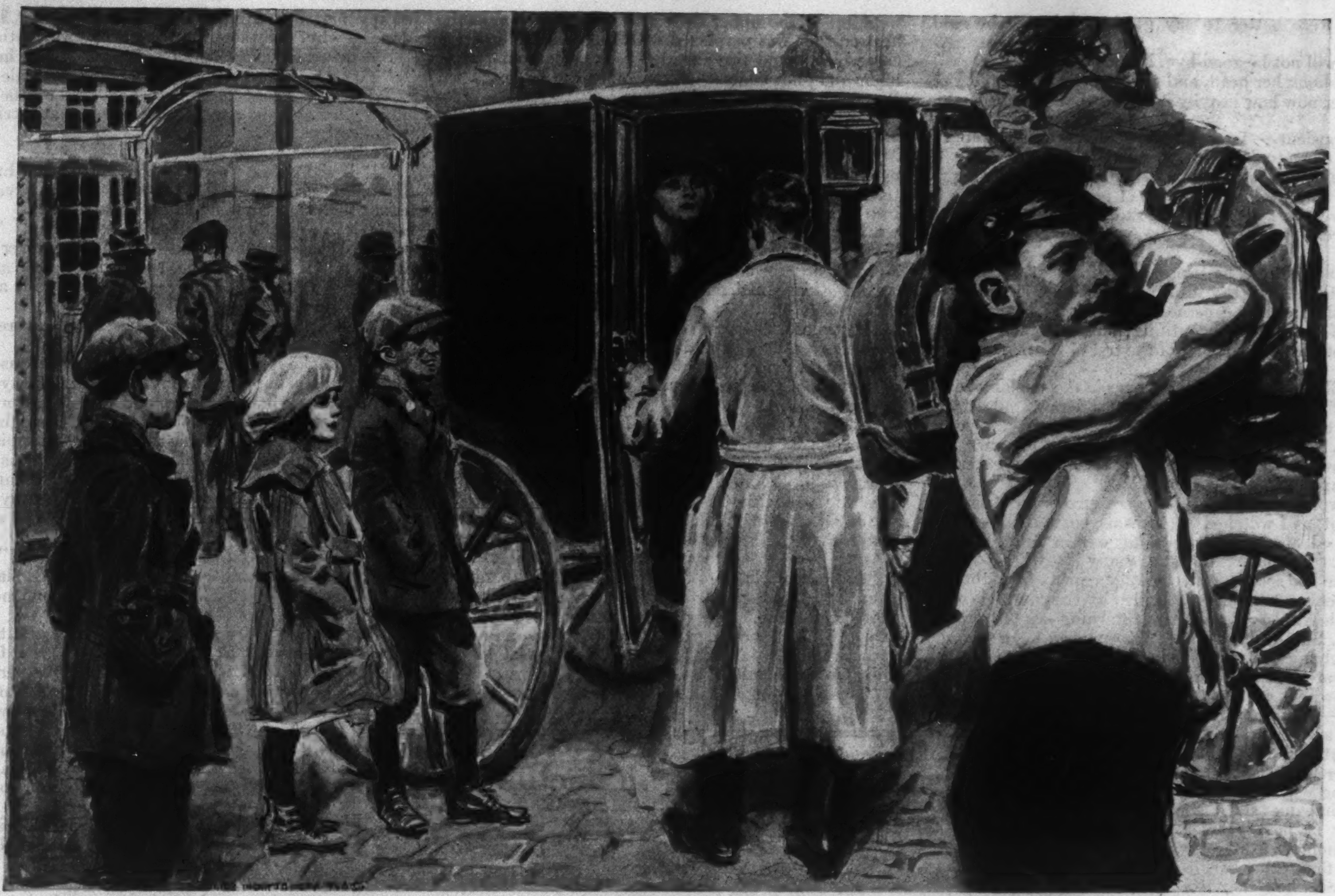
"After ten years, the strangeness of his situation had ceased to be strange to Dr. Dick Livingstone. Always he meant some time to go back to Norada, and there to clear up certain things, but it was a long journey, and he had very little time. And, as the years went on, the past seemed unimportant compared with the present. He gave little thought to the future. Then, suddenly, his entire attention became focused on the future.

"Just when he had fallen in love with Elizabeth Wheeler he did not know. He had gone away to the war, leaving her a little girl, apparently, and he had come back to find her a woman. He did not even know he was in love, at first. It was when, one day, he found himself driving past the Wheeler house without occasion that he began to grow uneasy.

"The future at once became extraordinarily important and so also, but somewhat less vitally, the past. Had he the right to marry, if he could make her care for him? Was there any chance that, out of the years behind him, there would come some forgotten thing, some taint or incident, to spoil the carefully woven fabric of his life?"

This is just a little bit of Mrs. Rinehart's engrossing mystery story—enough to get you interested if you need anything more than her name.

What happens to Dr. Dick and to Elizabeth Wheeler and what does the other woman do?



The moment had come. I had not realized what it would cost me. I stood clutching the door, incapable of a word. "Thank you from my heart," she said. "I shall keep you in my prayers—always, David"

The Wasted Generation

David Littledale's Lost Love and His Struggle Against Fate

by Owen Johnson

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

LITTLEDALE felt more and more that Mlle. Duvernoy was struggling against him. On one of their last days on ship he found her leaning over the rail and sought to open a conversation. It was plain that she preferred solitude. Yet David could not resist.

"If you are going to indulge in the mopes — the blues," he said, "I refuse to leave you alone."

At first taken aback, she then seemed to relent and asked him to tell her of Anne Brinsmade, the girl he had loved as a boy and whose father had asked him directly to become his son-in-law.

"She loves you, does she not?"

David admitted that this was true but that he did not love her. He changed the conversation by telling her of his family — the Littledales — and of his service in the French army. He was then on his way home on furlough.

"Now," said David, "tell me of your life, of yourself."

She was thrown into confusion. "There are certain things I cannot discuss," she replied. "You make me talk. It were better if I did not."

"But you asked me the same questions. I shall consider it a great privilege to be your friend."

"That cannot be. It is not right. We go different ways in the world."

David explained that he had come to her because he thought she was in danger.

"Monsieur," she had retorted, "I am not of a race of cowards."

She walked away, apparently in anger, but returned later to say that she was sorry. It was then that David knew that he loved her. She told him something of her experiences during the war. With her mother she had remained to nurse the wounded in a village that changed hands six times. The subject again drifted to Anne Brinsmade.

"Don't make her wait too long," she said.

As Mlle. Duvernoy was walking away she dropped a locket which David found afterward. It bore the name "Bernoline." Later when he returned it she seemed terror-stricken.

"You did not open it," she asked. He told her that he had seen the name. "You are a man of honor. Give me your word, monsieur, never to mention that name."

"You have hurt me," he said, "but you have my word."

To-morrow they were to land. David rapidly went over events that had been banished from his mind for a time. Soon he would see his family. He would see Letty who had figured in his life in Paris and who was now his brother's wife. He would see Anne Brinsmade. Would he see Mlle. Duvernoy again? She had said that when they landed it would be good-bye and to emphasize what she meant she threw the locket, which David had found, into the sea.

"It is the last thing that remained of my past life," she said; "it was my baby pin and the name was in the hand-writing of my father."

INSTINCTIVELY, we avoided the danger of personal references. For the rest of the afternoon we sat there together, talking eagerly, unconscious as two children of the shortening day. I do not remember ever to have known such an exquisite and eager pleasure as in this impulsive searching of our minds. It was the delight in meeting in intimate conversation some one who woke in me all my dormant imagination and led me along suddenly opening galleries, into unsuspected worlds. As we rambled on, touching lightly or profoundly twenty changing ideas, a deep tranquillity came to my restless spirit, not simply from the contemplation of the serenity that lay on her open forehead and deep in her clear, untroubled eyes, nor the charm of listening to the melody of her voice — but in the calm certitude of coming happiness. I was happy — yes, for that one all too brief afternoon, I was happy as I never realized happiness could come to me. For I saw such happiness in her face that at times she seemed no more than a girl of sixteen, artlessly spreading before me her imagination and her treasured thoughts. She was happy. I knew what that meant. I was content to go no further — sure that on the morrow when we came to serious discussion I could turn all her objections — based, as I believed them to be, on a sentiment of excessive pride.

We were in the midst of a gay debate on the upbringing of the young girl in France, when the sound of the dinner gong broke in on our illusions.

"What — so soon!"

"It is not possible!"

The two cries came from us simultaneously. We stood up, suddenly sobered. I saw her face change.

"And, to-morrow afternoon — here," I said, confidently.

"It were better to say good-bye now," she said, wearily.

"It will not be good-bye, Mademoiselle."

She shook her head, and gave me her hand, and I remember now how heavily it lay for that short second in mine.

"Monsieur — I repeat — you make me do things I do not mean to do — that I have no right to do."

"Wait until to-morrow," I said, so completely happy that I tried to laugh her out of her mood, refusing to perceive the solemnity and sadness that settled over her face.

I am glad now, as I look back, for that one hour of absolute faith in the future. Life was a certainty — I was filled with an eagerness to begin and, in the knowledge of the rare and beautiful realization of happiness, I had not the slightest fear of the test of the morrow.

I SPENT the hours after supper in the smoking-room, puffing at my pipe, with a new tolerant understanding of the young America before me — of these young spirits, with their exaggerated bursts of humor, their overflowing belief in themselves, their boyish eagerness to return to "God's Country."

"I wonder if they would ever agree on anything," I thought, as I watched the nervous, combustible American need of reaction, breaking out in sudden fits of gaiety. "So many minds; so many ideas!"

Some had served from curiosity — more from the love of adventure, and a few, thrilled by the comprehension of noble ideals. I saw them returning — scattering — North, South and West — into village, farm and city — mechanics, students, idlers — taking up again the easy, careless run of American lives, moving on through life obedient to the accidents which determined their paths — good-natured, generous, emotional, keen, ambitious, seeking that success that is counted in terms of dollars. And then I wondered. I wondered if the sudden, transforming call would ever come to them.

"What does it matter if a million men die to-day or next year?"

Bernoline's words — words that had startled me at first, came back to me then. "All that matters is how they live!"

"For, if the test come," I thought, "it is our generation that'll have to make good. Make good! Yes — that's one thing we can do: I have no fear of that — and yet — how unprepared we are for the test."

The next morning I was up and out on deck with the sun. Already there was the note of change. The dream life of the last days, suspended between sea and sky, between one civilization and another in a happy credulity, was come to an end. Ahead was reality; life to be taken up again, the fixed path to be followed!

Forward, the hatches were off and the donkey-engines were diving into the holds. The passengers who came were unrecognizable in their shore clothes, stiff and formal, retreating into the shell of themselves. The smoke of an ugly freighter smirched the sky. A swarm of sea gulls, noisy as the approaching multitudes of the city, vexed the air. Across the lapping of shallower waters a dozen sails stood out to sea. At noon Fire Island rose out of the waves, passed and sank. A group on the deck below set up a cheer. The thin, white sand of Long Island slipped over the horizon and grew toward us. America — my America — was there! I felt like snatching off my hat and waving it madly, hysterically, as Frangipani and the others were doing.

I had not thought to be so stirred. I had thought to return with foreboding in my eyes and questions on my lips, and instead there came this involuntary gripping of the heart. Out of the whole world, this, this bit of land was mine!

"Good to see your own again, after all, isn't it?" said Brinsmade, who had come to my side.

I acknowledged it with a laugh.

"Had no idea it would affect me so."

"It's an instinct that's down pretty deep, David."

We watched the derricks swinging up their cargo. A crowd of young fellows, led by Frangipani's ear-splitting tenor, were singing:

> "Give my regards to Broadway,
> Remember me to Herald Square!"

"We're all like that," said Brinsmade. "Must blow off steam, occasionally. Would you believe it — I feel like jumping down there and doing the same thing!"

"I believe you."

I glanced at my watch for the twentieth time, and went up to the upper deck and waited, scanning the horizon that was perplexed with the drift of the great city which would rise ahead — scows, tug-boats, coast liners and pilot boats — a busy officious rabble. Then Bernoline came.

She was gloved and bonneted, an umbrella in her hand, veiled, as she had been on the day of departure. My heart sank. I was quite unprepared for this. In my rapt imagination I had expected Bernoline of yesterday, impulsive and generous, a woman turning back into the eager unconsciousness of the young girl. This was more than a mask. She had retreated behind a barrier of impersonality — an impersonality as stiff and starched and forbidding as the outward form.

"Monsieur Littledale, will you walk with me a moment?"

The voice was calm, self-possessed and resolved. I was so overcome — I had already such a sensation of futility and defeat — that I do not know that I even acknowledged her greeting as I turned and followed at her side.

"A little farther — there — here we can be alone."

We crossed and found a sheltered nook. I stood, staring down. All below me was ugliness and I remember now how suddenly depressed I was to be brought face to face with this sordid realism — this muddy water, streaked with oil, the waste and refuse, the litter of the city. The siren blew, once, twice, in shattering blasts. We moved onward, toward the river head.

"Monsieur, I have to thank you, and I do thank you deeply for your perfect courtesy toward me." Her voice sank lower. "You have been loyal and considerate. It is a memory I shall always retain of an American gentleman. Now, I am going to appeal to that chivalry and loyalty."

"You are going to ask me never to see you again."

She hesitated before the shock of pronouncing the decision which must have been in her thoughts for days. Then, recovering herself, she said calmly:

"That is exactly what I must ask of you."

"I do not understand — must?"

"Must."

All that I had thought out — every argument which I had built up victoriously to combat her resolution, all power of reasoning, left me. Intuition, which never fails at such times, told me that before this Bernoline, nothing that I could say or do would avail, for the woman who spoke was a soul in retreat and the veil which barred the meeting of our eyes was as the veil of renunciation. I blurted out:

"Why? Why do you ask such a thing — such an unnatural thing of me? What reason can there be?"

"Monsieur, I must remind you," she said, instantly, "that there is no reason why I should give explanations."

"Wait. I can't talk to you like this," I broke in. "Yesterday — good heavens, where is yesterday? — yesterday I knew you. Only yesterday, we were happy as two children, exploring the world, hand in hand: to-day you come to me and face me as though I were an enemy! You speak to me behind this mask of veil! You ask me something utterly incomprehensible and, at my first dazed question, you — but what have I done — why? why should you take this way with me?"

She raised her arms instantly and drew back her veil.

"You are not an enemy, Monsieur Littledale."

When I looked at her I was so shocked by the pallor of her face and the dark stricken eyes that I cried, involuntarily:

"I have made you suffer like that!"

"It is right that I should suffer," she said, bravely, though her lips trembled a bit, "for I have done wrong in even permitting you to speak to me."

"Why? What wrong?" I said, desperately. "What wrong is there in our friendship? I have never said a word to you, Mademoiselle, that could not be said before a third person. I never shall. Leave it as it is. Keep me in your life — as a friend, only."

She shook her head, and her eyes never wavered from mine.

"You make it very hard for me. Yet, because I feel that what has happened is my fault, I must say things that it is very hard for a woman to say. *Mon ami*, I shall not disguise from you that, had I the right, your devotion would mean to me the greatest happiness in the world. Let us not play with a situation that is too serious for half-truths. What might be cannot be. I tell you this and after what I have told you, my friend, without concealment, I ask you to believe without further question."

"Good God! And what do you think I feel!"

"Try to forgive me — if not now — a little later. I accuse myself bitterly. Don't — don't show me how I have hurt you."

"Bernoline! Bernoline! Don't say such things."

I looked away, at the world that grew blurred, and at the sky and water, which ran together before my eyes. Everything was against me — the minutes, even, dwindling away inexorably toward the final parting. At one moment I rebelled at the needless insensate pain of it all. Something in me called out: "She is a woman — a woman that suffers as you do. Clasp her in your arms — beat down all opposition — still all her doubts and fears with the thing that is above reasoning. Be cruel. It is the only way. Be cruel now, to be happy always."

But at that moment, at the thought of all it must have cost her to have said what she had said, at the struggle I had seen in her eyes, just to spare her this one added touch of pain, I was ready to accept everything she asked as she asked it. So, I stood, struggling with many impulses. At the end, I raised my head, and said:

"Bernoline, you are right: it can be no question of friendship between us. You have done a very brave thing. I wish I could do a big thing. I cannot. There is no earthly reason that I can conceive of which could come between us. Do you think, now, after what you have shown me, I could go away without an explanation and not be haunted by the thought that it might have been!"

"MONSIEUR LITTLEDALE, you do not realize the difference between our positions. I am come here to this world to earn my living, as a governess, nurse, companion — in whatever way God will show me."

"Good heavens — what difference does that make to me?"

"It does, to me: it is a question of pride. I have chosen my way and I must keep to it. Are you going to make it harder?"

"Bernoline, that is not the real reason," I said, sternly.

"*Mon ami*, there is the difference in religion — —"

"Bernoline — that is not the real reason!"

"Monsieur Littledale," she said, looking down from the look in my eyes she could not meet, "I repeat, I alone have the right to decide, and I do not admit ——"

"And I tell you now I will never let you go out of my life, no matter what you may ask of me!"

There was a long moment before she again raised her head.

"You make it very difficult for me, *mon ami* — if you knew how difficult, I think you would be more generous."

The rebellious combat in me died away before the break in her voice. I looked, and saw her eyes closed with sudden tears.

"Oh, don't," I said, brokenly. "Anything — anything but that, Bernoline!"

"My friend, I will not lie to you," she said, after a moment. "If I could — if it were right — I should prize beyond all things your friendship ——"

"Friendship!"

"It cannot be. I have been wrong, very, very wrong to have even talked to you as I have — but at

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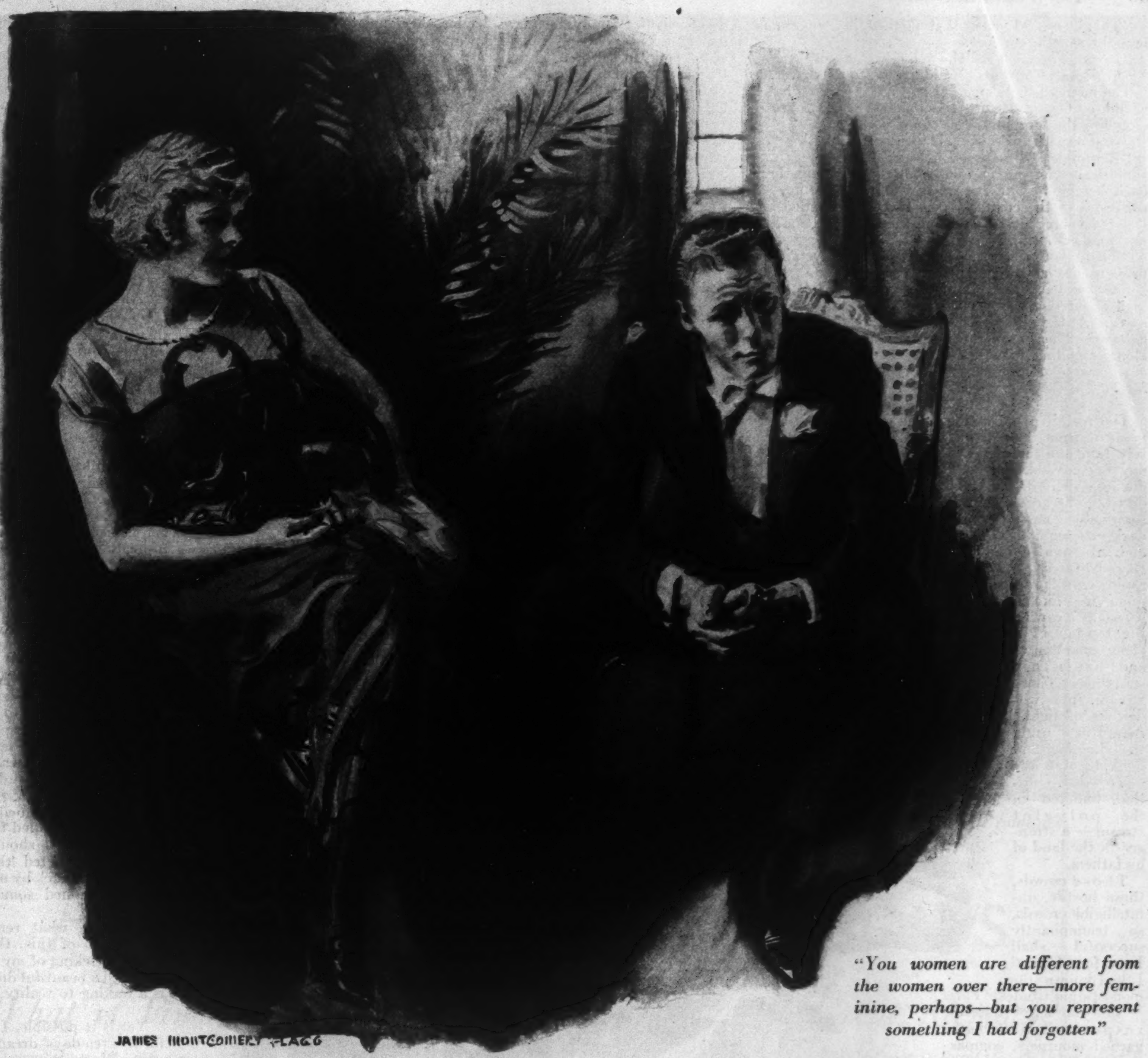
Both of these and many other features in

June-July McClure's 15 Cents



"You women are different from the women over there—more feminine, perhaps—but you represent something I had forgotten"

moments it was beyond my strength. I reproach myself — bitterly! David, *mon ami,"* she said, suddenly, and her hand came out bravely and lay on mine. "I have more than I can bear, now. If you insist, I will tell you but — it will break my heart to do so. I am going to ask you once more. If you have the great heart I believe you have, my friend, my good loyal friend, if you do not want me to suffer more than I can bear to suffer, if I am to hold to my own respect, give me your promise never to see me again. Ask me no questions — trust me. Go your way, and let me go mine."

Her hands had come together in supplication — her eyes had in them a terror of returning pain and their look hung in mortal distress on my decision. Her agitation communicated itself to me, confusion was in my eyes, and in my heart was a chill.

"Good God! What can I do, when you ask me like that?" I said, helplessly. "I promise. It shall be as you wish. I — it — is — a — promise."

"*Merci — oh, mon Dieu!"*

I heard her cry like something far off — all the world had dropped away from me. She came close to me — perhaps my very helplessness disarmed her.

"David, I never meant to hurt you so. Believe me, what I do is for you — for you, first. Keep me as a memory of something beautiful in your life. Day and night I shall have you in my prayers — you and your happiness. That will come, David. You will forgive what I was too weak to prevent."

I bowed my head — incapable of speech.

"There is only one thing I ask, now," I said, at last, "Oh, it's only a little thing — otherwise it would be too cruel: I ask only to be allowed to see you through the landing — just the last courtesies ——"

"Yes, *mon ami."*

I held out my hand, abruptly, and she gave me both of hers. She was so close to me that for a moment we swayed against each other, panting, the longing in our eyes so poignant that all the world seemed like a whirlpool drawing us down together.

"Your promise — David, your promise!"

I released her hands instantly and my eyes closed not to see her so near and so weak. When I knew what I was doing again, I was alone. How long I had been there, I do not know. A great mass was before me, thrusting a torch into the skies and the kindling stars. I went down the deck like a drunken man, and ran into Hungerford, who came up gayly.

"HELLO there, seen a paper," he checked himself, staring at my face. "Here — Big Dale — what's wrong?"

"Wrong — nothing's wrong!"

I felt his arm under mine and was glad for this little touch of another human being in my blank loneliness. I heard him rambling on, nodded my head, and knew not a word he was saying. This for long minutes, while gradually I fought back to myself.

To this day I feel the overwhelming insolence of New York rising out of the waters, crushing me down in my utter loneliness. An invisible hand was lighting up the city — glass squadrons suddenly released floating in carnival pomp across the night. Across the vanishing space of bridges feverish traveling flames shot out, one, two, and then another. A furnace belched against the sky. Electric signs swarmed out of the dusk. Below me over the swift oily painted waters, green lights, red lights, ferryboats afire, tugs coming and going, shrieking puffing, roaring — and always we moved on, irrevocably on, past the Battery, past the oozing, slimy hulks of the city wharves, rotting below the fiery splendor of the city's rise, stagnant as poverty beneath the soaring pride of wealth, in the miraculous city of tragic contrasts! How vast it was, how unhuman! Every note a thousand times multiplied — every sensation multiplied! Multitude on multitude — armies of order and disorder — a collective tyranny that roared over me on the threshold of America, as the resistless downward plunge of Niagara beats endlessly. Torrent of forty nations and twenty creeds, conflict of tongues and churning of races — not my America, but the world-vision of Peter Magnus — multitudes moving like glaciers toward destinies no one might confidently predict.

And, against this howling contention, this churning, grinding background — I saw but one figure — the shadow of a woman, the woman I loved — exiled and alone, vanishing into the enveloping mass.

At six o'clock it was all over. I stood at her carriage door, bare-headed, bending over her hand. The bustle of the landing, the examination of the baggage, the damp, noisy, strident wharf, the pushing and the strife — was behind us — too soon gone. Only this remained.

"You can give me your address," I said, stepping back.

"It is St. Rosa's Convent."

"Thank you." Even at that moment, her trust in me brought a little comfort.

"Do not worry. I shall be well taken care of."

"St. Rosa's Convent," I said loudly, to the driver.

The moment had come. I had not realized what it would cost me. Before the finality of it, I stood, clutching the door, incapable of a word.

"God be with you," she said, bending forward.

"Bernoline — Bernoline, if ever — —"

She leaned forward and, suddenly remembering, threw back her veil. Our eyes met without wavering, unconscious of the crowd that jostled and crowded and shouted behind us. She raised her hand and touched my forehead.

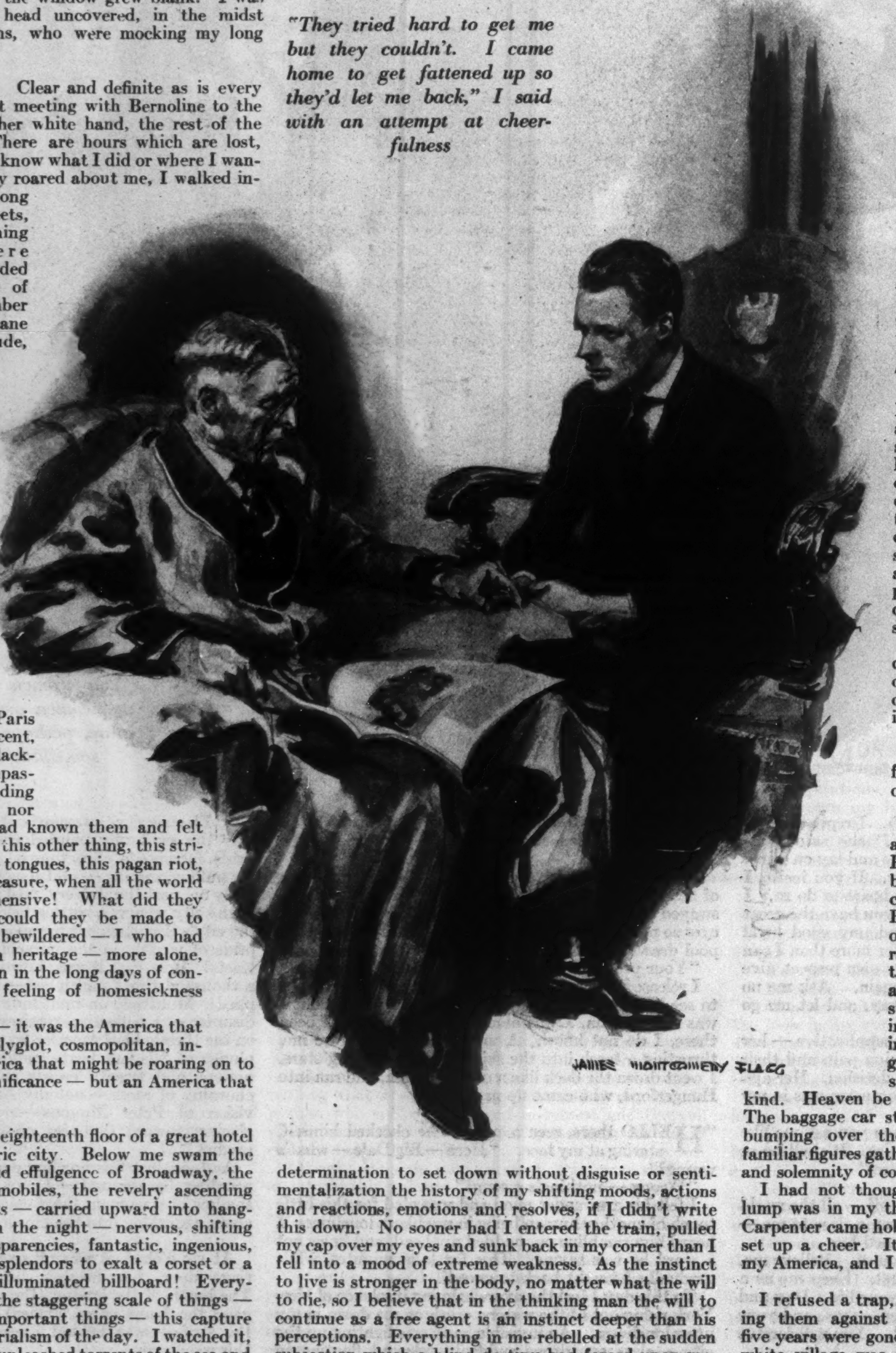
"Thank you from my heart. I shall keep you in my prayers, day and night — always, David."

She sank back, and I saw her face no more. A policeman shouted an angry order. The carriage moved away. At the window her hand fluttered in a last weak gesture. Then, even the window grew blank. I was alone, standing with head uncovered, in the midst of a group of urchins, who were mocking my long face.

The rest is a blur. Clear and definite as is every moment from my first meeting with Bernoline to the last faint flutter of her white hand, the rest of the day is confused. There are hours which are lost, during which I do not know what I did or where I wandered. The great city roared about me, I walked interminable miles along dark, echoing side-streets, and into sudden flaming thoroughfares, where rapid crowds descended upon me like gusts of wind. I can remember the tap-tap of my cane along some stony solitude, and again my standing at Times Square, in a wilderness of lights, roared at — amid the clanging and honking of traffic — crowded, jostled, buffeted in the polyglot stream — a stranger in the land of his fathers.

Those crowds, those hostile, unintelligible crowds, so triumphantly successful — shall I ever forget them! I had known the monastic multitudes of Paris — slow-moving, reticent, respectful of the black-garbed mourners, compassionate and grim, hiding neither their sorrows nor their sympathy. I had known them and felt at home in them. But this other thing, this strident influx of strange tongues, this pagan riot, this shrill pursuit of pleasure, when all the world was hushed and apprehensive! What did they understand? What could they be made to understand? I stood, bewildered — I who had come for my American heritage — more alone, more distant than when in the long days of convalescence the dread feeling of homesickness ripped my heart.

If this was America — it was the America that Peter Magnus saw, polyglot, cosmopolitan, international — an America that might be roaring on to some greater world-significance — but an America that had left me behind.



"They tried hard to get me but they couldn't. I came home to get fattened up so they'd let me back," I said with an attempt at cheerfulness

My room was on the eighteenth floor of a great hotel flung above the electric city. Below me swam the theatric night, the fluid effulgence of Broadway, the piping thrum of automobiles, the revelry ascending from flaring restaurants — carried upward into hanging gardens floating on the night — nervous, shifting sheets of electric transparencies, fantastic, ingenious, unescapable, a million splendors to exalt a corset or a soap! What a vast, illuminated billboard! Everything oppressed me — the staggering scale of things — the importance of unimportant things — this capture of the night by the materialism of the day. I watched it, as one stands before the unleashed torrents of the sea and sky — overwhelmed with my own shrunken significance.

In the morning my first movement was to my window. The city of the night was fled. Below lay a shanty civilization. The fairy splendor, the figment of the night, had dissolved with the dawn. Broadway was but a huddled group of puny shanties, with skeleton trickeries exposed in the pitiless light of the day. Ugly, visible, naked — an adventuress stealing home in the light of the day — rouged, powdered and wan, and the pretentious jewels of the night were paste. The whole was stale as a ballroom when the laughter is fled. The crowded stars were empty sockets — the flaming palaces, scaffolding.

Homesickness? Yes — even in Picardy, even in the wet weariness of the trenches, in the gray rain that soaked into my soul — I had never felt such utter loneliness as here, in the nausea of the revealing dawn.

I came out of the city and set my face sternly to the task of readjustment. I would not be true to my determination to set down without disguise or sentimentalization the history of my shifting moods, actions and reactions, emotions and resolves, if I didn't write this down. No sooner had I entered the train, pulled my cap over my eyes and sunk back in my corner than I fell into a mood of extreme weakness. As the instinct to live is stronger in the body, no matter what the will to die, so I believe that in the thinking man the will to continue as a free agent is an instinct deeper than his perceptions. Everything in me rebelled at the sudden subjection which a blind destiny had forced upon me. Something in me cried out imperiously:

"Forget! You must forget!"

And this is the hideous thing — the words of the other woman, the words of Letty — were the ones that sounded in my ears:

"Life is a succession of closing doors and never returning to them."

To close the door and never to return! If it were possible!

I said to myself, incredulously, that it was not possible that in ten days I had come to a final and irrevocable love — that the romance and the glamour, the dramatic quality of the lone woman venturing into the wilderness of men — the mystery which enveloped her had caught my sympathy. I did not attempt, it is true, to deceive myself into the belief that I did not love her but tried to convince myself that I could and must forget her. Yet, even while rebelling against the cruelty of such destiny, I argued. I found myself comparing the women about me, the women there in the car, the women in the crowds of New York, the women of the past I had known — to the Bernoline I loved, and wondering where again in the empty world I would meet with another such. Suddenly, ahead of me in the far end of the car, a silhouette, the turn of the neck, a carriage of the head, reminded me so vividly of her that I sat bolt upright, staring — and so acute was the sense of her presence that though I knew it to be the wildest trick of fancy, I could not rest until I had risen and reassured myself. I returned, and sank back heavily in my corner, no longer with strength or will to struggle against my overwhelming unhappiness.

THE visible things receded, the unreal present dissolved. I abandoned myself to the unforgetable past. I lived again the hours since our meeting. I saw her, I heard her, I talked with her. I was back on the high forward deck, with the cliffs of New York growing into the night. I argued against her decision — I pleaded for us both. I said the things I should have said, as I reconstructed the inexorable past, until, struck by my own absurdity, I regained some measure of self-control.

After all, what remains — what can remain of this, the purest and deepest seeking of my life? [illegible] have dreamed a beautiful dream! The rest is a waking to reality.

Yet is it possible, I wonder, that for this ten days' dreaming the years of my life must pay the reckoning?

At South Norwalk I descended and took the train for Littledale. Hardly had I turned up the platform before I was among friends — welcomed with incredulous shouts: Burke, the conductor, and Lannigan, of the express, smothering me with rapturous greetings. I rode back in the baggage car, the center of an admiring group. The old oil lamps still flickered overhead, undisturbed in their appointed task of gathering in the cobwebs, and for a while I forgot my loneliness in the warm pleasure of being back among my own kind. Heaven be thanked — nothing had changed! The baggage car still dates from 1870, wheezing and bumping over the narrow-gauge road. The old familiar figures gather about the stove in the familiarity and solemnity of country-store conclaves.

I had not thought to have such a thrill — yet a lump was in my throat when at the station old man Carpenter came hobbling up and a group of youngsters set up a cheer. It was no longer New York: it was my America, and I belonged to it.

I refused a trap, and set out on foot, after cautioning them against telephoning my arrival. Hardly five years were gone, yet every detail of the green and white village was so definite in my memory that I noted with an intolerant resentment the new porch at Hamill's and the glass front which had arrived at Sherwood's corner grocery.

[*Continued on page 45*]

"My friend," she said very softly, turning away, "this is my last evening here with you. Don't try to shatter the dream of romance and poetry you and I have dreamt beneath these olive trees"

An Idyl *of the* Shadows

What is Finer Than Keeping Faith with the One Great Memory?

by Meriel Buchanan

Illustrations by P. V. E. Ivory

WHY won't you let me see your face?" The man's voice was not quite steady, for there was something in the whisper of the olive trees, in the nearness of the woman, in the scent of her dress, that was going to his head and he was not certain any more of that calm, perfect self-control of his, which, until now, had never failed him.

The woman laughed softly in the darkness, stirring a little with a light rustle of draperies. "You are really very persevering, my friend. You have asked that question every night and always had the same answer."

"But next week," the man said hopefully, "the moon will be in its first quarter; in a fortnight it will be full. Then . . . I shall see your face."

"Next week," the woman answered him, "I shall not be here . . . and you will have only the fireflies to keep you company."

"You are not going away?" The man sat up quickly. "Ah, but no, you can't go . . . you mustn't go."

"Oh," she laughed again, though perhaps this time her laughter was not quite so lightly gay. "You say that as if you really meant it, as if it really made a difference to you. And how often have we met like this? It was five . . . . no, six nights ago, that I nearly tumbled over you sitting under one of these olive trees. Since then we have met here every evening for an hour. Why? I don't know. Except that I have always loved the olive groves at night, and you said you were lonely and had nothing else to do in the evenings. And yet, my friend, you don't know my name and you have never seen my face."

"No," the man whispered. "But I have heard your voice, and that is enough to make me dream of you at night."

"And what do I look like in your dreams?" she questioned with a careless lightness.

"Even in my dreams," he answered, "I have never seen your face. I only know that you are near me. I feel the touch of your hands, the scent you wear is in every breath I draw; I hear your footsteps, and your low laughter and your magic voice. And yet, when I try to hold you fast, try to look into your face, you always escape me, elusive and evanescent as one of these fireflies."

THERE fell a silence between them, and a low whisper stirred the olive trees and died away again, as if on this hot night even the wind was too tired to move. Away over the darkness of the Campagna lay a haze of heat, dimly through it, in the distance, shone the lights of Rome; behind them the little town seemed like a diadem of jewels on the hillside, and over all stretched the Italian sky, star-sown, unfathomable.

The silence between the man and the woman under the olive trees was filled with a thousand meanings; the woman broke it at last, at random, a little nervously. "You have told me," she said, "that your name is Anthony Graham, that you are an artist, that you were wounded in the war, and are trying now to work hard and get back all you lost during those years at the Front. So much I know about you. But won't you tell me more?"

"What else is there to tell?" he asked a little impatiently, for her words had broken the spell that, in the stillness, seemed to be bringing them nearer together.

"Why," she said airily, "there are lots of things I want to know. Whether your father and mother are alive, whether you have brothers and sisters, and what they do, and what they are like. Whether you are married or engaged . . . how often you have been in love."

He was silent a moment before he answered her. He had come very near the truth, he thought, when he had likened her to the fireflies, for certainly she was hard to follow, eluding him always, her mind never still for a moment.

"Well?" she asked at last. "Aren't you going to answer at least one of all those questions?"

"Which do you want me to answer most?" he demanded.

"Oh!" A ripple of laughter sounded in her words. "The last one, of course, is the most interesting."

"Very well." His voice was unsteady again in its husky fierceness. "Then I will answer it, and tell you that I have never been in love . . . till now."

His hand had slipped nearer, covering hers where it lay on the grass, but swiftly she withdrew her fingers. "I am disappointed," she said, "I thought you were too clever to be banal and obvious. And those words, my friend . . . I suppose it would be hard to count the number of times a man says them to a woman. And often, so often — since it is always so delightful to believe what one wants to believe — the woman cheats herself into thinking that, just this once, just for her, the man really speaks the truth." Then, so quickly that it seemed no effort, she threw off the sadness that had imperceptibly crept into her voice. "Well, since you refuse to answer that question truthfully, and perhaps it is too much to expect of any man, will you answer the two that go before and tell me if you are married or engaged."

"I am not married," the man said heavily; and just for a second's space the woman paused, and then, in that same voice that seemed to skim so lightly over the surface of things, "Then you are engaged? But how exciting, and I adore a love story! Do tell me about it!"

He gave a short, low laugh that held no mirth, his eyes under their level brows frowning into the darkness. "I'm afraid it isn't very much of a love-story," he said. "I was engaged before the war to a girl I had known ever since I was a child. I was fairly well off then, moderately well-known and earning a more or less regular income. Then I went to the Front and lost all the notoriety and money I had had. So we have to wait till I have worked myself up again. That's all."

"Is she English?" the woman asked gently.

"YES," the man answered and smiled a little grimly at the picture of the fair, placid-faced girl which rose up before his eyes, and seemed so out of place under this hot Italian sky.

"If I had been that girl," the woman's low, veiled voice shattered the picture into a thousand fragments, "I would have married you without waiting for you to make any more money. All these years wasted and happiness within her grasp. Happiness! Do you know how difficult it is to catch? How difficult to hold? And if you let it slip, the gods will surely punish you!"

In the silence that followed her words the clock in one of the towers of the hillside town struck ten strokes and then two smaller ones, and, as if at a given signal, the woman rose, standing a slim, tall shape in the darkness. "I must go," she said, and that voice of hers that held so many different notes was suddenly tired, almost flat in utter weariness.

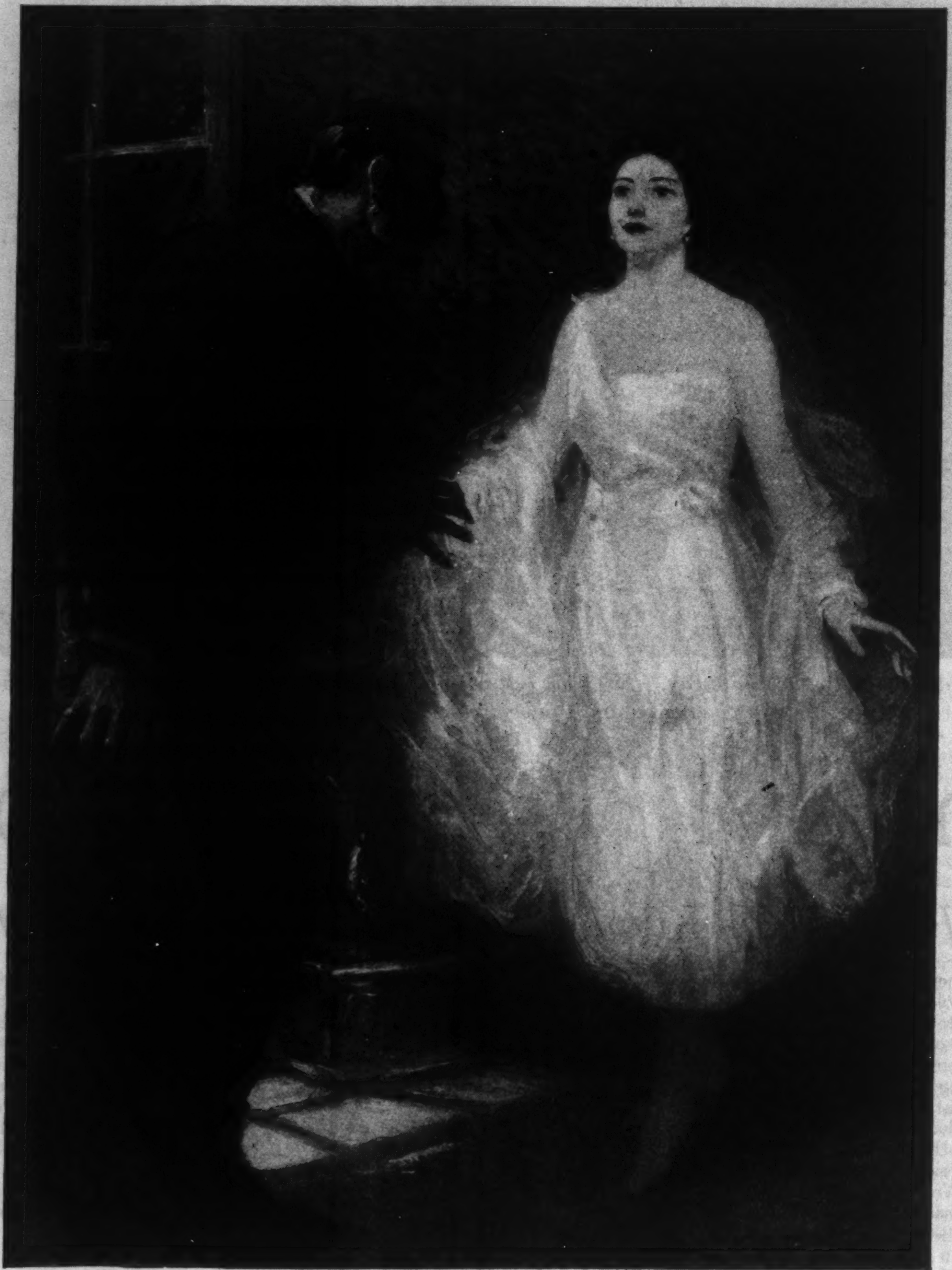
"Oh no, not yet." The man scrambled to his feet, and put out an uncertain hand to stay her, a hand that touched only the end of a soft, thin scarf, and then . . . nothingness, as she drew back quickly.

"I have told you always," she said, "that I have to go back at half-past ten. If I didn't I might turn into a little, ragged kitchen wench . . . like Cinderella."

"No," he said softly, "if you turned into anything at all it would be most certainly a firefly." And then, with sudden impatience. "Why do you make all this mystery about yourself? Why won't you tell me your name or let me see your face? That first night we met you asked me to promise never to try to see it, never to strike a match or follow you. Like a fool I agreed to keep to those conditions. You cast a spell over me, I think, with that wonderful voice of yours, and I would have promised anything you liked to ask just for the sake of being allowed to listen to it."

"And now," she said, "like all men you are not content with what you have. One gives you a toy and straightway you pick it to pieces, examine it, dissect it, weary of it and ask for something else."

She laughed with a little tender gaiety and he felt that the eyes he could not see were mocking him, then, like the touch of a bird's wing in passing, a hand that was soft and scented just brushed his cheek. But before he could move she was gone and he lost her grey-veiled figure among the twisted shadows of the olive trees that seemed in league against him to hide her from him. And so he was left, while the memory of the scent she used made her presence still more tangible, and the silence seemed to echo to her laughter.



"So you have been out?" he snarled with drunken rage. "This is your game! You have found another lover — now I know why you want to leave me!"

The next night she was late in coming and Anthony Graham wandered impatiently to and fro among the gnarled, tortured olive trees while the fireflies, gleaming like flitting stars among the shadows, mocked him, and the other stars in the velvet sky smiled down on him, serene and indifferent to human folly. Then at last he heard the whisper of her dress over the grass and drew in a long deep breath of that scent of hers, the spirit of which seemed to come to meet him, even before he could see the dim outline of her figure under the trees. "I thought you were never coming," he cried, and held out his hands to her.

But she halted a few steps away from him and he could hear her breathing a little quickly in the silence. "I was kept," she spoke unevenly. "I couldn't come before." She sank down on the grass as she spoke, leaning back against the trunk of a tree. "Come," she said, "sit down and talk to me. I am tired. Oh, my God!" Suddenly she relapsed into Italian. "But how I am tired!" And then, speaking softly again in English, "Come, my friend! Talk to me . . . about the weather, or politics, or your work, or the girl who waits for you in England, anything you like as long as I can rest for a moment and forget."

A little puzzled by her manner Anthony Graham sat down beside her and for a moment found nothing to say, and then, breaking the silence rather awkwardly, told her of his day's work. He had received permission to paint the gateway and cypress avenue of a villa just above them on the hillside; he had begun the sketch that day and was pleased with the beginning.

The woman beside him stirred restlessly — "I don't like that gateway or that avenue." The magic voice was just a little petulant. "It is all so pretentious in its grandeur. You people who come to Italy to paint always choose such obvious subjects."

"We have to make our art suit the public taste," he answered. "Unless we are great enough to be above it, and know that people will buy our pictures because of the name signed in the corner, and not because they understand or appreciate the subject. That gateway with the avenue of cypress trees is obvious to you, but to a man who has never been out of England it will be full of romance; and he will hang the picture in his drawing-room, and he may see Cardinals and Princes, murders and love-stories pass before him as he sits and gazes at it, over his after-dinner cigar. And to you all that also would be very obvious, but for him it will have the delicious thrill of something unknown and romantic, and perhaps a little wicked." He paused a moment and then with a low laugh, "And talking of wickedness, when I was painting to-day — well-hidden under an ilex tree — I saw one of the most beautiful ladies and perhaps also one of the most wicked go in through those same gates."

"You mean, I suppose," the woman spoke very quietly, "the Contessa de Sangra. She is, I know, staying at the villa of Marc Antonio Perano. How have you, my friend, heard of Diana de Sangra's beauty or wickedness?"

He shrugged his shoulders carelessly. "I can't remember," he said, "how or where I first heard about her. But her name is rather famous, isn't it? And I have seen pictures and photographs of her in all the illustrated papers on the Continent."

"And you think," the sweet, low voice hesitated a little, "that because she is staying with Prince Perano who is, they say, a profligate and a drunkard, she must necessarily be all bad?"

"He is not the only man she honors with her visits," Anthony Graham put in with some contempt.

"No," the woman said slowly. "He is not the only man, that is true. Diana de Sangra has not been very lucky in the men who love her. She was married when she was barely seventeen, and three months later her husband was killed in a duel about another woman. And you see she had loved her husband, she had believed in him, and then . . . "

SHE paused and the man questioned her wonderingly. "How do you know so much of her story?"

"Oh well," her laughter was a little mocking. "In Rome everybody knows everything . . . and more than everything." She paused again, and slowly drew herself erect, sitting beside him, a dim, shadowy figure, her elbow resting on her knee, the outline of cheek and head and neck all blurred and misty beneath the thick grey veil she wore. And Anthony Graham did not dare break the silence, feeling somehow that her next words would hold something definite and portentous, a feeling that proved itself only too bitterly true, when at last she spoke.

"My friend," she said very softly. "This is my last evening here with you. To-morrow I am going away." And then, as he made a quick movement, she turned to him. "Listen! Don't ask any questions. Don't try to dissuade me. Don't . . . oh, above all things, don't shatter the dream of — romance and poetry — you and I have dreamed beneath these olive trees. Let it be in our lives a perfect memory, a gleam of something pure in a world which is, after all, very sordid. For that is so often where we wreck our happiness; that fatal curiosity that makes us always want to learn too much. A firefly, my friend, is

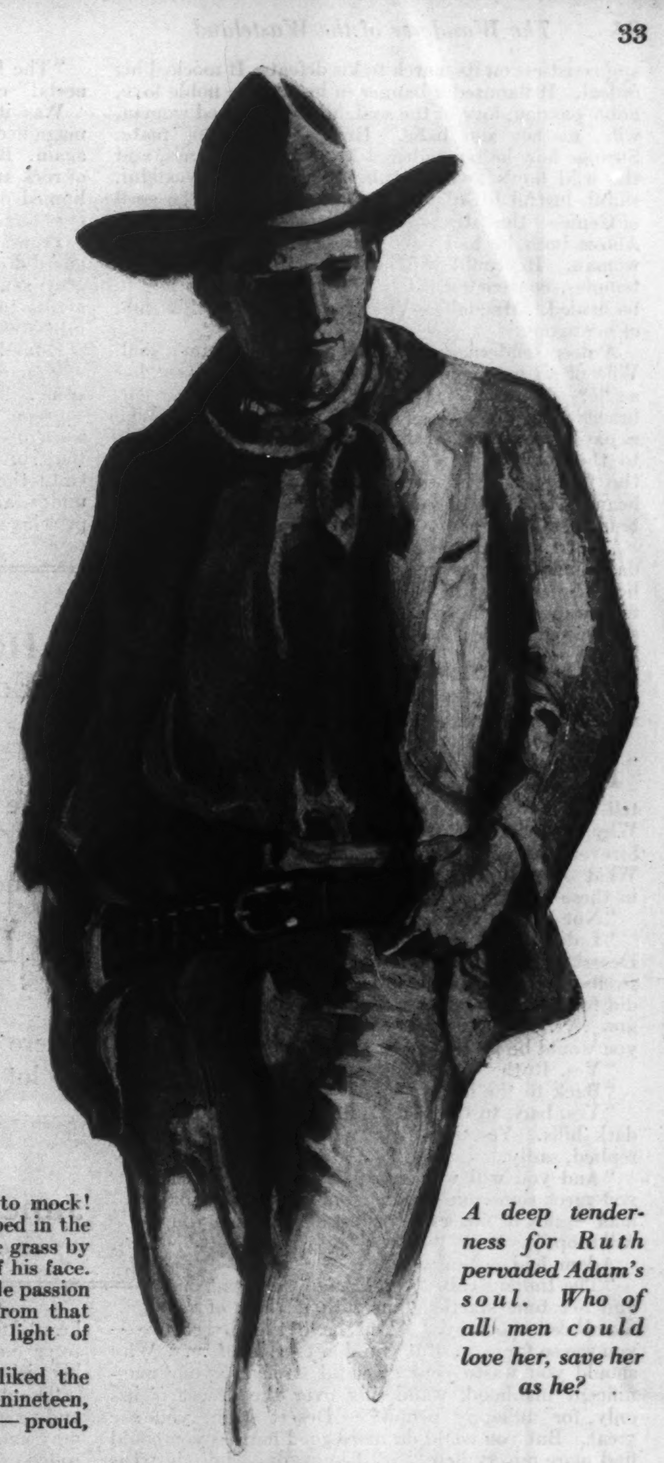
[*Continued on page 52*]

The Wanderer *of the* Wasteland

Adam Larey's quest for Redemption and the Finding of the One Woman

by Zane Grey

Illustration by W. Herbert Dunton



A deep tenderness for Ruth pervaded Adam's soul. Who of all men could love her, save her as he?

THE foxes have holes — the birds of the air have nests!" cried Adam.

Was it he who lay there with aching heart and burning eyes? Ah! Again the lonely wasteland claimed him. That illimitable desert was home. Whose face was that limned on the clouds, and set into the beaten bossy mosaic of the sands, and sculptured in the contour of the dim colored ranges?

His burros nipped the sage behind him as he lay back against a stone, on the lofty height of the Sierra Madre divide, gazing down into that boundless void. What was it that had happened? Ah! he had fled! And he lived over again, for the thousandth time, that week — that fleeting week of transport with its endless regrets — in which he had found Genie a home, in which the daughter of Magdalene Virey had stormed his soul.

Vague and happy those first days, when he bought the valley lands, and flooded them with cattle — vague because of the slow gathering of insupportable and unconscious love — happy because he lived with Genie's rapture and her romance. Vivid were some of the memories — when he placed in Genie's little brown hands papers and deeds, and bank-books, and by a gesture, as if by magic, proclaimed to her wondering senses the truth of a tale of Aladdin — when, to the serious-faced mother of Eugene, pondering the costs, he announced her once more owner of the long-regretted land — when, to a fire-eyed lad, he had drawn aside the veil of the future.

But vague, mystic as a troubled dream, the inception of a love that rose like the blaze of the sun — vague as the opaque dawn of the desert! Whenever he looked up, by night or day, at task or idleness, there shone the lovely face, pale as a dawn-hazed star, a face like Magdalene Virey's, with all of its beauty, but naught of its passion, with all its charm, yet none of its havoc. With youth and bloom, and wide-open purple eyes, dark as midnight, staring at fate. And a voice like the voice of her mother, sweet but not mocking, haunted the dreams of the man, and lived in the winds.

"And you are a desert man," she had said.

"Yes — a desert man," he had replied.

"There's a place I want to go some day — when I am twenty-one . . . Death Valley! Do you know it? My grandfather says I'm mad."

"Death Valley! For such as you? Stay — never go near that awful hell!"

The ghastly white pit and its naked red walls, the midnight furnace winds with their wailing roar, the long, long slopes to the avalanche graves! Ah! the torment of his heart, the tragedy he would hide, and the secret he must keep, and the miniature that burned in its place — they drew her with the invisible cords of life and fate. What he would spare her surged in the air that she breathed.

She had come to him under the oaks, and yet again, quitting her friends, drawn to the lonely desert man.

"They told me Genie's story," she said, and her eyes spoke eloquent praise her lips denied. "And so — her mother and father died on the desert. . . . Tell me, Desert Man, what does Death Valley look like?"

"It is night, it is hell — death and desolation — the grave of the desert, yellow and red and gray — lonely, lonely, lonely silent land!"

"But you love it! . . . Genie says the Indians call you Eagle — because you have the eye of the eagle. . . . Tell me . . . tell me. . . ."

And she made him talk, and she came again. Vague, sweet first hours they were, with their drawing pain. Was it well to wake in the night, with eyes darker than the darkness peering into his soul? Her mother's eyes — with all the glory and none of the shame! She had come another day and then the next, while time stood still with its mocking wait.

Now vaguely came a scene: "I will tell you of the desert," and a part of his story followed, brief and hard.

"Ah! I would be a man," she said. "I would never run. I would never hide."

Mocking words from a tongue too sweet to mock! She had her mother's spirit. And Adam groped in the gloom, to the glee of his devils of scorn. The grass by day and the grass by night felt the impress of his face. Then love — first real love of youth, and noble passion of man — blazed as the sun in his face. From that revelation all was clear in the bursting light of calamity.

Ruth was coming under the oaks. She liked the cool shade and hated the glare. She was nineteen, with a woman's form, and her mother's eyes — proud, sweet, aloof.

"DESERT Man, I am lonesome," she said. "My grandfather has gone again. He is chasing some new will-o'-the-wisp. Gold and mines, cattle and land — and now it's water. He has an ear for every man."

"Lonesome? You! What do you know of loneliness?" asked Adam.

"There's a loneliness of soul."

"Ah! but you are young. Go help Genie plan her home."

"Genie and Gene! Two people with but one voice! They cannot hear or see any one but themselves. It's a pity to invade their paradise. *I* will not . . . And oh! how beautiful the world must be to them!"

"Ruth, is it not so to you?"

"Beautiful lands and greens and waters!" she exclaimed, in restless discontent. "But I cannot live on scenery. There is joy here, but none for me . . . I lost my mother and I can't forget. She *had* to leave me and go with him — my father. My father who loved me as a child and hated me as a girl. Oh, it's all a mystery. She went with him to the desert. Gold mad — she said he was. She had her debt to pay. And *I* could not be taken to Death Valley."

"You have never heard from her since the parting?"

"Never . . . And I am a woman now. Some day I will go to Death Valley."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because *they* went there."

"But no one lives long in that valley of death."

"Then I will find their graves," she said.

"Ruth, you must not. What good can come of your traveling there? I've told you of its desolate and forbidding nature. You are all wrong. Wait! Perhaps your mother will — perhaps you will hear of her some day."

"Oh, Desert Man, I was a child when we parted. I'm a woman now, I want to *know*. The mystery haunts me. *She* loved me — Ah! so well! . . . Sometimes I cannot bear to live. My grandfather hides me in lonely places. We meet but few people and those he repels. It is because of *me* . . . Desert Man, I am lonelier than was Genie."

Brooding purple eyes of trouble, of longing, of discontent, of fire for life! The heart and soul of Ruth Virey — the heritage of need and unrest — shone from her eyes. All unconsciously she longed to be loved. She stood on the threshold of womanhood like a leaf in a storm.

"Talk with me, walk with me, Desert Man," she said, wistfully. "You were Taquitch for Genie. Be Eagle for me. Your eyes know the desert where my mother sleeps — where perhaps her spirit wanders. You soothe my troubled heart. Oh, I can feel *myself* with you, for you understand."

Thus Adam's soul was stormed. Magdalene Virey had presaged the future. In the dark stillness of the night, sleepless, haunted, tossed by torment, it was revealed to him that Magdalene Virey had risen out of the depths through noble love for him, and through that love she had seen with mystic eyes into the future. She had projected that love into the spirit of the desert, and it had guided Adam's wandering steps to her daughter Ruth. Was this only a wanderer's dream as he lay on the hills?

The one great love of his years possessed him, fierce and resistless on its march to his defeat. It mocked his ordeal. It flaunted a banner in his face — noble love, noble passion, love of the soul, all that revered woman, wife, mother and babe. He had found his mate. Strange how he remembered Margarita Arallanes, and the wild boy's love of a day. Poor, pale, wasteful, sinful, lustful little gleam! And he recalled the spell of Genie — that strong call of nature in the wilderness. Above both he had risen. But Ruth Virey was *the* woman. He could win her. The truth beat at his temples, constricted his throat. And life was not to be denied. Magdalene Virey had given him this child of her agony.

A deep tenderness for Ruth pervaded Adam's soul. Who of all men could love her, save her, content her as he? It was not thought of her kisses, of her embraces that plucked at the roots of his will. Like a passing wave the thrill of such bliss went out to the might of a nobler tide. To save Ruth from the fate of her mother, from the peril of her own heart! And in the saving, a home — happiness — the tender smile of a mother — and the kiss of a child!

"But I am a criminal! I am a murderer! Any day I might be hanged before her very eyes!" he whispered, with his face in the grass, his fingers digging the turf. "Still — no one would ever recognize me now. . . . Ah! but *he* — that human wolf — would not he know me? . . . Oh, if there be God — help me in my extremity!"

Once again he met her. As he rode up the valley at sunset she came out of the oak grove.

"I'VE been with Genie. Oh, Desert Man, her happiness frightens me. Oh, I love her!—You tell me of your hard lonely terrible desert life. Why, your ears should ring with bells of joy forever. It is *you* who have built her castle. What other deeds, like that, have you done — in these bitter years you tell of?"

"Not many, Ruth — perhaps not one."

"I don't believe you. I am learning you, Desert Man. And oh! I wish you knew how it swells my heart to hear Genie tell of what you did for her. Every day she tells me something new . . . Ah! and more — for to-day she said you would be leaving soon."

"Yes, Ruth — soon," he said.

"Back to the lonely land?"

"Yes, back to the sage and sand, and the big dark hills. Yes, it will be a lonely land," he replied, sadly.

"And you will wander down the trails until you meet some one — some woman or child or man — sick or miserable or lost — and then you will stop."

Adam had no answer.

"The Indians called you Eagle," she went on, and her tone startled him with its hint of remembered mockery. "You have the desert eye — you see so far . . . But you don't see *here!* . . . Why should you waste your splendid strength, your magnificent manhood, wandering over the desert *if* it's only for unhappy people? — Desert Man, you are great. But you could do more good here — you could find more misery here . . . I know one whose heart is breaking. And you've never *seen*, for all your eagle eye!"

"Listen, you morbid girl," he returned, stung as with fire. "I am not great. I am lost. I go to the desert because it is home . . . Don't think of me! But look to yourself. Look into your heart. Fear it, Ruth Virey. You are a spoiled dreamful passionate child. But you have a mind, and you have a will. You can conquer your unrest, your discontent. Revere the memory of your mother, but grieve no more. The past is dead. Learn to fight. You are no fighter. You are weak. You give in to loneliness, sadness, longing. Resolve to be a woman! You must live your life. Make it worth while. Every man, every woman has a burden. Lift yours cheerfully, and begin to climb . . . Work for your grandfather. He needs your help. Love those with whom fate has placed you. And fight — fight the dark moods, the selfish thoughts, the hateful memories! Love the animals, the birds — and learn from them — love all nature, so that when you meet a man some day, *the* man, you can love him. That is what it means to be a woman. You are a beautiful, sweet, useless and petulant girl. But be so no more. Be a woman!"

Pale and shocked, with brimming eyes and tremulous lips, she replied:

"Stay — stay, Desert Man, and make me a woman!"

And those sad dark eyes and those sweet murmured words had made him flee — flee like a craven in the night. Yes, for Ruth's sake he had fled. Not a farewell to Genie — not a wave of his hand, but gone in the night — gone forever out of their lives!

"The foxes have holes — the birds of the air have nests!" cried Adam, to the listening silence.

Was it he who lay there with broken heart and magnified sight? Yes, wanderer of the wasteland again. Back to the lonely land! That limitless expanse of rock and sand was home. Was not that Ruth's face limned on the clouds? Did not her sad reproachful eyes haunt him in the dim purple distances?

From the lofty divide of the Sierra Madre Adam gazed down into the void he called home. Beyond the gray sands and far beyond the red reaches he saw across the California Desert into Arizona, and down into Mexico, and to the dim blue Gulf.

Home! All the years of Adam's desert experience were needed to grasp the meaning of the stupendous scene. The eye of the eagle, the sight of the condor, supreme over the desert, most marvelous and delicate work of nature, could only behold, could only range that sun-blasted burned-out empire of the wastelands. Only the mind of man, the thought of man, could understand it. And for Adam it was home, and to his piercing eyes a thing, a place, a world, terribly true and beautiful and comforting, upon which he seemed driven to gaze and gaze, so that forever it must be limned on his vision and his memory.

The day was one of sunlight and storm, of blue sky and purple clouds and fleecy white, of palls of swirling gray snow and dark veils of rain. The Sierra Madre rolled away on either side, range on range, rising to the north in the night of slow league-long mountain swell after swell, until far against the stormy sky stood the old white-capped heave of San Gorgonio; and to the south, like the wavy undulations of a calming sea, sinking in long low lines to the Gulf, and the arid arm of the desert land.

Beneath Adam piled the foothills, round and old and gray, sage-gray, lavender-gray, lilac-gray, all so strangely gray — upheaved hills of aged earth and dust and stone. Hill by hill they lowered with glaring gorges between, solitary hills and winding ranges and clustered domes, split by canyons and clept by brushy ravines.

Away and away flowed the gray Sahara with its specks of sage, ribbed by its ridges of dunes. Immense and unbounded it swept to its center, bowl of the desert, the Salton Sink, a great lake of colored silt, a ghastly glaring stain on the earth, over which the storm-clouds trailed their veils of rain. Away to the southward it flowed, level and shining, at last to rise and meet the blue sky in lucent spurs of gold and white.

But these foothills and sand-plains were only the edge of the desert. Beyond marched the mountain ranges. Vast upheaved crinkled crust of the naked earth, scored by fire, scarred by age, cracked by earthquake, and stained in the rusty reds and colored chocolates of the iron rocks!

Beyond gleamed the Chocolate Mountains, sharp in the sunshine, canyoned and blue. And still beyond them, over the valley and far, rose the myriad mountains of Arizona, dim-hazed land, mystic land, like a country of desert dreams. In the distant south, around the blunt end of the Chocolates, came a valley winding palely green, with a line following its center, where the Rio Colorado meandered in its course to the blue waters of the Gulf.

"And that is my home!" Adam cried to the wind. Slow tears bathed his eyes, and closing them, he rested his strained sight. A strange peace seemed to have stolen over him with his vision and grasp of the desert. A low soft moan of wind in the crevices of rocks lulled his senses for the revel that was to come. He heard his burros nipping at the brush behind his back. From the heights an eagle shrilled its wild whistle of freedom and of solitude. One of the burros brayed, loud and bawling, a jarring note in the silence.

When he opened his eyes the desert under him and the infinity over him had been transfigured.

Only the full blaze of the sun! But a glory dwelt in the clouds, and in the wide blue expanse of heaven. Silver-edged rents, purple ships in a golden sky, the long fan-shaped rays of the sun, white rainbows of haze — these extended from the north across the arch to the open — a great peacefulness of light, deep and tender and blue.

Going down into the desert Adam found that his steps were no longer wandering and aimless. And the nearer he got to the canyon-pass in the Chocolates, the stronger grew his strange eagerness.

For years memory of that camp where he had fought starvation had drawn him like a magnet. He was weary with delving into the gulf of himself, trying to know his nature and heart and soul. No sooner was one mystery solved than another deeper one presented itself. He only knew the old camp called him resistlessly. Something would come to him there.

Travel and tasks of morn and eve were so habitual with him that they made little break in his thought. And that thought, like his desert steps, had traveled in a circle. He was nearing the places where he had begun his fight with physical forces.

He crossed the sandy basin from the Sierra Madre to the Chocolates in four days, two of his camps being dry. And on the fifth, in the afternoon when the long shadows had begun to creep out from the mountains across sand and sage, he climbed the swelling well-remembered slope where Charley Jim had lured the antelope, and gazed down into the oasis where he had all but starved to death, and where Oella had saved his life.

What struck him with gladness was to find the gray-green lonely scene identical with the picture in his memory. How well he remembered! And it was twelve years — thirteen — fourteen years! Yet time had made little or no change in the oasis. Nature worked slowly in the desert.

His burros scented the water and trotted down the sage-bank, bobbing their packs, kicking up little puffs of odorous dust. Adam stood still and gazed long. He seemed to be almost ready to draw a deep full breath of melancholy joy. Then he descended to the sandy, rock-studded floor of the canyon. How strange that he should fall into the exact course where once he had worn a trail! The flat stones upon which he stepped were as familiar as if he had trod them yesterday.

Leisurely he pitched camp, working with a sense of comfort and pleasure, at the anticipation of a permanent, or, at least, an indefinite stay there. Of all his lonely camps on the desert, this had been the loneliest. He called it Lost Oasis.

AFTER his work and meal were finished, and sunset was coloring the sky, Adam wandered around through the willows and along the stream. He stood for some time looking down upon the sandy bar where he had stumbled in pursuit of the rattlesnake, and it had bitten him in the face. And then he went from one familiar place to another, sitting at last in the twilight, under the palms where Oella had nursed and fed him back to life and strength. Where was she now — that tranquil sombre-eyed Indian maiden who had refused to wed one of her race, and who had died of a broken heart?

Next day he climbed to the heights where he had learned to hunt mountain sheep — where he had learned the watching, listening, primitive joy of the Indian. He thrilled in the climb, he breathed deep of the keen cold wind, he gazed afar with piercing eyes. Hours, like those of a lonely eagle on a crag, Adam spent there, and he wooed back to him the watching, listening power with its reward of sweet wild elation. But as the westering sun sent him down the mountain, he felt a vague regret. The indefinable something eluded him.

In the dusk Adam walked along the rim of the slope above the oasis. He had watched the sunset fade over the desert, and the shading of twilight, and the gathering of dusk.

[*Continued on page 36*]

Harvey O'Higgins and Edward H. Reede, M.D.,

have gone on a search for

The Kink in the American Mind

And in their next article they take

Lincoln as Exhibit B

There is a lot within you and there was a lot within your ancestors that you don't know about—See the

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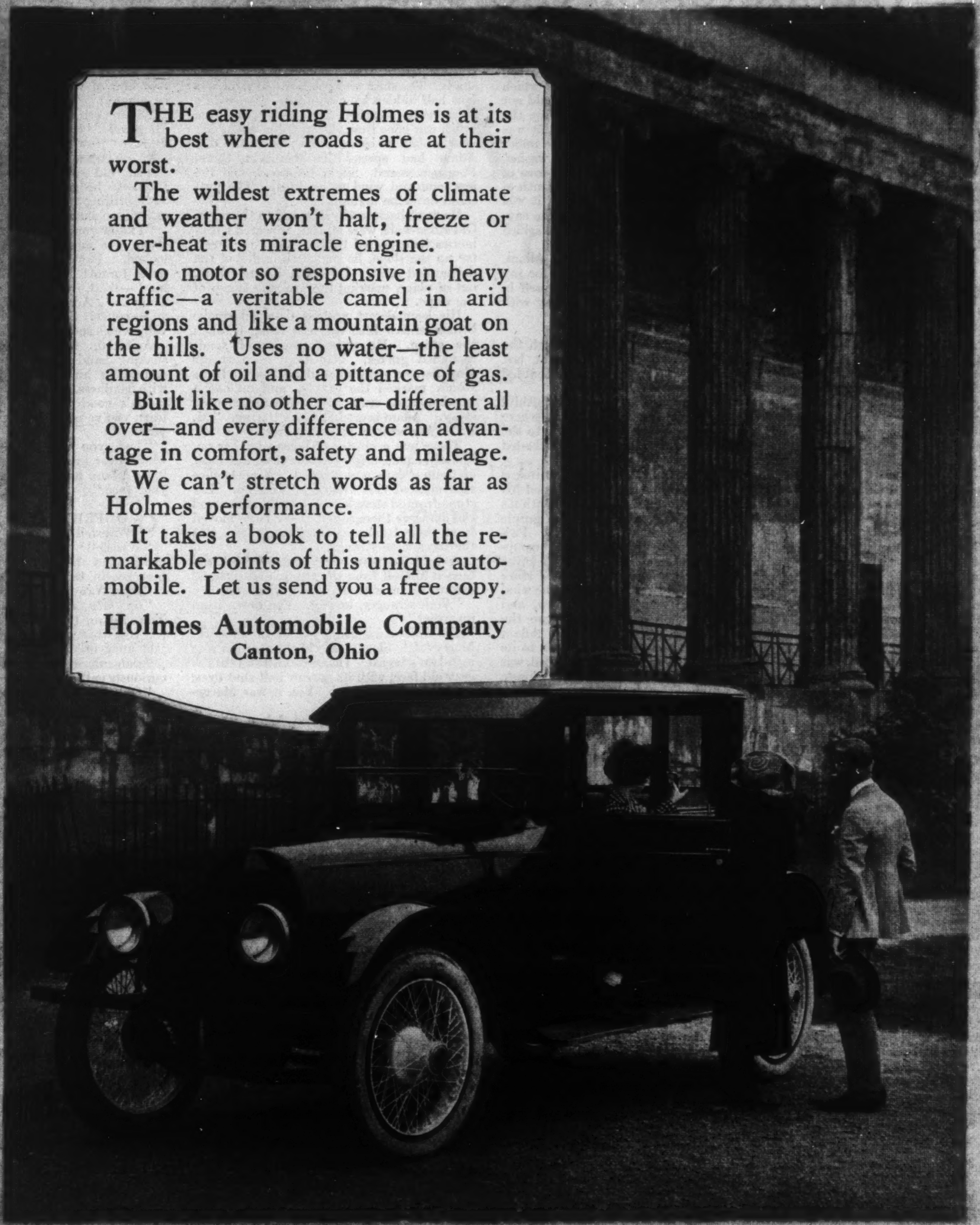

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The Wanderer of the Wasteland

Continued from page 34

He wondered what it would mean to him now to be lost without water or food down there in the wasteland. Would panic seize him? He imagined it would be only as long as he was not sure of death. When he realized that, he would find strength and peace to meet his doom. Adam paced to and fro in a sandy glade of the oasis. All the immensity of desert and infinity of sky seemed to be at work to overwhelm him. The stars—so white, wonderful, watching, eyes of heaven, remorseless and wise! Not a sigh of wind stirred under the palms — not a quiver of a leaf. Nature seemed so strange, beautiful, waiting. All waited! Was it for him?

SOMETHING was charging the air around Adam — something was surging deep in his soul. Suddenly a faint coldness, not of wind nor of chill air, but of something intangible, stole over Adam. He shivered. He had felt it before, though never so strong. And his sense of loneliness vanished. He was not alone! — All around he peered, not frightened, nor aghast, but uncertain, vaguely conscious of a sense that seemed unnatural. The shadow of his lofty form showed dark on the sand. It walked with him as he walked. Was there a spirit in keeping with his steps?

Disturbed in mind, Adam went to bed. When he awoke there had come to him in the night, in his sleep or in his dreams, whispered words from Genie's mother, ringing words from Ruth Virey. "I will come to you out on the desert."— Mrs. Linwood had meant that to be proof of the immortal life of the soul — of God. And Ruth had flung at him: "I would be a man. I would never run. I would never hide!"

Then the still small voice of conscience became a clarion. Torment seized Adam. Like a wild and hunted creature he roamed the mountain top, halting at the old resting places, there to sit like a stone, to lie on his face, to writhe and fight and cry in his torment. At sunset he staggered down the trail, spent and haggard, to take up useless tasks, to find food tasteless and sleep impossible. Thus passed the next day and yet another, before there came a break in his passion and his strength.

A perfect white night came, in which Adam felt that the oasis and its environment presented a soul-quieting scene. A spirit was out there in the gloom — a spirit from the illimitable star-studded infinite above. And it was this spirit that came, at rare intervals, and whispered to Adam's consciousness. Madman or knave, he was being conquered.

"I would never hide!" Ruth Virey had said in passionate scorn.

She was like her mother, wonderful as steel in her will. Yet these women seemed all heart. They transcended men in love, in sacrifice, in that living flame of soul, turbulent and unquenchable as the fire of the sun.

"*I'll hide no more!*" burst from Adam, and the whisper startled him, like those soundless whispers in the shadows.

The darkness of his mind, the blackness of the abyss of his soul seemed about to be illumined. But the truth held aloof. Yet could he not see what constituted greatness in any man? What was it to be great? The beasts of the desert and the birds recognized it — strength — speed — ferocity — tenacity of life. The Indians worshiped greatness so that they looked up and prayed to their gods. They worshiped stature, and power and skill of hand, and fleetness of foot, and above all — endurance. More, they endowed their great chieftains with wisdom. But above all — to endure pain, heat, shock, hardships, all of the agonies of life — to endure — that was their symbol of greatness.

Adam asked no other for himself or for any man. To endure and to surmount the ills of life! Any man could be great. He had his choice.

At midnight Adam paced under the palms. All seemed dim, gray, cool, spectral, rustling, whispering. The old familiar sounds were there, only rendered different by his mood. Midnight was haunting. Somehow the desert with its mustering shadows, dark and vast and strange, resembled his soul and his destiny and the mystery of himself. How sweet the loneliness and solitude of the oasis! There under the palms he could walk and be himself, with only the eye of nature and of spirit on him in this final hour of his extremity.

Adam divined that he did not belong to himself. What he wanted for himself, selfishly, was not commensurable with the need of others in this life. He was concerned here with many ideals, the highest of which was sacrifice, that the evil of him should not go on. Since he had loved Ruth Virey the whole value of life had shifted. Life was sweet, but no longer if he had to hide under the ban of crime. The stain must be washed away. He had deceived himself by love of life. But the truth in him was the truth of the immortality of his soul, just as it was truth that he inherited instincts of the savage. Life was renewal. Every base selfish man held back its spirituality.

"No more! No more!" cried Adam, looking up. "I will give my life for my brother's," he said. "I will offer myself in punishment for my crime. I will pay with my body that I may save my soul!"

Adam lingered in his travel through the beautiful Palo Verde Valley, and at last reached the long swell of desert slope that led down to the Rio Colorado.

All day he strode behind his faithful burros, here high on the river bank where he could see the sombre flood rolling to the south, and there low in the willow-shaded trail.

The miles slipped by under his tireless stride. Hour by hour he had quickened his pace. And when sunset caught him with its call to camp, he could see the grand purple bulk of old Picacho looming in the sky. Twilight and dusk and night, and the lonely campfire! He heard the sullen gurgle of the river in the weeds and he saw the trains of stars reflected along its swirling surface. The wind stirred in the leaves, gently and low, and fanned the glowing embers, and bore the white ashes away into the darkness. Adam watched the gleaming river rolling on to its grave in the Gulf. Like all things it died, was dispersed, and had rebirth in other climes. Then he watched the blazing stars.

ON THE afternoon of the third day, he turned under the red bluff into the basin of Picacho. Long the trail had been overgrown and dim, and cattle-tracks were scarce. The wide willow and mesquite flat, with its groves of cottonwoods, had grown denser, wilder, no more criss-crossed by trails. Adam had slowed down now, and he skirted the edge of the thicket till he reached the bank of bronze rock that had flowed down from the peaks in ages past. The *ocatillas*, so pearly gray and softly green and vividly scarlet, grew there just the same as long ago when he had plucked a flower for the dusky hair of Margarita.

And here, side by side, stood the crucifixion tree and the *palo verde* under which Margarita had told him their legends. The years had made no change that Adam could discern.

Adam tarried here. His wandering steps were nearing their end. And he gazed across the river at the wilderness of Arizona peaks. It seemed he knew every one. Had he seen them yesterday or long ago?

The sculptured turrets of Picacho were taking on crowns of gold, and from the sheer ragged bluffs of the purple mass, shadows and hazes and rays were streaming down into the valley. One golden streak slanted from the wind-worn hole in the rim. Solemn and noble the castled mountain towered in the sky. In its lonely grandeur there was strength.

One moment longer Adam watched and listened, absorbing the color and glory and wildness, stung to the depths of his heart by his farewell to loneliness. He retrograded one last instant to the savage who sensed but did not think. He thrilled to the old mysterious fading instinct. Then, as in answer to a sonorous call in his ear, he measured slow and laboring strides through the aisles to the river.

His burros scratched their packs on the thorny *mesquites* to get down to the arrowweed and willow. Where once had been open bank, now all was green, except for a narrow sandy aisle. The dock was gone. A sunken barge lay on a bar and moored to its end were two leaky skiffs. Traffic and trade had departed from the river landing. Adam remembered a prospector had told him that the mill had been moved from the river up to the mine under the peak. So now, he thought, supplies and traffic must come and go by way of Yuma.

He went on. The house of Arallanes was a roofless ruin, the vacant windows and doors staring darkly, the walls crumbling to the sands. The shed where Adam had slept was now half hidden by mesquites. The *ocatilla* poles were bleached and rotten and the brush was gone from the roof; but the sandy floor looked as clean and white as the day Adam had spread his blankets there. Fourteen years! Silent he stood, and the low mournful wind was a knell. The past could never be undone.

He went back to the lane and to the open. Old stone-walls were all that appeared left of houses he expected to see. Over the trees, far up the slope, he espied the ruins of the dismantled mill. Unreal it looked there, out of place, marring the majestic sweep of the slope.

His keen desert nostrils detected smoke before he saw blue columns rising through the green. He passed a plot of sand-mounded graves. Had they been there? How fierce a pang pierced his heart! Rude stones marked the graves, and on one a wooden cross, crude and weathered, slanted away. Adam peered at the lettering. "M. A."— And swiftly he swung erect.

There was a cluster of houses farther on, low and squat, a few of them new, but most of them Adam remembered. A post-office sign marked this village of Picacho. The stone-fronted store looked just the same, and the loungers there might never have moved from their tracks in fourteen years. But the faces were strange.

A lean old man, gray and wrinkled, detached himself from the group, and tottered toward Adam with his cane in the sand.

"Wal, stranger, howdy. You down from up river?"

His voice twanged a chord of memory. Merryvale! Slowly the tide of emotion rose in Adam's breast. He peered down into the gray old face, with its narrow half-shut eyes, and its sunken cheeks. Yes, it was Merryvale.

"Howdy, friend," replied Adam. "Yes, I come from up the river."

"Stranger in these parts, I reckon?"

"Yes. But I — I was here years ago."

"Wal, I knowed you was strange because you come in by the river. Travelers nowadays go round the mountain. Prospectors never come any more. The glory of Picacho has faded."

"Aren't they working the mill?" queried Adam.

"Haw! Haw! The mill will never grind with ore that is gone! No work these last five years. The mill has rusted out — fallen to ruin, And the gold of Old Picacho is gone. But, stranger, she hummed while she lasted. Millions in gold — millions in gold!"

"I knew a man here once by the name of Arallanes. What has become of him?"

"Arallanes? Wal, I do recollect him. I was watchman at the mill an' he was boss of the gang. His daughter was knifed by a greaser named Felix . . . Arallanes left here these ten years ago an' he's never been back."

"His — daughter! . . . Is that her grave back there — the sunken mound of sand — with the wooden cross?"

"I reckon that's Margarita's grave. She was a pretty wench — mad about men — an' there's some who said she got her just deserts."

THE BROAD river gleamed yellow through the breaks in the mesquites. Ponderous and swirling, it glided on round the bend. Adam's gaze then sought the peak.

Somewhere near, hidden by the trees, a Mexican broke the stillness with song — wild sensuous Spanish love in its haunting melody.

"I knew another man here," began Adam, with the words a sonorous knell in his ear. "His name was Collishaw . . . What's become of him?"

"Collishaw? — Never will fergit *him!*" declared the old man, grimly. "Last I heard he was cheatin' Injuns out of water-rights — an' still lookin' fer somebody to hang . . . Haw! Haw! Thet Collishaw was a Texas sheriff."

Suddenly Adam bent lower, so that his face was on a level with Merryvale's.

"Don't you recognize me?"

"Wal, I shore don't, stranger," declared the other. "I've been nigh fifty years in the west an' never seen your like yet. If I had, I'd never forgot."

"Merryvale, do you remember a lad who shot off your fishing line one day? Do you remember how you took interest in him — told him of western ways — that he must be a man?"

"Shore I remember that lad!" exclaimed Merryvale. He was old, but he was still keen. "How'd you know about him?"

"I am Adam Larey!"

The old man's eyes grew piercing. Intensely he gazed, bending closer, strong and thrilling now, with the zest of earlier experience sharp in his expression.

"I know you now. It's Adam. I'd knowed them eyes among a thousand, if I'd only looked. Eagle's eyes, Adam, once seen never forgot! . . . An' look at the giant of him! — Wal, you make me feel young again . . . Adam, lad, I ain't never forgot ye — never! Shake hands with old Merryvale, who's soon fer the divide!"

Agitated, with tremulous voice, and shaking hands, he grasped Adam, almost embracing him, his gray old face alight with gladness.

"It's good to see you, Merryvale — to learn you've not forgotten me after all these years."

"Lad, you was like my own! . . . But who'd ever know you now? You've white hair, Adam, an'— Ah! I see the desert in your face."

"OLD FRIEND, did you ever hear of Wansfell?"

"Wansfell? You mean thet wanderer the prospectors tell about? . . . Shore, I've been hearin' tales of him these many years."

"I am Wansfell," replied Adam.

"*So help me God!* . . . Wansfell? . . . You, Adam, the kindly lad! . . . Didn't I tell you what a hell of a man you'd be when you grew up?"

Adam drew Merryvale aside from the curiously gathering loungers.

"Old friend, you are responsible for Wansfell . . . And now, before we tell — before I go — I want you to take me to — to — my — my brother's grave?"

Merryvale stared.

"*What?*" he ejaculated, and again his keen old eyes searched Adam's.

"Yes. The grave — of my brother — Guerd," whispered Adam.

"Say, man! . . . You think Guerd Larey's buried *here?* . . . That's why you come back?"

Astonishment seemed to dominate Merryvale, to hold in check other emotions.

"My friend," replied Adam, "I came to see his grave — to make my peace with him and God — and to give myself up to the law."

"Give yourself — up — to the law!" gasped Merryvale. "Have you gone desert mad?"

"No. I'm right in my mind," returned Adam, patiently. "I owe it to my conscience, Merryvale . . . Fourteen years of torture! Any punishment I may suffer here, compared to those long years, will be as nothing. . . . It will be happiness to give myself up."

Merryvale's lean jaw quivered as the astonishment and concern left his face. A light of divination began to dawn there.

"But what do you want to give yourself up for?" he demanded.

"I told you. My conscience. My need to stand right with myself. To pay!"

"I mean — what'd you do . . . *what for?*"

"Old friend, you've grown thick of wits," rejoined Adam. "Because of my crime."

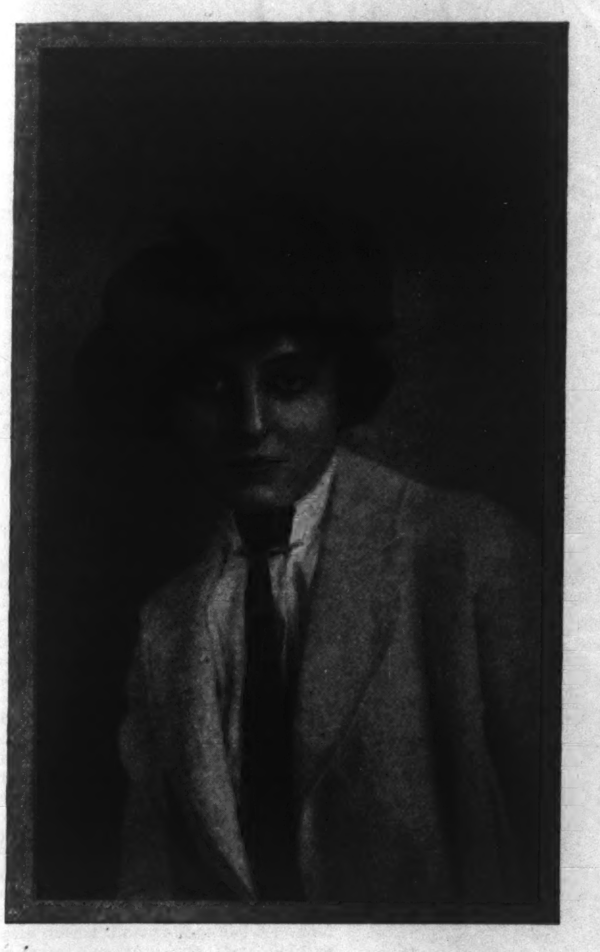
"An' what was thet, Adam Larey?" queried Merryvale, sharply.

"The crime of Cain," replied Adam, sadly. "Come, friend — take me to my brother's grave."

Merryvale seemed galvanized from age to youth.

"Your brother's grave! . . . Guerd Larey's grave? — By heaven, I wish I could take you to it! . . . Adam, you're out of your head. You *are* desert mad. . . . Bless you, lad, you've made a terrible mistake. You're not what you think you are. You've hid in the desert fourteen years — you've gone through hell — you've become Wansfell — all for nothin'. . . My God, to think of thet! . . . Adam, you're no murderer. Your brother is not dead. He wasn't even bad hurt. No — no — Guerd Larey's alive — alive — alive!"

(*The End*)

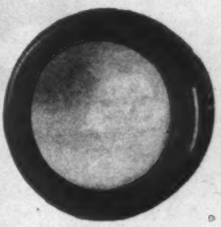


A KODAK

Self-Portrait

Made with a No. 2C Autographic Kodak, Junior, with Kodak Anastigmat *f*.7.7 lens and a Kodak Portrait Attachment. Reproduced in the exact size of the original.

Working with the Kodak Portrait Attachment



Kodak Portrait Attachment 75 Cents

The Kodak Portrait Attachment is simply an extra lens, instantly attachable or detachable, that so alters the focus that "close-ups" may be made and still be sharp and clear.

In our illustration the photographer was her own "subject," a time exposure of six seconds being given. The shutter was operated by means of a thread attached to the exposure lever, the Kodak being very securely anchored to prevent "jiggling" when the thread was pulled.

The really clever part of the whole thing was the use of a mirror *set up back of the Kodak*, by means of which the photographer (or should we say the sitter?) posed herself.

It is Very Simple Out-of-doors

Kodak Self-Timer $1.25

Out-of-doors, or wherever the light is strong enough for a snap-shot, self-portraiture becomes very simple with any Kodak or Brownie that works with a cable release. The photographer simply attaches a Kodak Self-Timer to the end of the cable release, focuses upon the spot that he, in his role of subject, is to occupy, sets the Timer to "go off" a few seconds later and then takes his position in front of the Kodak.

Such pictures should not be made in either direct sunlight or heavy shade. There should, however, be as much unobstructed light from the sky as possible. Set the shutter at its slowest "instantaneous" speed and use the largest stop. The use of a mirror directly back of the Kodak for "posing" is not essential, but will help you in getting the pose and expression you want, and will increase the light on the face.

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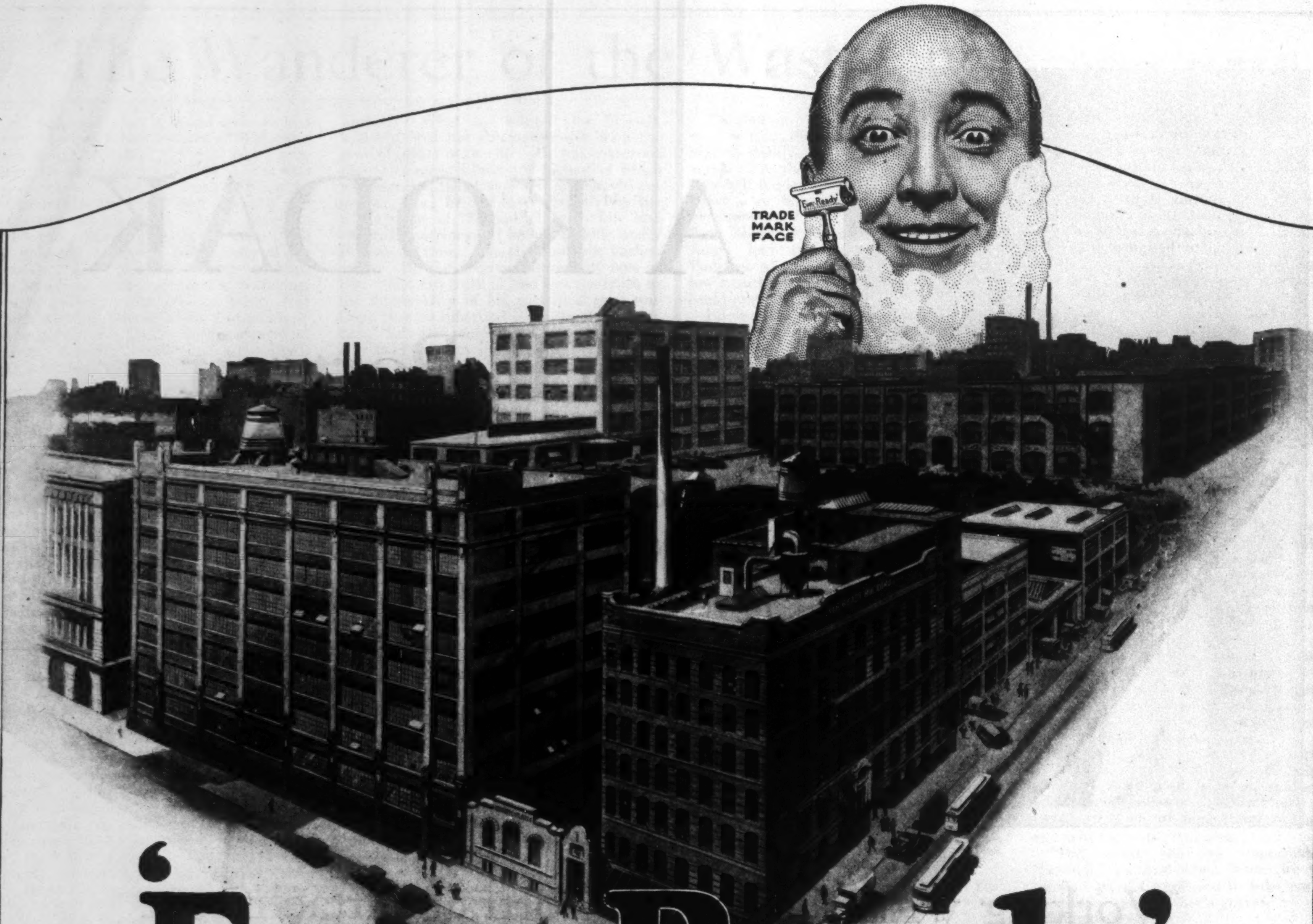
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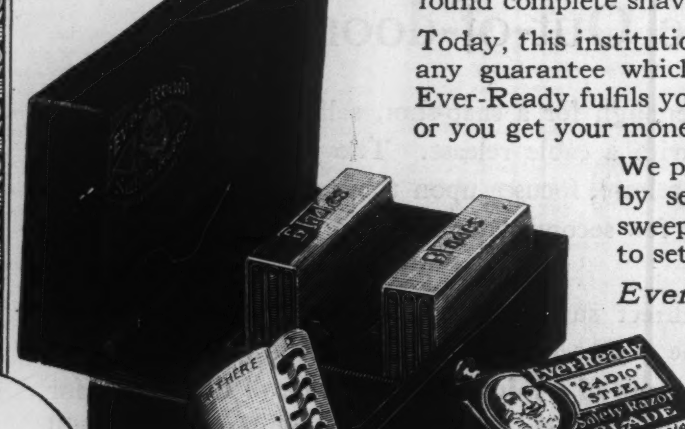
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Can We Stop War?

— Continued from page 23

cause, as I shall show later on. But it did destroy the glamour of war. It made war simply a routine of drab horror. All men were proved brave without enjoying any of the old sporting thrills. The pale clerk or factory hand, the pianist and the professor, fought as well or better than the bully. This was due to the spread of popular education which develops trained wills. Common intelligence was so high that the fear of the realized humiliation and misery of defeat made heroes by the millions instead of the thousands as in the wars fought by small armies in the past.

The World War proved, finally, that there was no profit in war. There never had been for humanity as a whole. War being destructive — how can it be constructive? The idea that it could be constructive sprang from the tributes which victors collected from the vanquished. This time the victor could not collect a small fraction of his costs from the vanquished. The net results for both were wreckage and cemeteries.

After every war the talk about remedies against future wars is rife. The Hague, the old-fashioned diplomacy of alliances and secret treaties and the effort of each nation to outarm its rivals having ended in the worst cataclysm of history, what was to be the next remedy?

THE WISE men gathered in Paris. As doctors of peace they had only to write the prescription. They did not need to occupy themselves with diagnosis. That had been made in the greatest slaughter in history. Millions of men were dead. They had died to end war — do not forget that! The millions who had survived were still fast in the galling harness of discipline. Censorship and authority held them as silent as the dead. They, too, had fought to end war. Again and again during the war they had been told by the wise men to incite their fighting ardor that they would have a new world as the reward of their sacrifices.

They knew what war meant in a way that the wise men could never know. There was no such bitterness in their hearts as in the hearts of the people behind the lines. Their violence had been expressed not in words, in intrigue or propaganda, but in blows. Their mood was pacific; their minds plastic for leading. So they waited for the wise men to give them that promised new world.

But the wise men were old; their minds set in cement. They had not the vision of youth. They had not been close to the truth of death in person; the truth of one's own life at stake which makes vanity and ambition paltry. The citizen soldier who came from the front to Paris, nursing his dream, was heartsick at what he saw.

"It is Vienna and the Holy Alliance over again," he thought.

After the Napoleonic wars, the kings took victory as a mandate to restore the divine right of themselves to rule — the old order of things. The wise men of a century later took their mandate in the same spirit. They did not mean to take it so, but they could not help taking it so.

All were intoxicated with war power, which happened to be theirs because they were in the saddle when the people and the soldiers won the victory. They heard the voices of short-sighted selfish interests, seeking immediate advantage out of imaginary spoils. They did not hear the suppressed voice from the trenches. Mr. Wilson did not hear it, or if so, he did not summon it to his support. He, too, was intoxicated with power. How could it have been otherwise?

Out of the Conference came the League, for which Wilson fought so valorously. The loosely written Covenant was woven through with compromises in the play of the short-sighted interests. Did the wise men believe in it? A few — only a few. It was something for Mr. Wilson.

The wise men knew that it must be ratified by a two-thirds vote of the United States Senate. Or, if they did not know this, their ignorance hardly fitted them to sit in a Peace Conference after such a war as the World War. Of course they knew, but they did not tell their peoples that they knew, thus breeding in the popular European mind the idea that we were "quitters." Many of them counted upon the Senate opposition to assist to the end they sought — the League's gradual demise.

The Senate, in making reservations, was carrying out a mandate for which soldiers died in that pioneer people's war — the American Revolution. Before that, kings and rulers had made war at their own volition. But the people of the United States decided that their sons would not be sent out to death unless the people, through their representatives in Congress, decided that the cause was worth risking death and destruction for. More than a hundred years after this innovation, the Kaiser and a few war-lords decided to plunge all the world into war.

Aside from being precluded from declaring war, the President could not commit us to any treaty that he might negotiate without that consent of two-thirds of the Senate, which was a safeguard against obligations which might force us into the war.

Though the United States did not ratify the Treaty, Mr. Wilson had succeeded in having the Covenant so written into the Treaty that the nations which had ratified it would have to set up the League Secretariat and Council, and call a meeting of the League Assembly, or they would be guilty of public violation of certain articles of the Treaty which would give Germany an excuse for violating certain articles herself. And the Assembly accordingly met.

Scoffers were prepared to laugh at the meeting. They would laugh at it for trying to do too much or for doing nothing. Certain minds feel that they show themselves superior by laughing at peace. They know the frailties of human nature and they are not to be caught by the fads of the dreamers.

All observers, scoffers and dreamers alike, agreed that it was marvelous that the delegates of forty-one nations were actually meeting together under the same roof. What all observers say usually has some truth in it. Personally, I was neither a scoffer nor a dreamer. I hated war too much to scoff. I knew how many dreams had failed; and I knew, too, that the world's greatest men had been called dreamers until they put their dreams over.

I wondered if in the next twenty years one might see seventeen of the forty-one at war. If one might see only fifteen or sixteen that would be an improvement. To reduce the number to ten would be breakneck progress.

THE TROUBLE was that the League had been oversold. It had been advertised as a sure prevention of war. I did not go to Geneva expecting much. The old system had completely failed. I only knew that the new system could not do worse.

But let us look at the delegates — one hundred and twenty-three in all — three for each nation. Accepting the view that each nation takes of its own people in war, we should have had a gathering of saints; accepting the view that each nation takes of an enemy people in war, we should have had a gathering of fiends with misshapen bodies and low, horny brows.

There was no external evidence that there were either saints or fiends among the representatives. All had ears, noses, eyes and mouths in the right places and all were anthropoid. They walked and stood much alike. One nation did not run to longer arms and shorter legs than another as an indication of reversion to the primitive type which always characterizes the enemy. One nation did not run to larger skulls than the others as an indication of that superior power of thinking which one is always supposed to possess over one's enemy.

It is true that some of the delegates who came from lands of mist were fair and some who came from the lands of the sun were swart. They did not all pray to the same God. Those who prayed to the same God sought his favor through different rituals. Not one of the Gods or rituals ever advocated war as the worthiest form of devotion.

There was not the slightest sign that these delegates wanted to kill one another or any human being. They preferred beauty to ugliness, crops of grain to weeds, and good roads to sloughs. If they were ill they preferred medicine that would make them well instead of chronic invalids. If they had a broken leg they preferred a doctor who would set it instead of breaking it in another place. They did not want their homes destroyed, their women and children driven before an enemy's wrath or chipped to bits by shell-fire.

But smoldering behind them, were all the elements which produce such horrors. The mood of the world was nothing like what, presumably, Mr. Wilson had hoped that it would be for the first Assembly meeting. He had sought to remove racial animosity by the remapping of Europe. Suppressed nationalities, come into being as nations, were to foregather in fraternal spirit.

Yet racial animosity still flourished. Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Jugo-Slavia and the other new nations were as unhappy as the older nations. Not one of them felt that it was getting its share of the spoils.

France feared that Germany might try to annex Austria and that her failure to comply with the provisions of the Versailles Treaty meant she would seek revenge. The United States was apprehensive about Japan's military programme; Japan feared that the United States was building a great navy to threaten her dominion in the East and reduce her to poverty. China feared Japan.

The Poles feared Russia. So they advanced into Lithuania to insure a stronger frontier which would only arouse the Russian desire for reprisal. They wanted to fortify Dantzig, the free city, which would anger the Germans whom they feared.

Roumania was possessed by fear of dismembered Hungary and of Russia, whose provinces she had annexed. Greece, which had profited, too, by annexations, feared that Bulgaria and Turkey might seek to recover their lost territory. Italy feared Jugo-Slavia might become dangerous in the Adriatic; Jugo-Slavia feared that Italy might close the doors to her trade.

Fear had formed a little Entente in Eastern Europe, and old-fashioned diplomacy was fomenting and preying upon fear with its intrigues. All this meant more armaments to be paid for by undernourished peoples who were warned that they had better half starve under their own flag than altogether starve under another — and — Would not rich America, where the gold is picked from trees, come to their assistance?

Where indeed was that new world of which we had been dreaming only two years ago? Were we all liars when we said that we fought to end war? That old bogy, Fear, was rattling his sabre in every nation's thought. The soldiers who had been plastic to leading had been led back into the old ruts. Victory for the frailties of human nature!

What was the use? Earn your daily bread! Be kind to your neighbor! Pay your increased taxes for increased armament in order that your nation's youth will not be defeated in the next war!

Yet there were the delegates from the assorted races of the world, in their suspicions, fears, distrusts and hatreds, sitting, in the alphabetical order of their nations, in an ill-ventilated and ill-lighted hall inferior to that of most of our state legislatures. They would be polite to one another — too polite, suggestively polite, perhaps. They were all well enough trained for that in an old-fashioned diplomacy which may not throw a life buoy to a drowning man but does preserve a dignified deportment as he goes down.

AT LEAST, potential enemies were looking into one another's faces across the space between desks instead of across frontiers. The vast inchoate mass of China and stolid little Denmark might in turn be recognized by the Chair. The Australian continent rubbed elbows on its right with little Belgium and on its left with Argentina, thus bridging the southern seas. Peru was neighbor to Holland, Norway to New Zealand, Poland to Persia, and Salvador to Jugo-Slavia, while Venezuela was in the seat behind Switzerland. It was a geography lesson on the nursery floor of peace.

Only some absentees were more conspicuous by their absence than other nations by their presence. The United States, which is being called the most powerful nation in the world, was not there. Nor was Russia. Nor was Germany, whose organization, skill and gigantic prowess held off the world in arms. Without them the nations of the world were as ill-represented as our country would be in Congress without New England, New York and Pennsylvania and Texas and the Pacific Coast.

Was each delegate to speak his own language when he addressed the Chair? It would require the Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island to be chairman of such a babel. French and English were chosen as the mediums. A speech in either language was translated into the other by an interpreter. This meant that double time was required for the transaction of the same amount of business as in Congress.

It happened that there were far more Spanish speaking than English and French speaking delegates. One knew well enough that all the South and Central American nations, except Portuguese Brazil, spoke Spanish, but the vivid illustration of it on the floor of the Assembly came as a surprise. A number of things you knew, abstractedly, or had guessed, came as concrete surprises before the Assembly was over.

THE SPANISH speaking peoples were inclined to demand a third language, but they forebore. Listening to a speech twice is enough without listening to it a third time. No one spoke Spanish as his second language. Though France had only one delegate, nine out of ten delegates spoke some French. This included the South Americans, more of whom knew French than English — which was another surprise — showing that the Monroe doctrine has not done much to spread the English language among our neighbors. The pervasiveness of the French language in the world is not due solely to force of arms. It is the language of Molière, Racine, Voltaire, Lamartine and Pasteur.

How was the meeting to be organized? How were one hundred and twenty-three gentlemen who sat down to their desks in a Parliament of Nations for the first time to start business? The big allied powers were looking after that. If this Assembly of the League must take place, they meant to keep it in hand. France did not want the question of the admission of Germany brought to a test. Lloyd George had enough trouble with the Irish question in Ireland without having it breaking out in Geneva. Japan did not want Shantung broached by the Chinese delegate.

The big Powers had formidable retinues of assistants and experts on hand. Japan's retinue was the largest. Her "study boys" were there to take lessons in this new-fashioned diplomacy.

France had organized a Service of the League of Nations under an army Colonel who sat at the elbow of the French delegates. He was the vehicle of a considered policy, approved in turn by Marshal Foch, President Millerand, and the French Premier, of which the delegates were to be the mouthpiece. The British delegates and the delegates from Canada and the British Dominions, held daily "policy meetings" in which they must have decided to disagree, to judge by the arguments they had with one another on the floor of the Assembly, except in the matter of mandates. There they were united; but not about Russia. Mr. Barnes thought that the League Council had "renigged" on the Russo-Polish situation, and said so — Mr. Balfour, his fellow delegate, being a member of the Council.

Of course, there must be "steering." Somebody is put up to make certain motions. Motta of Switzerland was made temporary chairman; Hymans of Belgium was slated for Permanent Chairman. Hymans was to have been elected by acclamation but up rose that old walrus of the North, Branting of Sweden, who had been in deliberative bodies before. He thought that if the Assembly were to be a deliberative body, now was the time to begin.

Some of those present might want to vote for some other candidate than Mr. Hymans. So the first blow to "bossism" was when the principal delegate of each nation put a piece of paper in the box. Mr. Hymans was elected, but by a secret ballot. Next session the slated man may not be elected. The bosses are glad that the next session is not until September. They may get as weary of having the Assembly on their hands as some of us at home are of having Congress on our hands.

Evidence of the wheels within wheels appeared when Baron Hayashi rose to address the Chair and Sir Eric Drummond, the Secretary-General, kept shaking his head to the member from Japan as much as to say: "It's all settled: you've got it." How-

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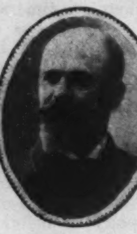
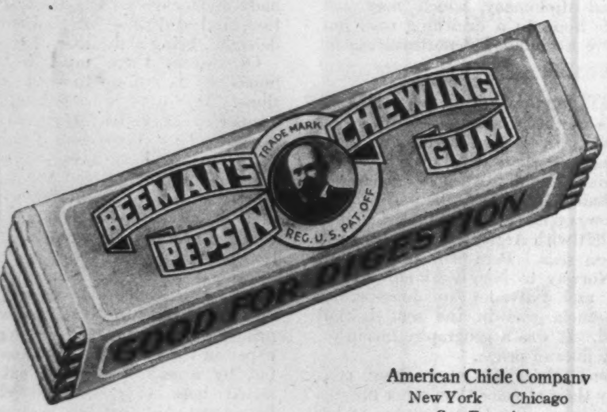


The Downy Couch

Sometimes you go to bed and you are off to sleep in a jiffy. The next day you feel fine and all the man-power in you goes into your work.

Then, some night in the same bed you kick and toss and fret and fuss and fail to get any sleep and go to your work tired and useless.

When sleeplessness is due to hasty and improper mastication of food it is time to give consideration to the regulation of the diet, and it will be found helpful also to acquire the habit of chewing Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal and just before retiring.



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ever, Hayashi persisted in asking the Assembly to elect a Japanese as one of the Vice-presidents. The slate might be made, but he proposed to appeal for popular support, too.

After the election of a permanent chairman the next thing was to appoint Committees. What were they to do? The "Agenda" had arranged that. Gentlemen who gather in a hotel room at three in the morning, while the delegates to a national convention are asleep, to decide what the convention is to do next day, could adopt "Agenda" as a polite word which would give "the steam roller" the appearance of a rose-trimmed car in a floral parade. It would hardly give them sufficient nerve to place upon each member's desk in the Senate and House a programme indicating the only subjects that would be considered at the present session.

But Congress has been going on for a long time. The League Assembly is young and tender. No congressman has to cross a frontier on his way back to his constituency. A large number of the delegates could not reach home without the consent of the British Navy and the French Army. They were strangers in a strange land, and, naturally, from past experience, inclined to timidity. The shadow of the prestige of the great military powers was over their minds.

Would these Committees, considering disarmament, mandates, technical organizations, admission of new States and a permanent Court of Justice, take their work seriously? Had they come to Geneva prepared to enact a farce? They worked long hours and hard. Nominally, the Committee meetings were secret; but when the delegates of forty-one nations meet in a Committee, there is not much difficulty in ascertaining what took place even if there is not an official report of each session issued.

EACH delegate brought to the committee his own ideas of the way that committees worked. A delegate of Latin origin thought that a chairman ought to run the meeting; English speaking delegates soon apprised him that this was not the English custom and that the delegates ran the meeting.

Mr. Hymans, however, held fast to the continental custom as President of the Assembly. This slim dapper Belgian, speaking French and English with equal facility, applied the closure with a gracious poise. Discussions were limited to ten-minute speeches; and when Mr. Hymans thought that there had been enough speeches he declared the discussion closed. Yet all the delegates who wished had a chance to be heard. Some talked to the point and some talked for home consumption just as congressmen do. Though human nature in the mass may not be the same the world over, the Assembly left little doubt that the public man's nature is.

What did the Assembly accomplish in the way of actual legislative action for peace? That is the point that the world had in mind. It set up an International Court of Justice. Every one will admit that this is something, and that it will be more when all the nations have ratified it. The little nations were for making the Court obligatory; the big nations were not. So were the little nations for an advanced pronouncement on disarmament and the big nations against. For the big nations had the armament and were looking at one another askance, while the little nations had no hope of competing with the big.

The Assembly voted a "wish" for disarmament; a questionnaire would be sent out to all the nations on the subject at any rate. A "wish" was about all the authority on a vital creative issue the Assembly had.

It was the "try-out" of this first session which showed how deft the wise men of Paris had been in that loosely written covenant. No real co-ordination, or delimitation of powers, was provided for between the Council and the Assembly of the League. The Council had been meeting once a month. It is composed of the representatives of the Allied and Associated powers and four members from other nations of the League. So it is dominated by the big nations. It can pass nothing without unanimous consent.

The Assembly is composed of three delegates each having one vote from all the member nations, and is supposed to meet once a year or when circumstances demand. It is the popular body; but not what the lower is to the upper house of Congress.

If the Assembly repudiates an action of the Council, or if the Council repudiates an action of the Assembly, what then? The "insiders" of secret diplomacy smile at the question. They say that the real business is done by the Supreme Council of the Allied Powers — which is really Great Britain and France. Nothing in the Covenant prevents this.

The wise men set these two foundlings, the Council and the Assembly, adrift in a war-ravaged world with a nebulous programme. At the same time Mr. Wilson had his Article X which lawyers say means that the Assembly or the Council could order us to send troops to Europe. How could the Council do this if the United States was in the Council and voted No? How could it if we sat in the Assembly and voted No? — when any motion in the Assembly except one of procedure requires unanimous vote!

Therefore, the League is only a debating Society, you may say. The Council does not think so, considering the number of questions that the Assembly put up to it for consideration before the next meeting. Yet it is as a debating society that I think that it accomplished most. One hundred years were required to build the German military machine which began war in 1914, and it was working on the basis of that old institution of war which began when Cain killed Abel. Even the wise men at Paris could not be expected to form on paper an international organization which would spring full-fledged into being with the authority to prevent wars.

Within nations we have a national moral public opinion. Fifty congressmen may make speeches in the interests of their constituents, and not a word of them appears in the press. Then one congressman declares, let us say, that neighboring states are profiting at his state's expense through an act of Congress. The neighbors do not see that they have unfair advantage, for their self-interest is too intense and human for a judicial view. When the people of the other states hear the evidence, they, being detached, conclude that there is a wrong. A wave of national moral opinion ends the wrong.

Everybody knows that if a member of Congress has something doubtful to put over, he does it in Committees. He does not want to bring it to the floor of the house, before the press gallery, which is the agent of public opinion. Finally, there is nothing like airing a grievance in public instead of keeping it bottled up. It evaporates in words. International grievances have been kept bottled up. The Assembly may pull a few corks.

For the delegates had their eyes on the Press Gallery of the Assembly which stood for the moral public opinion of the world. It was an irritating situation for those used to secret councils. Any excuse would do behind the closed doors of the Supreme Council or of the Council of the League where a member, indeed, might not even bother to make an excuse when he was standing for the short-sighted selfish interest of the nation without thinking of the far-sighted interest.

When Leon Bourgeois, who had just won the Nobel Peace prize, said that France would not agree not to increase her military budget in the next two years — which was the Assembly proposition — because of the instability of the rate of exchange, the press gallery smiled. Bourgeois had made a "break." Why not in the same amount of gold as the present budget represents?

MR. BALFOUR, when the mandate question came up, said with some spirit that there must be no interference with the authority of the Council. When Balfour found that he had made a "break" he toned down his view in subsequent remarks. What a nuisance that press gallery sending out dispatches which would be read all over the world! It was always keeping you on guard.

It was found that Geneva was no place to exploit distrusts, at least publicly. The delegates who, metaphorically, had knives up their sleeves in the early sessions, were leaving them at home, and later one imagined the knives being packed away in their baggage as superfluous. Propinquity was developing fellowship. The members were finding out that they were all human despite differences in languages and complexions.

The English speaking members had to get used to mounting the tribune — it was like going to the pulpit — to make their speeches. Viviani of France convinced the delegates that oratory was not dead. He was easily **the master parliamentarian of the Assembly, never hesitating for a word, his flowing sentences beautifully balanced, his cadences** those of a finished actor. When there was confusion he rose with something definite which produced a hypnotic effect. Word that he was speaking brought all the stenographers crowding in to listen.

Personalities impressed themselves regardless of the size of the nation represented. The successful intriguer in old-fashioned diplomacy frequently showed up to poor advantage. With all respect to the moral force of Lord Robert Cecil, I think that Nansen of Norway carried off the honors among the delegates. He was no politician, no lawyer, no diplomatist, but an explorer, an oceanographer, who had been close to the heart of humanity in charge of the repatriation of prisoners. Upstanding Viking of a man, straightness was in his bearing, his words and actions. Everybody knew there was no chicane behind his professions. Such an influence could not be denied.

HOW HONESTY of reputation counts was shown when the delegate of one nation proposed a most humanitarian solution in which his country was ready to take the lead. There was not a cheer. The resolution was tabled. That delegate and his nation had a heritage of tricky diplomacy. Everybody thought that there was a joker behind that resolution, fair as it appeared to the eye. If Nansen had made it, there would have been a round of applause.

So men and nations found their levels. Other factors than the armed force of nations, whether small or large, came into play; their intellectual power in counsel and their industrial and cultural resources. It suggested that some day national accomplishment may be less judged by victories in war and more by victories in peace.

Again reason counted irresistibly against prejudice when you made the right appeal to a committee. Greece and Roumania both opposed Bulgaria entering the League in most skilful technical arguments. But Bulgaria had the evidence. The other delegates saw that it could not be denied as the public would see that it could not be if the question was threshed out on the Assembly floor. Greece and Roumania saw the light — which they might not have seen but for the fear of world opinion — and they gracefully withdrew their objections and moved and seconded Bulgaria's admission. How happy the Bulgars were to be in! And all the other new members, too! The poor, stricken Austrian was particularly happy — to feel that he was in anything again.

Attempts to form permanent cliques failed. That of the Spanish speaking nations failed. The Latin American nations were no more going to be led willy-nilly by Spain than the United States by England, not to mention the "understanding independence" of Canada and the other dominions. The Latin-American can also stand for America "first"; and they disagreed among themselves too much to permit a *bloc*.

The delegate from Colombia reminded Europe of the existence of a civilization in other lands and, despite the memory of "eminent domain" in Panama, paid a compliment to the United States. Whatever the effect in Argentina or on the rest of the world, the withdrawal of the Argentine delegates was taken as a matter of pique of the kind of the little boy who will not "play in your yard."

At the first day's session one heard that this man and that man was being groomed to be the leader of the Assembly; for it was thought there must be one dominating leader. There was none; there were several leaders and more were appearing. It was this that compelled the British and French Foreign offices to remind delegates that they were getting out of touch with national interests. In other words delegates were catching the spirit of the Assembly; they were feeling moral world opinion. They moved about chatting on friendly terms during the sessions as members of Congress do.

When the elections of the four new members of the Council came up there was evidence of canvassing and log-rolling such as you notice in any legislative body. And China won a seat, thanks partly to the personality of Wellington Koo who was so good-tempered, so industrious and made such pointed short speeches, in such good English, that they were in agreeable contrast to Hayashi's, not to mention those of many of the English speaking delegates. Koo was so good-tempered that he made Hayashi lose his temper in a press interview. When Koo read what Hayashi had to say he smiled pleasantly in proof that he was better-tempered than ever.

Now Koo is to sit in the Council looking across the table at Hayashi while both think of Shantung. That is suggestive. It is one of the many little things which, taken with the fact that all the representatives of the world's racial and national fears could feel at home together, convinces one, who did not expect much at Geneva, that humanity may have gained a point here.

What if a delegation from the United States had been seated in the Assembly! The imagination of the Assembly was ever playing with the thought. We were as courted as in the days when the hard-pressed Allies were calling for our troops.

The chief American delegate would have had a busy time. A certain element in the Assembly conceived him as a Father Christmas signing checks for European beneficiaries. Another element conceived his value to be in his judicial detachment from European problems: and this element gained strength.

He would have been detached in one sense; in another embarrassingly attached. Our Irish would have wanted him to force the Irish question upon the floor of the Assembly. In issues where the Czechs differed with the Poles, the Greeks with the Bulgars, the Roumanians with the Hungarians and the Jugo-Slavs with the Italians, cablegrams would have poured in upon him from racial elements at home in behalf of their European kindred. Propaganda, working from the European countries of their origin, would have been exciting their passion.

If our delegate were a wise and brave man he would say that no hyphenate influence counted. He was there to fight it as against true Americanism and true internationalism. He might be as frank as Mr. Rowell of Canada who said that fifty thousand soldiers were under the soil of France as the result of European statesmanship.

Mr. Rowell was thinking in the terms of statesmanship of our relations with Canada in which there is no fear, suspicion or distrust. Europeans, who explain this as due to the fact that the Americans and Canadians speak the same language and are of basic pioneering origin, are confounded by the conditions in the country where Mr. Rowell was speaking.

THERE ARE three races in Switzerland, each speaking its own language. Yet there was not a moment, during the war, when all the army staffs did not realize that every Swiss would spring to arms the instant an invading foot was set upon Swiss soil.

Mr. Rowell's candor irritated the European delegates somewhat, but it was enlightening. It did them good. For one thing, the Assembly brought home to Europeans that, relatively, Europe's power is not what it was in the world and that Europe may have something to learn from America.

Our country had better stay out of the League if it is to send delegates who are unused to Europe and desire the new experience of ambassadorial honor. They are too subject to flattery. We would better stay out if we are to send narrow politicians. We want men who know Europe and are the surer of their American vision for knowing Europe.

While we are imagining ourselves in the League, why not Senator Medill McCormick as one delegate. He is against war. He speaks French well and knows Europe. I should not mind having Senator Borah sitting by his side. As Irreconcilables we know that they would not sell us out.

We should stay out of the League if our coming in means that other nations see only an opportunity to put their hands in our pockets for inculcating more suspicion, distrust, fear, hate and hard times instead of peace and prosperity, or if they can in any way make us do what we do not want to do as a people. Every reservation we think necessary should be made. While we have remained out, time and events have been in our favor.

Facts are the supreme teacher, especially when they are the facts of hard times. In the midst of disorganization, unemployment and financial confusion some of the wise men are discovering how short-sighted they were at Paris. Out of their distress they are developing a broader vision and a more practical sense of the situation.

The dreamer, who wanted to write Utopia full-fledged into a Covenant, and the spoilsman, who wanted profit where no spoils except those of future industry existed, are learning the old human lesson that when you bring together a group of men, all suspicious of one another, and try to tie them

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at once to definite arrangements of association, you fail. Let them exchange views without any commitment, and gradually suspicion departs and understanding comes.

The only compelling force which will count in the League is the development of world opinion for which the League is a vehicle. Compulsion will force the nations back into themselves. It will arouse the sense of belligerent self-defense. It will mean secret alliances and war.

No nation can afford better than the United States to go it alone. But is that to our interest?

If we do our part, will it not have its reward in increased well-being for others, and through them and their increasing markets, for ourselves? The subject is worth serious, businesslike consideration free from partisan politics.

Call it a league, a fraternity, an association, a "confab", or what you will, do we not need an international forum where the nations can publicly exchange views? The present League is established. Its member nations are ready to meet our views by amendments which all agree are necessary.

The Secretariat of the League has been in being for over a year. Truly international in spirit, its members are of many nationalities, including some Americans taken over from the Peace Conference. They are playing the part of an international foreign office, being a permanent service of the same kind as the subordinates of the civil service who conduct the routine business of our Department of State or of the Interior.

The annual expense of the Secretariat is less than for artillery preparation in a general attack on the Western Front. Our share would be about three hundred thousand dollars a year.

Among the members are many former soldiers in the World War. They have brought to the service of this little regular army of peace those qualities of loyalty, devotion and honor which are the soldiers'.

"The value of the League," said one of the soldier members of the Secretariat, "is to teach the habit of thinking in terms of peace."

That is it! That is all that we can hope for, now, when the leading of the wise men at Paris has taken us back to the old fears and animosities. But will this mood last? It did not after Napoleonic Wars. For a time the kings had their own way. Then the people realized what they had fought for and began that great era of the development of constitutional government and of progress which ended with the wireless and the airplane.

Humanity is too tired to fight another great war for many years to come. What I am thinking of is the babies now in their mothers' arms. Shall they be sacrificed in a far more terrible struggle which may be the end of civilization?

Can we stop that war? We have twenty-five years, say, in which to prepare to prevent it.

Education and still more education! The League could accomplish far more than it has, or will by argument if it could have posted in every schoolroom of the world the censored pictures of the horrors of this last war, in order that the children could see what war meant after they had felt the thrill of martial music.

That is only fair to them. It will enable them to know something of what they will have to face. Possibly it will help them in their generation to carry forward progress for another era greater than the century after the Napoleonic Wars.

Can we stop war? The cynical spirit which says that we can not is the same that said we could not stop the pestilences which we now have mastered. We can do anything if our brains are big enough and we have sufficient control of our emotions. We do nothing unless we try. For God's sake — let's try.

That does not imply that we can do without armies in this stage of world opinion. It means wise and optimistic effort which may stop unnecessary armament, prevent some unnecessary wars, at least by eradicating the causes of unnecessary wars in our own minds.

Vampires Ahoy!

— *Continued from page 25*

like she does, 'I s'pose you mean you want *me* to be a vampire?'

"And he said, 'Well, we might try a little cave stuff once in awhile.'

"And then, don't you 'member, Charlotte, we teased him to tell us where the cave was, so we can play Robbison Crusoe. And he just laughed and made us run away; and that's the first I ever heard about a vampire, and I'm sure kissing goes with her."

"Does the nice man say it, or do you, Roberta?"

Roberta meditated. "It don't make any diff'rence. Prob'ly they're both fools. Charles can say it and I'll do the kissing."

Forthwith the company repaired to the veranda to rehearse the male protagonist. Rescued from the temptations of a red lacquered watering-pot, he was restored to the canopy, and, with the aid of sundry cookies and blandishments, got up in his part.

As soon as he was decided to be letter perfect, the Society Ladies arranged themselves on one side, with Publicker Pinion on the other, and the vamping began. Roberta wiggled across the porch rug in the scorpion-like stride of her dancing-teacher, made every variety of amatory eyes she had seen Sophy cast after the grocery boy, plucked a scarlet geranium from a window-box on her own dramatic initiative, and, advancing into perilous proximity, tickled the unhappy victim under the chin.

The Society Ladies looked on in outraged propriety.

"Ain't she disgusting!" observed Mary Angeline, leveling her lorgnette, in imitation of Mrs. Judge Dennis's most imposing hauteur.

"No lady would act like that!"

"If he was *my* husband," proclaimed Lillian, "I'd take him home before she gets him all damaged up."

"Ain't you 'shamed your little girl should see such scannalous actions!"

Gwendolyn was hastily sequestered and her face turned to the wall.

"Now is it time to throw her out?" demanded Publicker Pinion, who could endure the impudicious sight no longer.

But Roberta shook her head and signaled the climactic moment.

"Will you be mine forever, Lord Charles?" she improvised.

"Get up now, honey," prompted Charlotte discreetly, "and say it, like we told you."

Lord Charles arose, stretched his shapely rompered limbs, parted his lips in a smile as delirious as ever tempted a vampire, and intoned passionately: "Tiss me, my flool!" beating meanwhile a staccato fantasia on the tin pail.

"Tiss me, my flool!"

The lines were considered a knockout; but the accompanying stage business savored too strongly of drumming up trade for the best tenets of dramaturgy. Under the persuasion of an additional cookie, he was induced to abandon the pail and the performance was repeated with gratifying results.

Next came the branding and the scene of ejection. The Country Club was located in the Gloucester hammock and the Society Ladies cast the wretched wanton forth with such violence as to create a bump on her forehead and a disturbance in her artistic disposition.

"Now you just quit," she cried, fending off the branding-iron with an unvampish tear, "or I won't play any more! I told you only *pretend* to push me and I'll fall out myself. Mary Angeline Davis, I bet it was you that shoved."

"I did not!" denied the accused.

"It was me," admitted Charlotte, unrepentantly. "And I don't care. You wanted to be throwed and we throwed you."

"Well, I won't play" — Roberta scratched her bump of ejection ruefully — "if you do it like that again. Anyway, Mary Angeline, you jabbed me with that scissors till my shoulder's all bloody."

"This ain't a scissors," defended the dowager, with sophistry. "It's a lornyette and lornyettes can't make you all bloody."

"I don't presume you meant to," Roberta conceded, picking herself up from the Country Club lawn; "but you better be careful. Now we'll do it all over again," she suggested, with a guileful glance at the scissors, "and this time *you* be the vampire, Mary Angeline, and *I'll* be a S'ciety Lady."

"Don't les throw her out any more. Les have her arrested."

"We can't. Charles's pants ain't big enough."

"P'licemens don't have to be a man."

"Yes, they do."

"No, they don't. Daddy says my granma's the best policeman in this town."

"Why, silly, she doesn't carry a club!"

"No, but she makes you walk chalk."

"Haven't got any chalk."

"We don't know how to 'rest anybody, anyway."

"*I* do," dissented Lillian, authoritatively. "One time before my poppa went West we was out drivin' in the auto and a p'liceman stopped us and said, 'Hold up, Jack, is this your idea of ten miles a hour?'

"And my poppa said, 'Honestly, boss, I was just crawling.'

"And he said, 'Well, you better crawl along with me to the station house.'

"And I started to cry and my momma teased him, 'Oh dear, we'll be late to Aunt Carrie's for dinner! Officer, couldn't you stand on the running-board, like you was just talking to us?'

"And the p'liceman looked kind o' sorry, and he said, ''Scuse me, I hate to diserblige a lady. Mebbe, Jack, if I took your name and you promised to drop round in the morning — —'

"Then he got out a little book and wrote in it, and my poppa said 'Sure!' and that's all there is to bein' 'rested."

"Hm!" scoffed Charlotte. "I don't see any scare in that. And it wouldn't be any fun 'nless you was the p'liceman and rode on the running-board."

As everyone preferred to be a vampire, this change of *dénouement* was rejected and the original performance repeated, with a redistribution of rôles. Roberta refused to part with her gown; but the satin slippers, the pendants, the ostrich fan, and the osculatory privileges on Lord Charles were equitably passed around.

Repetition, however, dulls even the most ecstatic of pleasures. After her second essay as a siren, Lillian emerged languidly from the conservatory. "I'm tired of kissing him," she complained. "He's too slobbery. And he ain't old enough."

"He is so," half-heartedly defended Roberta, succumbing secretly to the same mental reservation.

"In the movies, they do it to music," she hinted, blasély.

"Well, we got a talking-machine — —!"

"Why, Charlotte Elizabeth Dickman, you know we're not allowed to run it when mother's away! If Lillian don't like the way we play, she better go home."

"I don't have to. I can stay over here till 'leven o'clock. There comes the postman. Couldn't we vamp him?"

"Goody! goody!" cried Charlotte, preparing the branding-iron.

But Roberta objected, "Prob'ly he wouldn't have time."

"Anyway," blushed Mary Angeline, "*I* wouldn't kiss him. My daddy says *he's* my sweetheart and no other man *darse* to kiss me till I'm sixteen."

"Huh, you kissed Charles."

"Yes, but he's a baby."

"He ain't either. He's the nice man that gets saved from the vampire."

But Mary Angeline was apparently unable to distinguish between personal and professional longevity; and before she could be enlightened, Charlotte discovered another potential histrion in the person of Jimmie Lucas, who was unsuspectingly rounding the street corner.

"Oh, les get Jimmie!"

"You'd kiss *him*, wouldn't you, Mary Angeline?"

"He won't come."

"Boys don't like to play with girls."

"They do so!"

"Not girls in a lump."

"We'll coax him. And not tell him first what we're playin'."

"You holler at him, Roberta. You're the vampire."

But Roberta was seized with a mysterious attack of the giggles and buried her head in the hammock. "I can't. I feel — so funny — with this petticoat of mother's on."

"Well, then, I will," decided Charlotte. "It's my turn to be Hanka Hair anyway. Hello, Jimmie!" she called, supported by the Society Ladies in unison. "Where you goin'?"

"Down the street."

"Come on in."

"I can't."

"Just a little while."

"I haf to take home this steak."

"It ain't dinnertime yet. We got something to show you."

Jimmie hesitated.

"What'll we show him?" panicked Lillian, in a stage whisper.

"I'll think of something after we get him up here," Charlotte assured her.

"Come on up on the porch."

Jimmie inspected the feminine conclave dubiously.

"Ain't there any fellahs?"

"Charles."

"I mean growed-up fellahs."

"Not just now."

"Well, then— —"

"Mmm, Jimmie, if you knew what we're goin' to show you— —!"

Jimmie mounted the steps impatiently. "I only got a couple o' minutes. I haf to take home this steak. What is it?"

At this juncture Roberta uttered a maidenly shriek, catapulted out of the hammock, and rushed madly indoors.

"Don't mind her," admonished Charlotte. "She has the highsterics this morning. Come on, Jimmie, it's in the house." And nudging Lillian and Mary Angeline, she led the way to the living-room.

"I don't see nothing," said Jimmie, looking suspiciously toward an agitated portière whence a black sateen ruffle protruded.

"Well wait, silly!"

The ladies telegraphed signals. While Mary Angeline reconnoitered the cookie jar, Charlotte crossed over impressively to the talking-machine cabinet and took out a shining disc.

"There!" — she held it up. "A brand new record — and very 'spensive. It's jazz, Jimmie. The same piece we had in dancing-school Saturday morning."

"Is that all you got to show me?" grunted the disgusted male.

"Why, Jimmie Lucas— —!"

"I don't wanna dance. I haf to take home this steak."

"Just play it through once."

"Where's Roberta? What's she laughin' at?"

"She ain't anywhere. She ain't laughin' at anything."

Jimmie took a cookie sceptically in one hand and the record in the other and approached the machine.

Charlotte motioned the conspirators behind the portière. "Gimme the fan," she commanded. "Soon as it begins playin', I'll vamp him."

"No, Charlotte," Lillian insisted, "it's my turn."

"I think I'll vamp him myself," decided Roberta. "Then you can, Lillian."

"But if he gets mad and won't let us again?"

"Jimmie Lucas won't get mad. He's a perfeck gentleman."

"I tell you," devised Charlotte, "les all vamp him at once!"

The idea met with instant approval.

"Shall we make eyes and wiggle?"

"We won't have time. We'll just run out and all kiss him together."

Jimmie cranked the machine and put on the record. As he experimented with the accelerator, he was aware of a sudden stealthy tiptoeing in corners. Pivoting round to eat his cookie, he beheld an apartment empty of human habitation. A puzzled frown furrowed his manly brow.

"Aw, come on out," he demanded. "Where you hidin'?"

There was no answer. But suddenly, above the blare of the jazz arose a shrill series of feminine shrieks, portières and window-curtains parted, and the vampires descended upon him *en masse*.

Followed a wild scene. Jimmie's eyes widened with surprise. He ducked his head at the onslaught; then pushed and parried; and, when all milder defensive measures failed, struck out in rage and shame and sent the sirens sprawling. Grabbing his cap, he fled out the front door just as Roberta and Charlotte's amazed mother descended from her town car.

Hurrying up the steps, she was greeted with the *crescendo* strains of a fox-trot, superseded by audible sobs and the tick of an overrun needle.

"Children, what's the meaning of this," she demanded, breathlessly: "Jimmie Lucas bolting out of the house without speaking to me and the talking-machine going full tilt in my absence?"

No immediate reply was forthcoming. The ladies were distributed over the *mise-en-scène* in various distracted attitudes. Roberta wept silently into her sateen ruffles. Mary Angeline rocked to and fro on the floor, sobbing dolorously. Lillian was disengaging herself from the remains of a reading-lamp. Of the late Loreleis, only Charlotte, examin-

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ing her knee on the davenport, exhibited evidences of coherence.

"There ain't anything the matter," she announced; "only we've been playin' vampire, and Jimmie Lucas got mad, and throwed us all around. I hurted my knee again and my scab's all spoiled. Mother, make Roberta stop bawling. She's fourteen months older'n me and I ain't bawling."

"You shut up, Charlotte Dickman! I guess I can bawl if I want to! It's your fault anyway, askin' him in here. I don't care, I just hate Jimmie Lucas — I hate ev'ry man in the world — except my daddy! Oh dear, oh dear," — hiding her head in the bedraggled fan — "I'm so 'shamed, mother, I'll never darse to go to dancing-school again."

"I didn't break your lamp, Mrs. Dickman," alibied Lillian. "It just fell on me."

"Be quiet, all of you!"

Frowning perplexedly, Mrs. Dickman unpinned her motor veil, sat down on the lower stair-step, and motioned the disheveled band about her. "Now, then" — she catechized — "Vampire! That doesn't sound like a nice sort of game for well-bred young ladies to be playing." Her eyes searched penetratingly for evidences of original sin. "Lillian, I hope you haven't been teaching — —"

"No, ma'am," — emphatically — "they teached me."

"Mary Angeline — —"

"Please, Mrs. Dickman — I was only a S'ciety Lady — that looked on — with a lornyette," testified Miss Evans, and returned to her private grief.

Indications pointed toward intramural culpability. "Roberta! Charlotte!" — with compelling mien — "surely you — —?"

"Roberta made it up out of Rudyer Kindling and the movies," admitted Charlotte, reluctantly.

Maternal light began to filter.

"Roberta, come here." Miss Dickman disengaged herself tardily from the seclusion of a portière. "Did you make up this — bad, bad game?"

"I did *not*, mother," protested the discredited histrion, "make it up bad. You took me to the picture yourself; and coming home you said to daddy it was 'mannificent emotional work.'"

"*I* took you?" gaped her amazed interlocutor. "You must be mistaken! What picture was that?"

"Why, that dandy one at Dreamland Thursday night, where the lady that wiggled with the ostrich fan chased the nice man into the conserv'tory and put on her new jazz record, and daddy said there's where they drop the atsbestos curtain; but they didn't drop anything — only throwed her out of the Country Club. Don't you 'member?"

"Heavens!" gasped Mrs. Dickman guiltily. "It must have been Paula Wilbur in 'The Siren's Song'!"

HERE was "magnificent emotional work" interpreted from an unexpected angle!

"And we tooked her name," Charlotte supplemented, "out o' that perfectly rotted poem daddy's all the time readin' to you about that

> 'Fool there was that said his prayer
> To Ragga Bone and Hanka Hair.'"

"I say my prayers to God," interjected Lillian, at the conclusion of this classical transcription; "but he's gettin' deaf. Do you think Hanka Hair'd send me a white 'namel bedroom set for Gwennolyn?"

Mrs. Dickman groaned. "How did you play this — vampire game?"

"Oh, wiggle — —"

"And make eyes — —"

"And kiss the breath right out of him."

"Mercy on my soul!" — she threw up her prettily ringed hands. "They've got the whole bag of tricks! Mary Angeline, weren't you a vampire, too?"

"Yes'm — after I was a S'ciety Lady." Mary Angeline still sat, rocking herself dolorously. "Oh dear, I'm 'fraid to go home! My poppa says he's my only sweetheart and nobody else darse to kiss me till I'm sixteen. I've got eight years to go yet, and now I've went and played this horrid game, and kissed Jimmie Lucas, and — Do you think my life's ruined forever, Mrs. Dickman?"

"I guess her life ain't *very* ruined," discounted Charlotte. "She only kissed him on the ear. It was all right when we had Charles, but Jimmie plays too rough."

"Mother, I don't think he's a gentleman. He kicked, and sweared, and scratched us — —"

"I know what he sweared," elucidated her sister, "but I ain't allowed to say it."

Lillian labored under no such linguistic restrictions. "He said, 'Aw, hell, get away from me!'" she particularized calmly. "Please may I have a cookie? I can stay over here till 'leven o'clock."

Other than glancing supplicatingly at the Tiffany self-winder on the mantelpiece, Mrs. Dickman paid no attention to this gustatory request. She sat flicking her gloves back and forth with a precision that to the practised eyes of Roberta and Charlotte denoted determination of degrees of guilt and punishment. Presently she got up and crossed over to the talking-machine, where "The Baby Vampires' Ball" stared up at her jazzily.

"Vampires! jazz! — Rot!" Acting upon a sudden impulse of unrestraint, she caught up the record and broke it across her knee, while the ladies of the *ensemble* looked on agape. "This'll be about all of *that* sort of thing in *my* house," she pronounced, as if in self-judgment. "Two years at a 'Mothers' Round Table' — and a club seminar on 'Uplifting Influences in the Home' — and here's what they've brought me to!"

She closed the machine with a snap; but remained ruminatively beside it, lip bitten in and elbow on the lid. "I must speak to their daddy about this. It's ridiculously serious. We've been altogether too lax. He'll have to stop making his 'wise cracks' before them on every subject that comes up. And I — I've been too occupied with the theatre and the Country Club. These trundle-beds are aping us. 'Like parent, like child,' poor mamma was always dinning into me; but I never properly realized what she meant."

"THEN can't we play vampire any more — ever?" ventured the intrepid Charlotte, as her mother remained staring fixedly at the broken disc.

"No, never!" — she wheeled. "And right after luncheon you and Roberta are to go over and apologize to Jimmie Lucas. There'll be no more theatre for either of you — for a month," she formulated; "and then your pictures will be censored, as will likewise your daddy's literary recitals. I've warned him often enough little pitchers have big ears."

"*My* ears ain't big," exempted Charlotte, pulling her pink lobes experimentally.

"And can't we make up any more games out of the movies?" wailed Roberta.

"Sometime, perhaps," temporized Mrs. Dickman, folding up her motor veil. "Why!" — she suddenly galvanized — "*there's* an idea for the 'Round Table'! They're always clamoring for something practical to put through. I'll get them to take it up with the manager of Dreamland."

"And what'll *he* do?" persisted Charlotte, as her parent exhibited symptoms of again lapsing into soliloquy.

"Show you some new films, probably — much nicer than 'The Siren's Song.' And you can make up all the games you want to out of them."

"What new films'll he show us?"

"Oh," she hazarded, "*Jack and the Beanstalk — The Bluebird — Pollyanna* — —"

"Pollyanner: is she a bad game, too?"

"No, she's a *glad* game! And next time mother'll play with you. Won't that be splendid? Now, Lillian, you and Mary Angeline take your cookies and run home. Good heavens!" she recollected panically. "Where's Charles? I told you not to let him out of your sight."

"We left him in the conserv'tory," recalled Charlotte, "and prob'ly he's eatin' the leaves."

"That precious babe!" wailed his compunctious progenitor. "He'll swallow worms and have the colic."

But before she could hasten to his rescue, the vestibule door opened and Lord Charles appeared, accompanied by his wooden spoon and superannuated tin pail.

"Wanna play some more," he announced.

Uneasy silence settled over the *dramatis personæ*.

But Lord Charles was impervious. Surveying the assembled company with ingratiating smile, he singled out his mother as an obviously new candidate for osculatory honors, toddled over to her, stretched his shapely rompered limbs, performed a deafening fantasia on the pail, and demanded passionately:

"Tiss me, my flool!"

Whereupon, to the astonishment of the late discomfited sirens, his shocked parent capitulated and joined the ranks of the vampires.

The Wasted Generation

[*Continued from page 30*]

All my boyhood was about me as I hurried on under the vaulted elms: Parson Miller's home where Ben and I had strung a tick-tack; the green picket fence where the fox terrier came fearfully out when we rattled our sticks; the side street where I had fought M'Ginnis; the hideous soldiers' monument where the snowball fights raged; the stone bridge to which I used to steal after supper to meet Jenny. The past lay at my side — tranquil, unchanging, and undisturbed by the currents that whirled and struggled three thousand miles away, and in that moment I, too, felt a leaping joy in my heart to be in this America which had stood still in the breathless rush of things.

THE lights were in the windows of the great hall as I turned the postern and came up the deep well of the evergreens, toward the low, rambling, red house that sat at the feet of the three drooping elms. I came slowly across the white hoarfrost which coated the lawn, and the stiff gravel cried out as I stood under the *porte-cochère* — undecided, fearful of what I should find, steeling myself against the shock of disillusionment, and in my heart the cold repugnance of that one dreaded confrontation — Letty, at the side of Ben. Yet, despite doubt and shrinking, I think that in my heart the deepest sentiment was a weak gladness to leave all the world behind and come back, as a tired boy comes back, into that sheltered warmth which is called home.

As I debated, with a sudden scurry and barking defiance, the dogs came, tumbling over each other, and the next moment old Dan was in my arms, while the two younger dogs, accepting me on faith, set up a furious chatter. Then, a rush of feet across the hall — the door was flung open, something soft and fluttering leaped to my neck and — home was a reality, with Molly crying my name.

She was no longer the laughing tomboy of the bobbed hair and short skirts, but a woman whose eyes were on a level with mine. I took her by the shoulders and held her from me fiercely, and then caught her to me once more with a great thankfulness, for the eyes were straight and clear and the heart was the heart of my little sister.

My mother ran out, and it gave me a great thrill to see her face, for we had always stood in awe of her — of her austerity, her brilliance and her measured mentality. To us she had always been one on whose public services we children should never intrude. I think she must have pictured me as stricken or mutilated, for I never shall forget the first incredulous look on her face as she saw me, and then — the burst of tears. In all my life, in stress and disaster, I never remember to have seen her show such emotion.

"Be careful with the Governor," Molly whispered. "Don't seem surprised. He's in there."

He was in the dusky library, sunk in a great leather chair, a drop-light at his side, and I noticed at once how thin and loose was the hand that lay on the magazine.

"Hello, Governor," I said. "Dropped in to see you."

He put out his hand and felt of me. He was gray and the red blood had run from his face and left the feeble veins under the drawn skin. The watery eyes came unsteadily up to mine, and passed on to the faces of my mother and Molly, in a silent, terrifying interrogation. I guessed what was in his mind, even before he spoke — for it was written in his eyes:

"Then, it's closer than I thought."

The mater stood it without flinching, but Molly swayed, and went suddenly out of the room.

"Not much, Governor," I said, in bluff cheerfulness. "We're a tough lot. They tried hard to get me, but they couldn't. Don't get any such nonsense in your head. I came home because the doctors insisted upon my being fattened up before they'd let me back. Two months' furlough."

His fingers had closed over my wrist and, still holding it, he motioned me to be seated.

"Glad you're here, Davy."

"And lots to tell you, Governor. I've good news for 'you."

"Alan?"

Now, the Governor had never been as quick as that and I ascribed it to the uncanny prescience which comes to the very sick.

"Yes — Alan." I drew out the cross from my pocket and laid it before him.

"Governor — you don't need to be ashamed of Alan. He sent that to you — and told me to tell you how he'd won it."

He looked up quickly at the mater, and his lip trembled so that, hastily, we changed the subject. I left him presently, with a promise to return, and went out into the hall, where Molly's hand slid into mine.

"Aunt Janie?"

"Up-stairs."

"You expected me?"

"Mr. Brinsmade telephoned."

"Who's here?" I said, suddenly. "Ben?"

"No. They're coming at the end of the week."

This news took a sudden dread from my heart. For that night — the night of my home-coming, I would not have to face that!

The very old change little. Aunt Janie was the same fairy-godmother that I remember as a mischievous youngster — tall, thin, a little stooped — soft-voiced, gentle — living in a more measured age, aloof from the momentum of the present. Strange, silent, devoted soul — she had come into the home, asking of life only the opportunity of serving others! She had brought us up, run the house, planted the trees which had grown to full stature and let the rest of the world pass her by — faithful to the one and only love of her life, the memory of the Captain of the 11th Massachusetts who had died at Antietam. His sword hangs above the fireplace and his portrait is in the locket at her throat. Each night, after the rest of the house has retired, she descends and closes the doors, examines the windows, ushers the dogs into the back hall, and extinguishes the lights. Nothing has ever been able to dissuade her from this last responsibility. We argued with her, we implored her, and, finally, we came to accept with a feeling of restful gratitude the sound of her slippered tread up the stairs, ushering in the night.

I am always to her about twelve years old and, I think, her favorite.

"I have prayed for you every night, Davy," she said, when I put my arm around her. "*You've* come back."

Possibly she had been dreaming by the fire of the other, who had not returned. I sat there, trying to answer her questions and finding it difficult. It is not easy to talk about the war. The point of view is so different. All that I have lived has been so inevitable, so part of the instincts of the man who fights, that I find it hard to comprehend the curiosity of those who look on it from the outside. To me still it is this other life that is incomprehensible, and chaotic, and profoundly disturbing. When men must fight — it is better to forget. . . . With all the home memories thronging about me, sitting there with Aunt Janie's hand in mine, I was thinking but one thing. "In two months I shall return to it — the grim gamble, where those who stake their lives must lose in the end, inevitably — as all gamblers do."

THE NEXT night Molly and I drove over to the Brinsmades. Anne had been insistently in my thoughts all day. All my revolt from the dead weight of emptiness in life was instinctively toward her. Yet I can hardly explain to myself now the strangeness of my conduct, once in her presence, nor the motive that prompted me deliberately to wound her, as though I were seeking once for all to put her out of my life. Was it some savage instinct of honesty toward her, or a strange inhuman bitterness that entered my soul — a resentment for the thing offered against the thing denied? I do not know. I cannot yet see clearly.

Yet I do know that I came there eagerly, with a great need for the affection of my old playmate. For what Bernoline had waked in me — the discovery of the harmonious companionship of a true woman — had left me with a new feeling of dependence. Perhaps, also, in the years of absence, I had idealized my very human little friend.

I do not know if such contradictory impulses are true of others or only of me. I imagine that few persons would understand me. Yet it is true that in the desolate lone-

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liness against which I was struggling, I longed to find in some one, some one known and kind, some measure of that deep womanhood of the Bernoline who had gone.

When we arrived the dance was in full swing. I stood staring, unable to adjust myself to the carnival note. For months I had not looked on such a scene. For months I had forgotten the existence of this world, where color fired the imagination and music awoke disturbing need of pleasure. Anne hurried forward, we shook hands, and — a sudden shyness came between us. Others crowded up, an old friend or two, chance acquaintances — an indiscriminate, curious crowd that, to my annoyance, insisted on treating me as a hero. I resented it all. The men offended me. I forgot I had once been like them. How unrelated to actualities they were — these men, mostly of my generation, of the generation of wasted opportunities — well set-up, pleasing, clean-cut, but so untested, so devoid of the stamp of leadership. What could they know of the realities that were gathering on the horizon? The sobered France of Bernoline lay outside. Light and shadow, I thought. Half the world dancing, while the other half staggers through the night!

Then I thought of the leaping call to duty which, in the coming day, would startle them in the midst of their playtime. And, knowing what I know, the irony of it all stood out. How little they could divine the future or what the immutable slow-moving course of little things could mean to each.

"My generation is the tragic generation," Saint Omer had often said to me. Would this, too, be our tragic generation — a generation brought up only to play, to enjoy life gluttonously, to pursue pleasure riotously — abruptly halted in the full of the revelry and summoned to face the recurring test of the ages?

I DARE say the mood was morbid, yet there was cause for irritation. My ears were filled with the chatter of silliness. I was paraded for the curiosity of empty-headed girls, outrageously *décolleté* and bejeweled. Had I been afraid? Wouldn't I please tell them about the atrocities? Had I really killed a man? What did it feel like? What sort of uniform did I wear? Was it attractive?

One disappointed young lady exclaimed: "Oh, dear! Then you're not an aviator. I'm just crazy to have one of those dinky little caps!"

Molly, who divined my irritation, saved the situation by drawing me away into the library, where I shook hands with Mr. Brinsmade, and presently, ashamed of my too evident ill-humor, I returned to the ballroom.

I was a little hurt, too, that Anne had not made more of my coming. I remembered her diffidence, her quick yielding to others who pressed around her, and I asked myself moodily the reason for this attitude. Was it the memory of old days — of certain things half-expressed in her letters? Had her father spoken to her as he had to me? Did she expect that I would assume any rights over her? This last thought increased my irritation. I stood at the door of the conservatory, watching her as she danced.

It was not the Anne that I remembered. There was a finished charm about all she did, a grace of conscious assurance, a sure sense of her own value, that for some reason offended me. She was no longer an impulsive girl, but a brilliant and confident woman. From the tumult of her golden hair to the *décolleté* of her black jet shoulder gown, that revealed too boldly the lithe and graceful lines of her body; in the ready smile of attention, to the eyes which had the fevered sense of pleasure — she was one of a vapid, inconsequential society which, that night, offended every instinct in me.

"And the worst is, she feeds upon it," I said to myself, gloomily.

When the dance ended, she came directly to me, smiling and confident. I was quite at a loss to account for the sudden antagonism which came over me.

"I saved this dance: it's yours, Davy. If you'll ask me?"

"I've forgotten how," I said, shortly, and with very bad grace. "Besides, after all this while — we might have something to say to each other."

Now, this was not only ill-humored, but unjustifiable. She looked at me quickly and then, with a swift glance down the conservatory: "There's a corner. Let's sit it out."

A little remorseful, I gave her my arm, saying:

"First, I want to thank you for your letters. They meant a lot."

She did not answer, suddenly serious, wondering, perhaps, at my mood. When we had come to our corner, she turned and faced me.

"You have changed, Davy."

"And I don't think I should have known you." She looked at me so quickly that I added: "You see — I am dazzled."

"You do not approve?"

The truth is that I did not quite approve, and her question threw me off my guard. She must have read my eyes, for such a hurt look came to the corners of her lips that I repeated, hastily:

"My dear Anne — I am dazzled. I have come out of a gray world, and I am still blinking with astonishment. I can't quite get used to it. You women are different from the women over there — more feminine, perhaps — but you represent something I had forgotten. Don't pay any attention to me. I'm an old bear who comes to you, grumbling, out of the wet and the mud."

"I see," she said, and then: "But I do pay attention to what you say; so please be frank, as you always were, Davy."

"I don't think you would understand," I began and then, struck by the absurdity of it, I broke into a laugh. "After all, it isn't the slightest business of mine."

"Am I any different from the rest?"

I looked into the dancing crowd.

"No — of course not."

"Well — then?"

"Anne, you will not understand in the least; you probably will be offended, but — since you ask, I will tell you — "

But there I stopped.

"So — you're not going to tell me?"

"No. Besides, it is a question — of a point of view."

"I wonder what you really think of me, Davy?" she said, puzzled. "Is it such a very bad opinion?"

"It is not your fault. It is the whole system," I blurted out, led on by my growing irritation — the feeling, perhaps, of the quality of girlhood that should be there and was now gone, the eyes that had seen too much, the ears that had heard too much, the woman who knew too well her worth in the eyes of men. Perhaps it was because I needed to see her differently that I felt so strongly. "It's you who are defrauded. There are bigger things in our women than just the pursuit of pleasure. However," I broke off, with a sudden laugh — "I am just as absurd to be talking to you like this!"

"I wanted to go over there and nurse," she said, looking down. "Heavens — don't you think I'm tired of this sort of life!"

"I wonder just how sincere that is," I said, watching her with amusement. "Service, or — adventure?"

She sat up, suddenly frowning.

"You will go back?"

"Of course."

SUDDENLY, a recollection smote me.

"My dear Anne, don't mind me to-night. I dare say I'm unjust, but I'm living in another world, and this — shocks me — the incomprehension of it all! Are these really men and women, and do they think war is a vaudeville show? Yes, I am out of temper — but if you'd heard the questions I've been asked! I beg your pardon. You were very good to write me all the time: it meant a lot, too."

She looked up, so happily that I began to reproach myself for my boorishness.

"What is it you don't like in me?"

"I should like to see you — you and Molly — in the blue and white of the Red Cross, with big square hob-nailed boots, splashing around in the mud and rain — with smirches on your dainty noses!"

I had hurt her, despite my assumed levity, and I knew it. Some one came up to claim a dance, and she rose quickly, both of us glad of the interruption. The rest of the evening I spent with Mr. Brinsmade. Now that I write it, I am sorry that I acted as I did.

I have seen Letty. I had steeled myself to the meeting, with a cold, panicky dread. Yet, when the actual test came, I was amazed at my self-possession. The inevitable thing is, after all, the easiest thing to do. It was so, I remember, with my first test in battle, the question of courage, which had so tortured my imagination, clarified itself with the first command. I answered it, as others did, because there was no other choice.

So, the moment that the crisis arose, I knew it would have to be gone through — that I would have to meet her eyes and his, without a false movement. It had to be done, and I did it, as calmly and naturally as though I had lied all my life. And yet, there was one awful moment for me — and for her, too.

They had motored over for luncheon and I knew that they would arrive about one o'clock. I debated and made a dozen decisions, changing them immediately. I would wait until all the company was assembled and meet them in the confusion of the crowd. I even contemplated a morning canter — timing my ride so as to meet them on my return, and obtain some clue to the exact situation in the advantage of the hasty informality. For I felt a cold dread of the test.

What had she told him? Was I to act as a chance acquaintance, or as an old friend? If I pretended ignorance, my attitude might rouse his suspicions immediately. Yet if I called her by her first name and showed the knowledge of an intimate I might precipitate a dangerous situation. I must take my cue from her — holding myself alertly on guard.

At the last moment, at the sound of their entering the driveway, I did the thing I had not even considered. I went out on the porch and stood forth openly to greet them, curiously calm and ready for my turn, now that it was a question of danger. Yet I loathed the dissimulation that I could not escape.

The next instants seemed leaden. The car drove up. I looked at Ben, steadfastly, controlling my glance. Fortunately, he was nearest me.

"Hello, there — old fellow!"

"Hello, Ben," I said, in my heart a great thankfulness.

"*Bon jour, Monsieur* my brother-in-law, you have not forgotten me?"

I looked. I had to look. Letty's shadowy eyes — calm, even a trifle amused — were on me with no more trace of emotion than was in her voice.

"The idea! But I did not expect to meet you again like this," I heard myself saying, with all the banality of an accomplished society fop. Had there been a look of fear or distress in her eyes I might have faltered, but her self-possession roused my anger and that carried me through. I took the gloved hand (thank heaven, it *was* gloved) and forced some sort of a smile to my face. Fortunately, the others ran out, and the first test was over.

Luncheon ended, after coffee in the conservatory, Ben said:

"Davy, let's take a tramp around the duck-pond. There are some things I want to talk over with you."

I rose and I know that my heart leaped. I saw Letty's little fingers work slowly up the arms of her chair and her shoulders stiffen. That was all; but I, who knew Letty, knew what terror was beneath.

We bundled up and went out over the hard ground, and, as we passed the conservatory, I saw that Letty had taken up a position by the window. I did not dare look at her, for my own heart within me stood still, awaiting his first words. Everything required me to make some reference to his wife — and yet I could not do it. My tongue would have refused to move.

"The mater does not like my marriage, Davy," he said, finally, after he had waited for me to begin the conversation. "Oh, it's nothing open — she's too loyal for that, you know; but, of course, their worlds are absolutely different. Still, I feel it, and I know that Letty feels it."

"Yes — I suppose that would be so," I said, forced to say something.

AGAIN, he seemed to wait for something I should say and when I remained silent, he dropped into silence, too. Presently, he began to whistle to himself, and — so we came to the duck-pond. The cabin we had built as children still stood, sagging and covered with moss.

"I can't get Rossie out of my mind," I said, suddenly. "Remember the day he stepped into the hornet's nest and had to dive into the pond?"

We stood on the rustic bridge, leaning over the rail — the white, solemn ducks waddling below us.

"Davy, will you answer a direct question?"

I felt the moment approaching.

"Fire away."

"Did you ever write back anything against Letty to the family?"

"What!"

He repeated the question while, for me, the tension relaxed. Still, this might be only a preliminary.

"Ben, I have never written a word home at any time mentioning your wife one way or the other."

"You knew her well over in Paris, didn't you?"

"We were in the same crowd — yes."

"Weren't you a little bit in love with her at one time?"

"Frankly, yes; we all were."

I had given my answers readily, for each question I had foreseen.

"Do you know, Davy," he said, looking me in the face, "that I am beginning to think that you, too, do not approve?"

"That's a hard question to answer but since you've put it — here goes. There's been something closer between us, Ben, than between other brothers. I think I would make any sacrifice for you and your happiness. I'm not thinking of Letty — I'm thinking of you. I know her world and I know yours. Her world is a world that takes everything lightly, and is not bruised by disillusionments. You are different. If you should be unhappy it would break you."

"You don't know her as I know her," he broke in.

"No — of course not."

FOR A moment the hideous irony of it escaped me. Had it been any other man, I would have been willing to convince myself that Letty, like a thousand other women of her class, was capable, once her love awakened, of absolute loyalty and devotion. But did she really love him — beyond a caprice of the emotions? That was what I did not know.

"Ben, you know that I am always loyal — no matter what happens. If it were a question of your good, old fellow, I would give my right arm."

I held out my hand, and waited. If he could not bring himself to take it . . . But he did — though after some hesitation. The first test, thank God, was over. I felt sure he could not have suspected and done that!

What had we said to each other? What could I have said differently? I was caught in the iron grip of circumstances, and every word was dictated to me. I knew my brother, and I was afraid — coldly, mortally afraid. Such men are capable of murder . . .

Then I told him of Bernoline. Some instinct warned me to do so, and the way his face cleared instantly and the old affection returned confirmed my suspicions. Beneath all he had said — or not said — was something brooding. . . . Only, in that case, the situation was more than ever fraught with danger.

We went back over the old days, when we four were the Littledale boys — Big Dale, Little Dale, Tiny Dale, and Rossie, who was no Dale at all. With the clearing vista of years, I saw my brother as he was and I was astonished to find in my new estimate of him a sense of superiority. He felt it, too, for once or twice he said something which showed me that he had a feeling of having stood still.

I told him of having seen Alan.

"I never liked him," he said, without compromise, "and there's no use pretending; but I'm glad he made good." He turned to me, laying his hand on my arm for the first time. "Davy, there's not been much luck in the family, has there? We're out of existence — shot to pieces. And the other time doesn't seem so very far away — the time when we romped and played like good, wholesome puppies. Rossie gone — Alan drifting about the world — you crawling back by the skin of your teeth. . . . I suppose there's no use arguing with you about your going back, is there?"

"None."

"Well, if we don't wake up and get into it, I'm going, myself," he blurted out. "The mater, of course, is all for pacifism, but as for the Governor — I believe he is just hanging on until we declare war."

"I believe so, too."

"Must seem strange to you, here."

"Yes — strange."

We each wished the interview over, I felt. With all our attempts at restoring the old intimacy, there was a constraint on us we couldn't shake off.

The first sight I saw, as we went back, was Letty's face at the window of the conservatory. It was only a look, for she rose immediately and shifted her seat, but that look I shall never efface from my memory. She was no coward. Indeed, I have never known any woman with more of the reckless, devil-may-care attitude toward danger, but that vital hour, when she sat there in silence and wondered, must have tried her soul.

[The next instalment of Owen Johnson's "The Wasted Generation" will appear in the June-July McClure's]

The Human Side of Us

By

Fred C. Kelly

MOST of us, in our desire to make ourselves appear more important than we really are, unconsciously go in for some form of pose or pretense. Nearly every profession or occupation has its own peculiar kind of affectation. Singers and cornetists, for instance, often make needlessly wry faces, so that their work will seem more difficult. Professional pianists make superfluous motions with their hands. Doctors write out prescriptions for even the simplest remedies in strange symbols. If a doctor wishes a patient to take a pinch of table salt, he knows that the patient would hesitate to pay him a large fee for such simple information, and so he makes use of weird signs representing sodium chloride, and sends his patient to an all-night drug-store where the clerk charges the patient seventy-five cents or a dollar. The whole transaction is surrounded by as much mystery and gravity as if the prescription were for some heaven-sent panacea known only to the doctor, and maybe a couple of kings. Not one doctor in ten will voluntarily tell what is in a bottle of medicine he prescribes, but rather seeks to convey the idea: "You wouldn't understand, even if I told you."

You go to a doctor with a case of hives and he looks so serious that you wonder if you will ever pull through. Then, a week or so later, when the hives have run their course and you are all right again, you feel as if you have had a close call and owe the doctor much money and gratitude.

Lawyers do with Latin phrases and long circumlocutions what the doctors do with their mysterious symbols. A man desires to transfer a piece of property. Now the natural way to express this idea in a deed would be simply to say: "I sell you the following property." Nothing more than that in the way of preliminary remarks should be necessary. But when a lawyer gets through with a deed, it starts off somewhat as follows:

"John Smith, of Geraniumville, Hicks county, Ohio, on the 29th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1916, he then and there being, in consideration of the sum of one minted dollar, to him in hand paid, and to his satisfaction, by one William Jones, the party of the second part, at or before the sealing and delivery of these presents, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, *e pluribus unum in tres divisa est*, does, that is, he, John Smith, himself, does hereby bargain, convey, sell, grant, give, hand over, transfer, deliver and confirm unto the said William Jones in his actual possession, now being by virtue of a bargain and rate to him, *quo warranto, de bonis non, ne plus ultra*, made by indenture, bearing date the next day before the day of the date of these presents, his heirs and assigns, *quid and quo; ad finitum*, Johnny-get-your-gun, world without end, Ah-men—et cetera."

By the time a client gets through reading a few pages of stuff like that he is ready to concede that his lawyer must be a person of considerable consequence.

Ministers of the gospel sometimes pose, even while leading in prayer. I have heard ministers pray in an assumed offhand manner intended to show an easy familiarity, a close intimacy, with the Deity.

Undertakers pose to the extent of looking more solemn than they actually feel.

Writers are by no means free from this vice of posing. Nearly every writer likes now and then to make use of some little-known word, just to give the impression that he has such words corraled as a part of a special reservist force subject to call for special duty whenever he chooses to issue the command.

No matter who or what we are there is quite likely to be a well defined trace of pin-headedness in us.

One of the things which helps to make life more trying, is the habit barbers have of taking their positions back of their chairs and standing at footman-like attention when a customer enters the shop. As you go in the front door of the hirsutorial studio, five or six white-coated men make a rush like fire department horses to their places, each with an I-strive-to-please expression on his features. Each exhibits a debutante-like eagerness to be chosen. At such moments I feel as indecisive as a bigamist. How is one to make a selection when there are so many bright young barbers to pick from? All are strangers. You have no leaning toward any particular one, for you know naught of their relative skill or personal charm. Usually while removing my collar and necktie, I try to give the impression that my mind is completely engrossed with a number of grave problems which nobody else could comprehend. That is my pose. Then I make a sudden dash to the nearest chair, still enveloped in an atmosphere of abstraction, as if I had not the remotest idea that there was more than one barber present. The others slink back to their places along the wall, some to pick up newspapers and read the sporting page, others to gaze absently about. They try to look as if accustomed and hardened to such slights, but I feel as if they were merely putting on a brave front and trying to stifle their sobs of humiliation. I can picture each rejected barber at home in the evening telling his wife and little ones his theory of why I chose another barber, and I can hear the barbers' wives saying soothingly: "Now, now, it's all right, Jim. Maybe he'll take you the next time." Ah! how I wish there were some plan instituted by which I might choose my barber by taking a number from a hat. That would make life brighter and better.

About the most desired thing in a good dog is the so-called "one man" quality. A man wants a dog that will go to nobody but his master. The exclusiveness of having a dog that will follow no one else tickles one's vanity. And the same trait in human nature which makes us want "one-man" dogs makes people desire membership in exclusive clubs. The more exclusive a club or society is, and the more difficult it is to get in, the more one is willing to pay to join.

One might almost lay it down as a rule that marriages which follow formal proposals of marriage will be either dull or unhappy. The marriage most likely to succeed is that which was never preceded by any actual proposal. When a man knows a woman well enough to marry her, he must know her well enough to be fully aware if she is willing to marry him. He must know her too well to be formal with her. Without any actual declaration they come to know that they are pledged to each other. A proposal would indicate that the man had no sense of humor. And the man who has no sense of humor lacks also a sense of proportion. Likewise, a woman who would not make sport of a man if he formally proposed to her, would be woefully lacking in a sense of humor. How could any good come of a marriage between two such folk as that?

The same motive which makes a boy boast to his fellows about how bad he has been at school, causes a man to get up in a revival meeting and brag about his sins. A great many of us think it is smart and clever to be wicked.

One of the most successful fourflushers I ever knew was a young man who made everybody at his boarding house table believe he was highly and variously educated—simply because he was able to count to ten in French.

The man who is conspicuously clever at ordering a meal from the menu is usually fat.

The efficiency experts interested in checking lost motion ought to find much to interest them in the average dog.

No boy ever admits that he lost at marbles and no man or woman ever admits having paid the full duty at the custom house.

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Hickory Dickory Dock

—*Continued from page 11*

it wildly. As she approached he tilted it to his lips and permitted a rill of thin pinkish liquid to trickle down the waistcoat of his borrowed suit.

"Currant wine!" he explained vacantly as soon as the lingering swig was completed and he had broken the bottle on the floor. "Good place this, Nell. Ol' lady brews her own. Sour and snappy, makes you happy—"

"What in the world are you doing?" she asked in a half-whisper.

"WHAT DO you think I'm doing? Keeping books in a Turkish bath? Why didn't you tell me the old maid had a stock of hootch? Wouldn't said a word against the place—not a word. No grouch for me, no grouch for me, we'll all stay drunk till Sunday——"

"No grouch for me!" echoed the resident gnomes of the basement as Fred reached out and snatched the tallest bottle from its regiment.

"Fred, you can't do that!" she cried, remembering all the things the doctor had said about the effects of alcohol on an unbalanced mind.

"But I'm doing it, my dear."

He arose to his feet and jabbed clumsily at the cork with a fragment of ice-pick he had found somewhere.

"My word, but that's a tight cork! Too bad I threw away my knife yesterday when I went into a disguise. That knife had a corkscrew blade. Must have a corkscrew——"

"But you can't—" She had plucked him by the sleeve to be thrown roughly aside.

"There's too much can't in your vocabulary, old girl," he said thickly—it was strange how instantly the sour wine had affected him. "There's a thing or two *you* can't do, too, if you'll think 'em over."

She stood irresolute, terribly afraid of him, yet more afraid of leaving him alone with Miss Turnbull's collection of bottles.

"Understand me?" he growled, thrusting his pallid face close to hers. "I'm referring to Bob Spurling."

"You don't know what you're saying," she managed to reply.

"You sold your bonds, didn't you?" he jeered. "You know damned well you sold 'em before I left the hospital. Now look here, if you're going to keep on taking money from Spurling——"

"You can't talk like that to me!" She cried, cold tears rushing to her eyes. "Put down that bottle and come up-stairs."

"I'll put it down, all right. Don't you worry 'bout that, old girl."

The bottle's long neck protruded from his misfit coat as he went stumblingly up the steps. She followed him to the kitchen where he fumbled in a drawer and found a corkscrew. The cork came out with a silly pop.

"Give that to me, please," she pleaded, laying hands on the bottle. In the struggle currant wine spurted across the floor.

"Leggo, I tell you!" He had snatched the bottle away from her and stood at bay. "Touch it again and I'll bash you with it."

"It will make you deathly ill, Fred," she said, and she was giddy with the fear of him.

"Hands off!" His face was all contorted like a Japanese mask. "You needn't go on playing the school teacher with me, Nell. I wasn't born yesterday. I know a bit too much about you and your little affair——"

There was something snakelike in the speed with which his hand plunged into an inner pocket of the colored waiter's wrinkled coat and brought out a yellow slip of paper. So he had been carrying the telegram all the time! He handed it to her with a bow of mock chivalry and stood smiling as she read:

"Ordered to Cuba would like to see how Fred is doing; will arrive in Charleville to-day. BOB."

"Well?" said Helen, deathly pale as she held out the scrap of paper.

"What do I want of it?" he asked. "I'm not collecting your love letters."

Without another word Helen opened the kitchen range and tossed Bob's telegram into the coals.

"You might go into the dining-room," she suggested, having surrendered him to his bottle.

"Oh, no," he announced pleasantly "We'll eat at separate tables, if you don't mind. I'll take the drawing-room. Perfectly satisfactory arrangement. Hello! Piece of cheese. Love cheese. Too good for me, but love it just the same. And see the pretty mouse!" Fred had spied the thief behind the cake-box. "Come on, mice! Misery loves company."

He snatched a nub of bread from the oilcloth, placed it on a thick blue plate beside the slab of cheese and bore his Spartan supper with royal dignity into the parlor. Helen, too discouraged for either words or tears, watched him from a distance as he sat on the jigsawed sofa beside the grandfather's clock; between long pulls from the bottle of sour wine he bolted savage mouthfuls of bread and cheese. Up to this moment she had pitied him.

Without tasting the supper she had prepared she raised a stove-lid and began scraping pan and skillet into the fire. The sight of food sickened her.

Not so the mouse. Even though another feast of Tantalus had been snatched away from under his yearning nose, he raised that nose to enjoy the distant smell of cheese. Charmed as if by a call from the Piper's whistle he scampered into the parlor.

"My God, what's that?"

The madman on the sofa raised his cheese dish as if to throw it, then lowered his head cunningly until his eyes were almost on a level with the carpet.

"*Parbleu*, a mouse!" he gurgled and sat bolt upright. "Welcome, little mice. I called and you came. Righto! Isn't every friend would keep a date like that. Have something with me?"

He spilled a drop of currant wine on the carpet with the result that the mouse, who had been crouching in plain view, took a safer station in the shadow of a chair leg.

"On the wagon, sonny? Never do you a bit of good, ol' mouse. Aw, don't go 'way. Take off your hat and have a bite——"

He tossed a crumb of cheese across the carpet. It was not a large crumb, but it had scarcely ceased rolling before the mouse was upon it. He picked it up daintily between his forepaws, and sat up to his food, never forgetting his manners. The game proved diverting to the extent of a few crumbs, then Fred Leffley gave himself up to the sensual joy of yawning.

"See here, lil' mouse," he said in a tone of gentle chiding, "cheese you get that way won't do you a bit of good. Not strictly honest. That's what I've been trying to tell the wife. Lot of good it's done her! Now I'm going to sleep, understand? Trust in your honor. Don't want any looting, see? Do I make myself plain, mouse?"

UNDER LESS trying circumstances Helen would have laughed at the drunken dignity of the man sitting there in his comic suit, a half-empty bottle in one hand and in the other a heavy dish of broken cheese; on the carpet before him, as though fascinated by his lecture, the mouse sat upright.

"Y' see that clock?" asked Leffley, pointing his bottle at Miss Turnbull's graceful heirloom. "Let that represent the Woolworth Building to you. And there's no elevator. Would I shinny up the Woolworth Building for a chunk o' cheese? Cer'nly not!"

With amazing agility Fred Leffley stood on the old-fashioned sofa and proceeded to set wine bottle and cheese dish on the decorative summit of grandfather's clock. The bottle was braced securely enough behind a little turret, but the dish, poised on an ornate cornice, teetered precariously, threatening an avalanche at the least vibration of the antique works within.

"That's borrowed cheese," said the lecturer solemnly, his feet struggling among broken springs. "We got to pay that back, every ounce of it, to Bob Spurling some day——"

The ancient springs gave way and a spout of dust marked the spot where Leffley fell into the faded upholstery.

When Helen came in a few minutes later Fred was fast asleep on the sofa, his mouth wide open to the earnest work of snoring. She had closed the kitchen door on his empty talk. Now the sight of him sprawling and snoring roused in her heart a bitterness she could not down.

She might have gone away to weep quietly, as she often had before. But the time will come when a heart can no longer feed on tears. There was a new hardness in her eyes when she leaned over the fallen image of her love.

"Fred!" she cried, shaking him by the shoulder. He opened his eyes to a glazed stare. "Let me alone!" he growled and beat her hands away.

The rest of the evening was a daze for Helen—a daze in which she moved from room to room, candle in hand, like another Lady Macbeth, through echoing chambers where sleep had been murdered for her. At eleven o'clock she found herself in a great faded bedroom whose heavy pieces of walnut stood around like waiting monsters. She had worked automatically, bringing warmth and order into uninhabitable spaces. An ancient gas heater under the mantelpiece had imparted a mild glow; she had converted the bed into a possible place of rest.

The night lay under a deathly stillness. Well, they had come to Scarletburg for quiet, and they had found it. Helen went over to the bay window and peered through frosty panes to see a moon drifting among cold clouds. The air was soundless. There was no movement among the naked twigs, etched on the whiteness of freshly-fallen snow.

SUDDENLY the Mallok dog barked, the sound exaggerated out of its true value against a background of silence. It startled her as a gunshot might have done. Coming across the snow from the lot beyond Helen saw the figure of a tall man, draped in a furry overcoat. He advanced rapidly a few steps, then paused to look around. Then he came forward again. Again the dog barked, and the man made straight for the Turnbull door.

Terror had made Helen Leffley brave. She had no fear of the outside world, since the great fear lay sleeping in her house. Her only thought now was: "If he rings the bell he'll wake Fred, and there's no telling what might happen."

She tiptoed down, past the couch where her husband lay and out into the vestibule. Drawing the night-latch she threw the door open and faced the intruder.

Bob Spurling, swathed in furs to the brim of his soft hat, stood in the patch of light, and when he saw her he smiled and held out his hand. It was like a bad dream for Helen Leffley; a sense of dreadful peril prompted her to lay finger to lip and say softly,

"Bob, be very quiet. Fred's having a terrible spell. He's been drinking——"

"I'm sorry," whispered Spurling, and his broad face kindled to sympathy. The sight of him seemed to bring health and normality to the sick air of the place.

"Please don't go away," she said on an impulse. "If you only knew how I've been wanting to talk to you. And you've come all this distance—Bob, he's asleep now."

She left him standing in the vestibule and peered into the drawing-room. Fred lay motionless beside the tall clock. A volume of snores, uncouth and frankly animal, told how thoroughly he had abandoned himself to slumber.

Helen beckoned and led her visitor a-tiptoe through the hall. In a niche under the walnut staircase there stood an ornate oak settee, conceived by some German woodworker in the reign of President Arthur. Here she motioned Spurling to a seat beside her and they talked together in guarded tones. Spurling's bigness, his forthright Americanism, his very clumsiness and incoherence, brought her to a sense of protection. He was a homely man; the slight limp in his gait betrayed a physical defect. To Helen that very lameness seemed to accentuate his strength.

"How did you find us?" she asked.

"Easy enough," he grinned. "Colored woman at the boarding-house had your address. I came by the ten o'clock train. You seem to be the only people in town who haven't gone to bed. Sorry I came so late, but I've got to run back in the morning."

"You're going to Cuba right away?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied in the deprecating way he had when mentioning his own affairs. "It was either that or Porto Rico."

He looked at her for a moment with eyes which were small and shrewd and somehow pathetic.

"You aren't hurt about that—about my letter?"

"Bob! You've done so much already——"

"Pshaw!" was all he said.

"The money was a godsend just now."

"Look here, Helen." The seams in his cheeks deepened as he turned to regard her. "I *was* going to Cuba."

"You mustn't do anything foolish," she told him weakly.

"This mess here has got to be straightened out. Fred's in no shape to take care of himself, let alone look out for you. It's ridiculous to think of your trying to swing it alone."

"No, Bob." She shook her head hopelessly, and after a moment of reflection, said, "You'd only make things a lot worse—I can't tell you how much worse."

"Of course I wouldn't do that, Helen."

"I know you wouldn't if you understood. But he seems to be suspicious of everybody. Bob, he's so jealous that I'm sure he'd do something dreadful——"

"Jealous of me?" Spurling's mouth fell open at the idea.

"I didn't dare tell him where the money was coming from. This morning he read your telegram. He's been quite insane all day."

"I see. And that's what I'm doing to help." He gazed reflectively round the Egyptian splendors of the Turnbull hall.

"Helen," Spurling held her with his earnest eyes. "I've been fooling myself along, thinking I was doing a little something for—for both of us. But the time's come to look at things straight. If you really think I make it worse, I'll go. But that's no solution."

He paused and sat shyly studying her face before he whispered,

"I'd do anything for you."

There was no trace of the experienced philanderer in that worshipful look he gave her. Yet always since she had known him she had dreaded the hour when he might speak like this. And now that the hour had struck she knew to her shame what bitter-sweetness his devotion brought to her.

"I didn't come here to talk this way," he apologized. "It's just because I'm stepping out. What I say oughtn't to matter now."

She made no answer and he blurted,

"What a love you've given him, Helen!"

"I've tried," she whispered.

"Tried more than any mortal man deserves," he said huskily. "I'm not underrating him, Helen. But he's crucified you."

"Just what do you mean by that?" she asked, trying to make her tone defiant.

"Where would it get us if I explained?"

She gazed upon him, wide-eyed. In her new sight he was no longer the commonplace New York business man, heavy with prosperous living. His broad face was rugged like a mountain, his small eyes pitiful and kind.

"What else could I have done?" she asked.

"Taken one of the easy roads," the tender smile was saying.

"There's no such road for me. I suppose it's because I loved him too well. He's still there—somewhere behind the dark cloud. Sometimes still I feel that he'll come out. What sort would I be to quit now?"

"Still," he insisted, "if you'd taken the easy road——"

The look in his eyes finished the sentence, for it said,—"I never could have loved you as I do now."

Love is a timeless thing—or is it Time's self? Two eternities meet and touch; and a wise man once said that Time is nothing more than such a contact.

Helen gazed across the shadows, then she took his hand and raised it to her lips.

"Go away now, Bob," she said.

And at that instant the crash came, life's doom upon a stolen rapture.

A HUNGRY mouse had been darting round a deserted kitchen, sniffing every bare board in his famished hunt for crumbs. To him the snoring wretch upon the sofa and the desperate two, afraid to speak of love as they lurked in the shadowy hall, meant nothing more than meaningless gestures from a race to be plundered and to be feared. They were evil gods upon whom his livelihood depended.

He made the rounds of the kitchen for the last time. The new goddess had given every crumb to the Moloch stomach of the stove. The mouse stopped and sat reflective. That sense of smell, keen aid to appetite, tickled his nose again and sent his long moustachios a-quiver. Cheese! Had not the drunken god left a golden nugget balanced aloft on the tall old clock? The hunger-lust sent a tingle through his small body as the mouse leaped toward the drawing-room to crouch an instant at the foot of grandfather's clock.

With the coolness of an experienced engineer he surveyed the physical details of the ascent. The couch's back just touched the mantel-shelf; the mantel's pagoda top loomed above a heavy picture frame; the upper corner of the frame stood some ten inches over the turrets of the ancient timepiece.

Light as a feather the mouse scrambled across the legs of the sleeping god, up the jigsawed crag which formed the sofa's back; then he had gained the lofty plateau formed by the mantel's lower shelf. Excelsior! With a nimble spring he took one spindle, then another. Up, up! Peer Gynt, vaulting the Gendin Edge, never felt a headier delight than came to the mouse, scaling heavenward toward that fabulous prize, golden among his people. Cheese!

Having gained the mantel's summit, he dropped noiselessly to the top of the picture frame. Far below he could see the golden nugget on its blue plate. Now here was an enterprise to try the mettle of a mouse. Sure must be his foot, keen his eye; for should he leap an inch to one side or the other, then must he fall ignobly down the fathomless abyss behind the clock.

After a short pause he tensed every muscle, took careful aim and jumped . . .

The whispering pair leaped apart at the crash of broken china from the drawing-room. Helen drew her hands to her breast, Spurling stepped boldly into the light.

"Who the devil threw that?" came Leffley's throaty growl.

Helen, huddled in her corner, saw by Spurling's expression that Fred had seen him and that they were glaring at one another.

"Thought you'd try to get me while I was asleep, eh what!" demanded Fred, pitching his voice to the key of melodrama. Spurling held his ground, a tolerant smile on his lips.

"Wake up, Fred," he laughed. "You've been dreaming. A dish has fallen and —"

"I rather fancy I *have* been dreaming — long enough. But I'm awake now, old chap."

He came into the light of the big door, his hair disheveled, the collar of his misfit coat turned up. His face was distorted to the look of a fighting ape as he stood there.

"What's your answer to that," he howled, and his eyes lit upon Helen. "Give me knock-out drops so that you and your — —"

"Fred," said Spurling, putting his hand gently on the madman's shoulder, "I just dropped in to say how do you do. Helen said you were asleep, so I thought I'd stick around until — —"

"Keep your hands off me!" Leffley tore himself away. "Aren't you satisfied with grabbing my wife?"

"My dear!" Helen came out and stood before him. "Fred, I sent for Bob to come and see you. You looked so ill — —"

"You're a liar. You're a liar by the clock."

He pointed his bony finger toward the tall timepiece which had ceased to tick some thirty years ago.

"You'll feel differently about this in the morning," said Helen.

"Oh, be still!"

His arm swung round and the back of his hand struck her full across the face.

She recovered her senses to realize the two men had grappled and were wrestling furiously. Their writhing bodies, closely locked, seemed to be keeping time to the contortions of a modern dance. Neither spoke a word. A rosewood chair went down in their progress toward the old-fashioned couch. An arm shot out and struck a table which went spinning on its castors.

Then Helen screamed, giving way to her terror. The fight went silently on.

They were within six feet of the tall clock when Spurling's shoulders heaved forward and Leffley fell, face down, upon the carpet.

"I'm sorry," said Bob, and as he turned toward her she saw the bleeding scratch across his chin.

"Bob, you've hurt him!"

Helen ran to the spot where her husband lay. His mouth and eyes were wide open. Blood was rilling across the carpet's worn nap.

"Curious," said Spurling as he knelt down. "I merely shoved him back. Hello!"

He lifted the head and, pointing carefully, indicated a triangular fragment of china plate still clinging to a long wound in the temple.

Presently he arose. His rugged face was a puzzle to see as he stood shaking his head.

"Why don't you do something?" Helen implored, her legs refusing to carry her to the spot where Fred's body lay so still.

"Do what?" asked Spurling, quite without emotion. "He's dead."

"Dead."

Helen collapsed into a chair. Strangely enough her thought was for the man innocently involved in this terrific situation.

"Bob," she heard herself saying, "you must get away somehow — —"

"Be sensible," he replied brusquely. "You can't be left to this mess."

In the next lot Caesar barked fiercely.

"They've heard the noise," she whispered. "Bob, I'm afraid. What can we do?"

"Stay here and tell the truth," he muttered and continued to stare at the corpse.

"But they won't understand. Nobody knows us here."

"That's a point in our favor," replied Spurling. "Helen, it's a plain case of accident. Just a sliver of broken plate — it's nobody's fault. We can't lose anything by sticking to facts."

"No. No. We mustn't do that — Bob, we've got to think of something — —"

The bell in the hall ting-a-linged fiercely, dispelling any thoughts which might have crowded into her poor head. The man and woman stood palsied like robber mice discovered. Again the bell jangled.

"I'll go," said Spurling gruffly.

Judge Mallok, a curious figure, the tails of his night-shirt showing between his rubber boots and mackinaw coat, stood in the doorway puckering his shaggy white brows.

"Something wrong here, Captain Leffley?" he asked, looking at Spurling.

The mistake came like a signal in secret code to Helen's distracted mind. Spurling had opened his mouth, probably to identify himself, when she fairly threw herself between the two men.

"Judge Mallok," she said, "it's too terrible. I'm afraid my husband has killed a man."

"You don't say so!" The official coroner of Scarletburg beetled his brows toward Spurling and asked, "How did it happen, Captain Leffley?"

"We were up-stairs," broke in Helen again. "We heard a noise in the dining-room. Captain Leffley — " she motioned toward Spurling — "came down and found a man had broken in. It was terrible the way they fought. I saw them struggling and the man knocked down a dish — he must have hit his head against a piece of it —— "

"You don't say!" repeated Judge Mallok.

Spurling stood mopping his wounded chin with a pocket handkerchief.

"Must have given you a right smart tussle, Captain," said the Judge, and his look was far from gloomy. "Well, you couldn't do better than call me in. I'm the coroner. Let's have a look at the rascal."

He passed across to where the corpse lay huddled on the floor. When he knelt down and began rummaging the pockets of Fred's queer suit Helen turned away. There fell a long silence.

"The scoundrel must have stolen this suit," said the Judge finally. "Chicago make. Not a thing in the pockets — thought he'd fill 'em up here, I reckon. Hm."

It seemed an hour that he stooped there in his ghastly inspection. Helen's heart was pounding like a broken engine. What had he found? What would he suspect? But his broad face was all a-beam as he came to his feet and extended a hand to Spurling.

"Captain Leffley," he said, "allow me to congratulate you. You've certainly done us a distinguished service. Scarletburg will indeed thank you. There's one scamp won't be bothering decent people for a while."

"It was purely accidental," Spurling informed him coldly.

"Do you know, Captain, I almost got that man myself. Caesar began to bark, so I jumped out of bed and saw him coming across the lawn. I was just reaching for my gun when he started cross-lots — I thought he'd taken fright and run away. But when I heard Mrs. Leffley scream I knew in a minute what was up. Lucky you were home, Captain."

"Thank you," replied Spurling.

Judge Mallok gave the corpse another disdainful inspection.

"Death by accident," he proclaimed with a merry wink. "The verdict's as good as in. There'll be some forms to fill in. I'll run over and ring up the wagon. Hello!"

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THE bank is the foundation of all investment. Without it the modern business structure could not exist, and investment would consist in a few herds of cattle and badly tilled wheat fields. Banks are first and fundamental in any scheme of finance. Not only do they provide currency, or, as the economists say, provide a means of payment, but fully as important is their function in acting as agencies for the collection of savings and turning them over as capital for the wants of industry. Simply stated, banks constitute the single largest reservoir for the collection and distribution of money.

The first step in investment is to learn to use a bank. Those who are afraid of banks must of necessity be afraid of all other forms of investment. What inducement do they offer to you and me to become depositors?

1. Banks relieve depositors of the risk of caring for coins and bills. Bank burglaries are extremely rare as compared with those in private residences. Banks, of course, maintain safe-deposit vaults far stronger than most individuals could afford to have. This is a prevention against fire as well as robbery.

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5. *Interest on Checking Account.* It is quite common for banks to pay as high as two per cent. even on accounts subject to check, the interest being computed on daily balances, provided there is a minimum balance.

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7. A bank deposit (except a time deposit) is repayable on demand. Not only must the bank pay back the full amount which is deposited, but it also agrees to pay any sum within the total amount, and if it fails to do so it may be sued for damages.

8. The payment of bills by means of check does away with the necessity of receiving and retaining receipts. A check can not be cashed until the person to whom it is made out indorses it on the back. Thus the bill is automatically receipted, because the check in course of time is returned to the depositor who made it out.

9. *It is chiefly through your bank that information may be obtained regarding investments and the standing of brokers or other business concerns both in your own and in other localities.*

The above article is one of a dozen sound and informative articles on investments to be found in the new ninth edition of McClure's Financial Booklet.

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"Mystic Isles of the South Seas" is published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and is sold at all bookstores for $5.00.

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
48 W. 4th St., New York, N. Y.

Judge Mallok picked up Spurling's fur overcoat which lay across the door-sill.

"I'd know that coat a mile off. Looked like a big grizzly bear as he came sneaking across the snow. The miserable miscreant."

He threw the shaggy garment across poor Fred's body and took his way to the door.

"Don't you young people worry," he said. "You've done exactly the right thing. I'll guarantee you won't be bothered by any *post-mortems*. Just leave it to me."

If he was waiting for thanks none came, for Helen was standing white as a spectre while Spurling shook hands mechanically.

"You're the sort of man to have in the neighborhood, Captain Leffley," went on the old man's congratulatory tone. "And Mrs. Leffley's a brave little woman. But tell her to take things easy. The dead wagon won't be round till near morning. Now take an old man's advice. You young people better go to bed and get a little rest."

"God, who's to blame?" Helen was asking over and over, when the door had closed.

Through the swimming room she saw the form, stretched straight as a mummy.

"Who's to blame?"

The thread snapped and she fell to the floor. When she opened her eyes again Spurling gathered her in his arms very tenderly and carried her up-stairs to the big walnut bed. She clung to him, sobbing and sobbing; but as soon as she was a little calm he went down-stairs again to watch over the thing beneath his fur coat. Once he dared tiptoe over to the garment long enough to tear out an identifying tailor's label. Then he brought up wood and built a crackling fire in the dining-room grate. The rag of cloth gave forth an almost imperceptible stench of wool ere it burned to a cinder. Spurling opened the window and saw that another heavy snow had fallen. Good. No detective could measure his tracks for identification.

He went back to the fire and sat for a long time, waiting for what the morning would bring him in his new capacity as Helen's husband. In so far as Scarletburg was concerned, he had no fear; the doddering coroner had fallen into Helen's trap. Another unclaimed body would be buried at the town's expense. That was as good as done. Few people in America would recognize Helen who had lived so much in odd corners, obscure in Fred's obscurity.

How long need Spurling go on under the name of Leffley? Not long, at most. On their way East he and Helen could be married in some stop-over town. He had no regrets for Fred's poor body. His soul had been dead so long that only a monstrous shell had remained to torture Helen.

So hour after hour Spurling sat alone, planning for the future. He had always been an upright man, honorable and courageous; he had worshiped Helen without shame, out of a pure heart.

But how had life conspired to throw love, like a tawdry garment, into his lap? They were safe enough, but there would always be between them the thought of this dreadful night and the lie that had united them. They must be on the move. Business would call them to Cuba, then to Porto Rico, or even farther into Southern waters. He saw their years in strange countries stretching before them. Could they be happy now? Could any love surmount this thing?

He stirred nervously, as though a ghost had stolen into the room. Then he drew a deep breath, recognizing the cause of his disturbance.

A small grey animal was gliding across the carpet and toward the corpse on the floor. A mouse. Slyly the little intruder edged forward, paused, glided again; and at last from the litter of broken china, almost under the furry pall, he plucked a crumb of cheese and sat nibbling busily.

Spurling laughed.

"Little beast," he said, "I wonder how much you've wanted that crumb—and if you know what it cost?"

Reynardine

Continued from page 18

huntsman grumbled. "I'm afraid so, Willie John," the Master nodded. But some secondary sense told Morgan the fox was there. He had gone to ground and the hounds had failed to mark him.

"Try a short up-wind cast," the Master directed.

The hounds were halloed out, and as they swung to the left, Morgan noticed the red shadow flit along a ditch, slip through a hedge. He spurred his horse in excitement.

"Yoi doit!" Morgan called. "View halloo!" But some trick of wind muffled his voice. Behind him three hundred yards away the hounds were following the huntsman about, heads up.

The fox was tired, his brush heavy with mud and dragging as he ran. Behind him Morgan thundered alone. He damned the huntsman. He damned the hounds.

"They're going to miss, blast their stupid heads!" But he kept on. His hope was that the fox would turn, and the huntsman and hounds see him, and coming up, finish the day's work.

But the fox kept onward. Now across a ploughed field, now across fallow land. Here a fence, here a ditch, here a hedge. What was the use of following him, with no hounds? But a mania arose in Morgan's brain, and he couldn't bear to drop the chase now, so near to completion. A vast anger arose in him. He felt he had been betrayed. Never was a huntsman so stupid. Never hounds so bad.

The fox ahead of him put on a new spurt, and Morgan dug his heels into his horse's flanks. Where was it heading for?

He looked up for a moment and saw the four-foot crumbling wall of the old Abbey. So there's where it thought sanctuary might be found. The fox sought the protection of the Fitzpauls' even now they were dead.

A sinister grin passed over Morgan's face. Of a sudden he felt diabolical. Others might respect that sanctuary but not he! He wasn't crazy with sentiment. A hunter, he! He'd hunt it over the legions of dead Fitzpauls. He'd hunt it over Reynardine's grave, by God! How would she like that? Eh? He'd kill that fox if he had to run it blind and throttle it with his bare hands.

"I'll get you," he laughed.

The fox gathered itself for a last effort. He saw the whirl of its brush, saw it leap, disappear . . .

Morgan steadied his hunter for an instant. Suddenly gave it reins and spurs. Looked up, as it flew toward the wall.

From his height he could see within and his hair rose in a dreadful chill. For standing there was a white figure, with a book in her hand. Against the white dress the red fox cowered. The face was the face of Reynardine. The years were the years of Reynardine. The eyes were the eyes of Reynardine, black, deep, dilated with fear.

"Reynardine! Reynardine!" A cry of terror broke from him.

An immense panic seized him, and his hands checked the horse as it rose to the jump, a savage jerk on curb and snaffle. The gray was already in the air. Its hind legs came down uncertain. Its great bulk fell backward. Fear flooded him like cold water. In an instant he knew his neck would be broken like a dry twig. Christ! There it went! Snap!

"Dark childeen, what is wrong with you? What is wrong? There was a wing in my heart until I saw you coming."

"Nurse Ellen, there's a man dead at the Abbey. I saw him die with my two eyes."

"O *alanna veg!* Is it any one we know? It isn't the Master is it, or Sir Maurice?"

"No, nurse Ellen, no! It's no one I know. I was sitting reading by mother's grave, and a wee red fox, a wee hunted fox, ran up to me for help. And then the man came jumping the wall, and his horse reared and he was killed. I never saw him before, but we know him, Nurse Ellen. I know we do."

"Why, dotey child. Why do you say so?"

"He saw me and took me for mother, Nurse Ellen. He called 'Reynardine'!"

"Was he a dour, black man, child of grace? Would you be afraid of him, and he alive?"

"Yes, that's he, Nurse Ellen. Who is it we know?"

"It's no one we know, *a lanna*. No one at all."

"But he called 'Reynardine'!"

"You only think so, dark childeen, you trembling there and standing by your mother's grave. A trick your mind played you, *machree dheelish*. He was no one you know, or nothing to you. Only a strange man was it, a strange bad man . . . "

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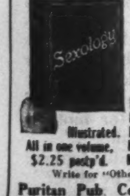

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An Idyl of the Shadows

[*Continued from page 32*]

beautiful when you see it fluttering in the darkness, but look at it by daylight and you see only an ugly little gray beetle. So, I pray you, let us not spoil this firefly dream of ours, let us keep it a spark of light, a jewel in the darkness."

"But it would not spoil it if you let me see your face," the man said mutinously. "Give me at least that to remember. At present I have only a shadow and a voice."

Her sweet, gay laughter hid the tears that were so near. "And is that not already a great deal, my friend? Some of us haven't even that in our lives; some of us have nothing . . . nothing that does not fill us with disgust and loathing of ourselves and all humanity. A voice and a shadow! And look, much more than that. The whisper of the hot, low wind in the olive trees, the fireflies, and that summer sky. I hold myself rich in having so many memories." She rose softly as she spoke and held out her hands to him. "Good-bye," she whispered, "and I pray you now, do not spoil my dream."

And, moved by something he did not understand, Anthony Graham bent and very gently kissed those two little trembling hands, and then, without a word, let her go from him. He did not follow her, but stood quite still listening to her footsteps.

The man with the handsome ravaged face sat alone in the big dim room, staring with red-rimmed eyes into his cup of wine. He was already dangerously drunk and he knew it, but he did not care. The lust for wine was on him and with it a passionate anger that ran like fire through his veins, a resentment that was half mad hysteria, half brutal, thwarted rage. He raised the glass in front of him to his lips. At last he rose to his feet; he must get air — that was the insistent thought in his fuddled brain. If he got air, then, surely, he would be able to think more clearly, be able perhaps to find some way to circumvent the loneliness that threatened him to-morrow. She must stay with him, he must find a way to make her stay! With uncertain movements he crossed the room to the long window and pulled back the faded velvet curtains with a jerk.

And as the light from the room behind him streamed out across the terrace, a woman who was mounting the long, wide flight of steps that led up from the garden paused with a little startled cry; and seeing her the man at the window gave a short, sharp laugh.

"So you have been out!" he snarled. "That is your game! You have found another lover — now I know why you want to leave me."

She stood just at the head of the flight of steps and the light from the open window fell full on her perfect face. "You know very well," she said fearlessly, "that I am leaving because you are always drunk."

The man smiled cynically. "My dear," he said. "You knew I had that little failing when I asked you to do me the honor to stay with me. If you object to it so strongly you should not have risked coming here."

"Why did I come?" she returned. "God knows! Is there any senseless folly a lonely, unhappy woman will not commit?"

For a moment the man stood without speaking, gazing at the beauty that had so fired his blood, that had made him forget all else, that, for nearly a week, had stilled the restless demon inside him which always craved for drink. "Child," through the swaying mists before his eyes her face shone out in its faultless purity, and for a second brought a ray, as of starlight, to the hot agony in his brain. "Have you not learned that the passion for drink is a thing no man can understand? If I were younger . . . who knows! Perhaps you might have saved me; or if you had loved me . . ." And with the words the mists became all red again, until even her face shone in them as if lit by flickering flames. "If you had loved me there is nothing in the world I would not have done for you. And now you have been cheating me! For that at least I asked of you — that, while you were here in my house, you should see no other man. I didn't ask for your love, I knew it was useless, but I asked you to keep faith . . . and you have broken your word." Uncouth and terrible, swaying between lamp-light and shadow, he advanced toward her. "Where are you coming from at this hour of the night?" he asked, as his hands fell on her shoulders.

But calm and unflinching she looked up at him. "I have been," she said, "in the olive groves that lie on the slope of the hill just below your walls."

He thrust the face that had been said to be the handsomest in Italy closer to hers. "And were you alone?" he demanded.

Just for a second she hesitated. It would be so easy to lie, for, of a truth, she had kept her promise, she had seen no other man. And yet, subtly, indisputably, it would be a lie, and never again would she be able to think of the one, perfect memory of her life without shame. And so, her beautiful eyes never wavering, she answered him quietly, "No, I was not alone."

The blood-red mists hid her face from him now, hid the beauty that he loved, closed on him suffocating, dense, enveloping. Roughly, with brutal strength, he flung her from him, and then, with fingers clutching at his collar, screamed and screamed again . . . for he had not seen how near she stood to the flight of old stone steps that led from the height of the terrace to the straight avenue of cypress trees.

The next morning Anthony Graham heard many tales of the tragedy. Nobody was quite certain how it had all happened or what had brought it about, but everybody had a theory to offer on the subject, accompanied by mysterious shakings of the head that were supposed to indicate some secret information.

It had been fairly late in the evening and the servants in the villa were beginning to retire when they heard Prince Perano screaming, and, hurrying out, had found him half-unconscious outside the dining-room window. They had carried him in, but he babbled incoherently of Diana and the steps, always the steps, and at last a man had taken a light and gone out to see, and had found the beautiful Contessa de Sangra huddled up nearly at the bottom of the steps leading down into the garden. A doctor had been sent for at once, but she had died five hours later. And when he heard that she was dead the Prince had fallen into a stupor from which he had not recovered and was said to be in grave danger of his life. What a tragedy! But tragedies are of no such infrequent occurrence in the hill towns above Rome where the wine gives men a white-faced, dangerous anger, and Anthony Graham shrank a little from the callousness that seemed to take it as, after all, nothing so very extraordinary.

Two days later, coming back from a painting expedition, he met a funeral procession on the road, and paused on the wayside to let it pass. "That is the Contessa de Sangra they are burying," an old woman, with a wrinkled brown face and a basket of fruit on her head, informed him, and garrulously went on to relate that it had been the beautiful Contessa's wish to be buried here in the little square cemetery with its straight, formal rows of cypress trees. And then, "You see the gardenias," she said. "They were the Contessa's favorite flowers. A maid in the villa told me that they had to send up to Rome on purpose to get them."

The four horses with their black covering were passing them now. The hot, golden air wafted the scent of the white flowers straight toward Anthony, making him catch his breath and then turn suddenly pale. For that was the scent the woman he had met in the olive groves had always worn, and it seemed to him that her soft fingers passed caressingly over his face, while a little echo of her sweet laughter rang out behind him.

The next day Anthony left the little town in the Alban hills and a few weeks later he returned to England. His Italian pictures and sketches soon brought him before the public eye again and at the end of the year he married the fair, placid, gentle-faced girl who had waited for him so patiently.

But there was one picture he would not sell and that was a sketch of a grove of olive trees in the twilight. The critics said that the late evening atmosphere that was neither light nor shadow, the shimmer of stars, the nearer gleam of fireflies, and far away the distant lights of Rome, were all a masterpiece of technique and feeling.

They went into ecstasies over the picture and offered Anthony enormous sums if he would only sell it, but steadily and obstinately he refused to part with it; and his wife often wondered why, for — to her — it was only a sketch like all the others.

Japanese Impressions

[*Continued from page 14*]

through a telephone broker or through advertising. Thus one can get in contact with a person wishing to sell an installation and a number. The number must, however, be in the exchange serving the district in which the telephone is to be placed.

Though this is a very expensive method, it is the one usually employed in Tokyo and other large cities. A telephone for the business district of the capital may cost as much as twelve hundred dollars, but in a residence district it will be considerably cheaper — five hundred dollars or less.

A curious detail of this business is that low numbers bring the highest price in the open market. This, I was informed, is because green operators, in process of being broken-in, sit at that end of the central switchboard at which the high numbers invariably occur, thus guaranteeing the owners of high numbers a grade of service calculated to drive them to the madhouse.

It must not be imagined that the Japanese are content with their telephone service. They are not. For some time prior to my arrival in Japan the press had been demanding a reform, and at last it was announced that action was about to be taken to improve matters.

But all that happened was this: Instead of increasing the service, the government functionaries started a campaign to discourage the use of telephones. Up to that time, unlimited service had been given. Now, however, a flat charge of two *sen* per call was announced, the theory being that many persons would think twice before spending two *sen* on an idle telephonic conversation.

After watching the new plan in operation for a few days the telephone authorities jubilantly announced that it was a great success — the number of calls had appreciably diminished. Apparently it never occurred to them that the result of such a policy, carried to its logical conclusion, would be to eliminate the telephone entirely.

With the Japanese cables the trouble is largely due to congestion. The use of two important lines was cut off by the war, and as service on these lines has not been resumed, owing to conditions in Russia and Germany, a heavy strain has been placed upon the trans-Pacific cables. I am assured, however, that conditions would not be so bad as they are if the Japanese were entirely efficient in their handling of cable business, and my own experiences with cable messages while there would seem to indicate that this is true.

Moreover, at the time when cable congestion was at its worst, the Japanese refused to operate their trans-Pacific wireless for more than seven hours a day; and even then they would take business only for San Francisco and vicinity, for the reason, it was explained, that they did not wish to be bothered with the details of figuring the rates to various parts of the United States. Lately they have increased their service to cover the States of California, Oregon and Washington; but that, at the time of writing, is as far as they have consented to extend it.

The complete dissimilarity between the Japanese language and our own, of course, adds greatly to the difficulty of communication in all its various forms.

In Tokyo and other cities I attended many luncheons and dinners organized for the purpose of discussing relations between the United States and Japan, and promoting a friendly understanding between the two nations, but though Japanese statesmen and men of affairs spoke at these gatherings in fluent and even polished English, I never met with one American who was equipped to return the compliment in kind. The Americans, even those who had lived for years in Japan, always spoke in English, whereafter a Japanese interpreter who had taken notes on the speech would arise and render a translation.

The linguistic chasm dividing the two peoples is not, however, entirely a black abyss. If one wall is dark, the other catches the sun. Practically all Japanese students now study English in their schools, our language being considered next in importance to their own. And though, as I have said, many of them have perfectly mastered English despite the enormous difficulties it presents to them, there are many others whose English is imperfect, and whose "Japanned-English", as some one has called it, achieves effects the unconscious grotesqueness of which startles and fascinates Americans and Englishmen.

To be honest, I have been in some doubt as to whether I should touch upon this theme or not; for it has always seemed to me that humor based upon the efforts of an individual to express himself in a language not his own was meretricious humor, inasmuch as it makes fun of an attempt to do a creditable thing. It is a kind of humor which is enjoyed in some measure by the French and the British but which is relished infinitely more by us than by any other people in the world, as witness entertainments in our theatres, and stories in our magazines, depending for comedy upon dialect: German, French, Italian, Irish, Jewish, Cockney, Negro, or even the several dialects of our own land.

This taste of ours doubtless springs, to some extent, at least, from the polyglot nature of our population; but whatever its origin, it is a bad thing for us in one important respect. We find the English dialect of foreigners so funny that we ourselves fear to attempt foreign tongues, lest we make ourselves ridiculous. Wherefore we are the poorest linguists in the world.

Even after the foregoing apology I should still hesitate to present examples of "Japanned-English" had I not discovered that Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, perhaps the greatest of modern authorities on Japan, a man whose writings reveal an impeccable nicety of taste, had already done so in his book, "Things Japanese."

One of the examples given by Professor Chamberlain is quoted from a work entitled: "The Practical Use of Conversation for Police Authorities," which assumes to teach the Japanese policeman how to converse in English. The following is an imaginary conversation intended to guide the officer in parley with a British bluejacket:

> What countryman are you?
>
> I am a sailor belonged to the *Golden Eagle*, the English man-of-war.
>
> Why do you strike this Jinricksha-man?
>
> He told me impolitely.
>
> What does he told you impolitely?
>
> He insulted me saying loudly, "the Sailor the Sailor" when I am passing here.
>
> Do you striking this man for that?
>
> Yes.
>
> But do not strike him for it is forbidden.
>
> I strike him no more.

One curious aspect of this matter is that so much of this weird English creeps into print, appearing in guidebooks, advertisements and on the labels of goods of various kinds manufactured in Japan.

Thus in the barber shop of the ship, going over, I found a bottle containing a toilet preparation called "Fulay," the label of which bore the following legend:

> "'Fulay' is manufactures under chemical method and long years experience with pure and refined materials. It is, therefore, only the article in the circle as ladies and gents daily toilet."

And on a jar of paste I found this label, which will be better understood if the tendency of the Japanese to confuse the letters *l* and *r* is kept in mind:

> "This paste is of a pureness cleanliness and of a strong cohesion, so that it does not putrefy even when the paste grass is left open. Though written down on paper or the like immediately after pasting, the character is never spread. This paste has an especial fragrance therefore all of pasted things after using this are always kept from the frys and all sorts of bacteria, and prevents the infectious diseases. This paste is an indispensable one for the banks, companies, scholars and other households. Please notice for 'Kuchi's Yamato-Nori' as there are similar things."

From a friend, an official of a large company, I got a number of letters revealing the peculiarities of "English as she is wrote" — at least as she is sometimes wrote — in Japan. All these letters are authentic, having come to him in connection with his business.

The first one, written by a clerk to the office manager, refers to an admirable Jap-

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Watch one corn

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anese custom which in itself is worthy of brief mention.

Throughout Japan there is housecleaning twice a year under police supervision. Certain districts have certain days on which the cleaning must be done. The *shoji* are removed, the furniture is carried out, and the mats are taken up and beaten. The streets are full of activity and dust when this is going on, and there is a pile of rubbish in front of every residence. Meanwhile police officers pass up and down, wearing gauze masks over their noses and mouths to protect them from the dust, and at the end they inspect each house to see that the work has been properly done, after which they affix an official stamp over the door.

Wherefore wrote the clerk to the office manager:

"Mr. S——:

Excuse my absent of this morning. All of my neighborhood have got instruction to clean out nest.

Sida."

A more serious dilemma is revealed in the following:

"To General Manager.
Dear sir,

My wife gave birth this noon and as it happened nearly a month ahead than I expected, I much rather find myself in painful situation, having not yet prepared for this sudden occurrence.

Up to this day, unfortunate enough, I am destined most unfavorably for the monetary circumstance, and consequently have no saving against worldly concerns, I am forced to ask you for a loan of Y 25.00 to get rid of the burden befallen on me by the birth.

I know it is the meanest of all to ask one's help for monetary affair but as I am being unable to find any better way than to solicit you, I have at last come to a conclusion to trouble you but against my will. I deem it much more shamefull to advertise my poor condition around my relatives or acquaintances no matter wheater it will be fruitfull or fruitless.

Yours obediently,
Y — —"

The subjoined was received from one of the company's agents in another city:

"Dear sir,

We have the honor to thank you for your having bestowed us a Remington typewriter which has just arrived via railway express. We will treat her very kindly and she will give us her best service in return. Thus we can work to our mutual satisfaction and benefit.

Thanking you for your kindness we beg to remain,

Yours very truly,
O — — I — —"

One thing which sometimes makes these letters startling is the fact that they are couched in English which is perfectly correct save in one or two particulars. Thus the errors or strange usages pop out at one unexpectedly, adding an element of surprise, as in the case of a man who wrote to my friend applying for work:

"Dear sir,

I beg leave to inquire whether you can make use of my services as a salesman and correspondent in your firm. I have had considerable experiences as a apparatus, and can furnish references and insurance against risk.

Awaiting your reply, I am

Yours respectfully,
K — — S — —"

I have often been asked whether the Japanese possess the gift of humor.

They do — though humor does not occupy a place so important in their daily life as it does in ours.

A light touch in conversation is uncommon with them, and those who have it do not generally exhibit it except to their intimates. Yet they are great punsters, and some of their puns are very clever. A case in point is the slang term *narikin* which they have recently adopted to describe the flashy new-rich type which has come into being since the war.

To understand the derivation of this word, and its witty connotation, you must know that in their game of chess, called *shogi*, a humble pawn advanced to the adversary's third row is, by a process resembling queening, converted into a powerful, free-moving piece called *kin*. The word *nari* means "to become"; hence *nari-kin* means literally "to become *kin*" — which gives us, when applied to a flamboyant profiteer, a droll picture of a poor little pawn suddenly exalted to power and magnificence. The pun, which adds greatly to the value of this term, comes with the word *kin*. *Kin* is not only a chessman; it also means "gold." Which naturally contributes further piquancy in the application to a *nouveau riche*.

Moreover, through a play on the word *narikin* there has been evolved a second slang term — *narihin* — *hin* meaning "poor" — "to become poor." And alas, this term as well as the other is useful in Japan to-day. War speculation has made some fortunes, but it has wiped out others.

My friend O — —, a truly lovable fellow, once spent the better part of an afternoon explaining a lot of Japanese puns to me, and I was hardly more pleased by the jests themselves than by my friend's infectious little chuckles over them. At parting we made an engagement for the evening, but about dinner time O — — returned to say that he could not spend the evening with me.

"I have just heard that my best friend died last night," he said. "It is very unexpected. I must go to his house." So speaking he emitted what appeared to me to be precisely the same little chuckle he had uttered over the puns.

The suppression of one's feeling is a primary canon of Japanese etiquette. To show unhappiness is to make others unhappy; wherefore, when one suffers, it is good form to laugh or smile. The foreigner who comprehends this doctrine must, if he be a man of any delicacy of feeling, respect it. But if he does not grasp the underlying principle he is likely to misjudge the Japanese and consider their laughter, in some circumstances, hard-hearted, apologetic or inane.

THE SUPREME proof of Japanese humor is to be found in the grotesqueries and whimsicalities of Japanese art. You see it revealed everywhere—in the shape of a gnarled, stunted pine; carefully trained to a pleasing deformity; in the images of cats left in various parts of Japan by Hidari Jingoro, the great left-handed wood-carver of the sixteenth century; in the famous trio of monkeys adorning the stable of the Ieyasu Shrine at Nikko — those which neither hear, see nor speak evil; in an earthenware figure of ragged, pot-bellied Hotei, one of the Seven Gods of Luck, sitting, gross and contented in a small boat, waiting for some one to bring his abdominal belt; in the countless representations of the Buddhist god Daruma, patron of the Zen sect and of Ceremonial Tea — a delightful egg-shaped comedian who will run out his tongue and roll his eyes for you, or, if not that, will refuse to stay down when you roll him over; in figurines without number, carved in ivory or wood; in sword-guards embellished with fantastic conceits; in those carved ivory buttons called *netsuke* which collectors know about; and perhaps most often in Japanese color-prints.

The hundred years between 1730 and 1830 was the golden age of wood-engraving in Japan.

During the lifetime of this art it was regarded as distinctly plebeian. Many of the fine prints were made to be used as advertisements or souvenirs. Some, it is true, were issued in limited editions, and these cost more than the commoner ones, but generally they were sold for a few cents.

Unfortunately, before the art-lovers of Japan perceived that the finest of these prints were masterpieces representing wood-engraving at its highest perfection, the best prints had got out of Japan and gone to Paris, London, Boston, New York, Chicago, and other foreign cities, whence the Japanese have lately been buying them back at enormous prices.

From a friend of mine in Tokyo, himself the owner of a very valuable collection, I learned that the collection of 7,500 prints assembled by M. Vever, of Paris, has long been considered by connoisseurs the finest in the world. This collection was recently purchased intact by Mr. Kojiro Matsukata, of Kobé, president of the Kawasaki shipbuilding firm. It is said that Mr. Matsukata paid half a million dollars for it. My Tokyo friend tells me that the collection belonging to Messers. William S., and John T. Spalding, of Boston, is probably next in importance to the Matsukata collection, and that it is difficult to say whether the Boston Museum collection or the British Museum collection takes third place. For primitive prints, the Clarence Buckingham collection housed in the Chicago Art Institute, is also very important.

How does it happen that it was in Europe that Japanese prints first came to be highly appreciated as works of art?

Octave Mirbeau, in his delightful book, "La 628-E8" (which, I believe, has never been brought out in English) tells the story.

The great impressionist, Claude Monet, went to Holland to paint. Some groceries sent home to him from a little shop were wrapped in a Japanese print — the first one Monet had ever seen.

"You can imagine," writes Mirbeau, "his emotion before that marvelous art . . . His astonishment and joy were such that he could not speak, but could only give vent to cries of joy.

"And it was in Zaandam that this miracle came to pass — Zaandam with its canal, its boats at the quay unloading cargoes of Norwegian wood, its huddled flotillas of barks, its little streets of water, its tiny red cabins, its green houses — Zaandam, the most Japanese spot in all the Dutch landscape . . .

"Monet ran to the shop whence came his package — a vague little grocery shop where the fat fingers of a fat man were tying up (without being paralyzed by the deed!) two cents' worth of pepper and ten cents' worth of coffee, in paper bearing these glorious images brought from the Far East along with groceries in the bottom of a ship's hold.

"Although he was not rich at that time, Monet was resolved to buy all of these masterpieces that the grocery contained. He saw a pile of them on the counter. His heart bounded. The grocer was waiting upon an old lady. He was about to wrap something up. Monet saw him reach for one of the prints.

"'No, no!' he cried. 'I want to buy that! I want to buy all those — all those!'

"The grocer was a good man. He believed that he was dealing with some one who was a little touched. Anyway the colored papers had cost him nothing. They were thrown in with the goods. Like some one who gives a toy to a crying child to appease it, he gave the pile of prints to Monet, smilingly and a bit mockingly.

"'Take them, take them,' he said. 'You can have them. They aren't worth anything. They aren't solid enough. I prefer regular wrapping-paper.'"

So the grocer enveloped the old lady's cheese in a piece of yellow paper, and Monet went home and spent the rest of the day in adoration of his new-found treasures. The names of the great Japanese wood-engravers were of course unknown in Europe then, but Monet learned later that some of these prints were by Hokusai, Utamaro, and Korin.

"This," continues Mirbeau, "was the beginning of a celebrated collection, but much more important, it was the beginning of such an evolution in French painting that the anecdote has, besides its own savor, a veritable historic value. For it is a story which cannot be overlooked by those who seriously study the important movement in art which is called Impressionism."

Though the grip of the American national game upon Japan is sufficiently strong to have brought a Japanese university team to this country and to have taken one or two American university teams to Japan for return games, there is as yet no professional baseball in Nippon, and the kind of wrestling known as *sumo* still maintains its ancient prestige as the national sport.

Having been in Tokyo at the time of an election and again during the annual spring wrestling season, I could not but be struck by the fact that the street crowds watching the bulletin boards for the results of the physical contests were larger and more enthusiastic than the crowds which assembled to learn the results of the political struggle.

The average Japanese knows, I believe, about as much and about as little of domestic politics as the average American. He has a loose idea of the structure of the government and of political machinery; he follows political leaders rather than causes, and like us he is prone to read rich meanings into the glib banalities of politicians.

Wrestling he understands much better. He knows all its fine points. His enthusiasms on this subject are informed enthusiasms, and unlike the baseball fan, he inherits them from a long line of ancestors. For compared with wrestling, baseball is a brand-new sport. When the Greeks and Romans wrestled, the Japanese were wrestling, too. In the ninth century the Japanese throne was wrestled for. A Mikado died and left two sons, and these, instead of going to war against each other, left their claims to be settled by a wrestling match.

The sport is, furthermore, associated, in a manner more or less diaphanous, with Shintoism. Certain Shinto traditions are connected with it, and the matches used to be held in the grounds of Shinto temples — as indeed amateur matches often are to-day in country districts.

For many years past it has been customary to hold wrestling meets in Tokyo twice yearly, in January and May. Prior to the construction of the Kokugikwan, or National Game Building, the large steel and concrete structure in which the meets are now held, they occurred in the grounds of the Eko-in temple. January is a cold month in Tokyo and even May is often chilly, wherefore the audience was none too comfortable at these open-air matches. Moreover, Japan is a rainy land; the old open-air matches had frequently to be declared off because of bad weather; sometimes it took twenty days to run off a ten-day meet. But the Kokugikwan has put an end to these difficulties. The modern Japanese wrestling fan keeps warm and dry, with the result that the sport now has more devotees than ever.

During the wrestling season Tokyo is profoundly excited. Men of large affairs have a way of disappearing mysteriously from their offices. Officials of banks and large corporations are vaguely reported to be "out of town for a few days." Prince Tokugowa, President of the House of Peers, suddenly becomes a difficult gentleman to find — unless, perchance, you happen to know where to look for him. So, too, with many a man of smaller consequence. If he can afford it — often whether he can afford it or not — he drops his work and vanishes. But he does not always vanish; for if his enthusiasm for wrestling verges on dementia he may adorn himself in an eccentric manner and make himself conspicuous in the auditorium by his antics and his cries. Thus certain wrestling fans of Tokyo have come to be considered privileged characters — as, for instance, the one who always appears at the great matches in a coat of scarlet silk, which his father wore before him, and whose habit it is to prance down the aisle before the wrestlers as they march in solemn procession to the ring.

When I inquired about tickets for one of the days of the great meet I was again reminded of our World Series baseball games. It seemed that tickets were not to be had. Eventually, however, I managed to secure them in the way such things are secured the world over — by means of "pull." I found a friend who had a sporting friend who knew a wrestler who could get seats.

The attitude of the sporting Japanese gentleman toward wrestlers resembles that of the sporting American or Englishman toward pugilists and jockeys. It is *chic* to know them, but not as equals. One is very genial with them and at the same time a little patronizing, whereas they are expected to assume a slightly deferential manner. Perhaps the attitude of the Japanese sporting gentleman toward his favorite wrestlers is rather more like that of the Spanish sporting gentleman toward bull-fighters, for in both countries it is customary for the wealthy patron to give expensive presents to the hero. But whereas in Spain handsome jewelry is sometimes thrown to the bull-fighters in the ring, it is the custom in Japan for the fan to throw his hat, coat, pocketbook, cigarette case or whatnot to the popular idol, who later sends the trophy back to the owner, receiving in exchange a valuable gift — frequently a gift of money.

HENCE, though the actual pay of wrestlers is small, perquisites make the profession profitable to those fairly successful in it, and poor parents, having a son of unusually large proportions, are likely to look with resignation upon the Japanese theory that great size is generally accompanied by stupidity, and to rejoice in the dimensions of their offspring because of a fond hope that he may become a champion wrestler.

My friend, the Japanese sporting gentleman (who, by the way, was a graduate of the University of Michigan), did more than obtain tickets for me. He called with his automobile and escorted me to the amphitheatre.

"Our mode of wrestling is not at all like yours," he said, "and I want to explain it to you."

It was about eleven in the morning when, after traversing several streets strung with rows of Japanese lanterns, and filled with hurrying throngs, we reached the great circular concrete building into which an eager crowd was pouring through many portals — an audience which, though made up for the most part of men, contained not a few women and some children. Many, though by no means all, of the women were *geisha*, for wrestlers have about the same rank as *geisha* in the social scale, and they are often the heroes as well as the intimates of the fair entertainers.

As we approached the amphitheatre the thought came to me that there is a curious sameness in the atmosphere surrounding great sporting events the world over, however little the various sports themselves may resemble one another. To approach this great building in Tokyo during wrestling week is quite like approaching the *Plaza de Toros* in Madrid, or the building in which *jai alai* is played in Havana, or the Polo Grounds in New York, or the Yale Bowl, or the Harvard Stadium.

A retired wrestler who had grown up in the town in which my sporting Japanese friend was born, met us outside the amphitheatre and did us the honor of escorting us to our seats.

THE KOKUGIKWAN is a circular building roofed with glass and seating fourteen or fifteen thousand persons. At the center is a mound of earth with a flat top on which the ring is marked with a border of woven straw. Over the ring is a kiosk supported by four heavy posts which are respectively red, green, black and white in color, and are considered to symbolize the four corners of the earth. The kiosk has a roof somewhat resembling that of a temple and is embellished with curtains of purple and white silk which hang down a few feet below the eaves.

The main floor of the amphitheatre is banked up toward the back. The seats at the ringside are reserved for the participant wrestlers; behind these are some tiers of chairs which are presumably occupied by the most frantic fans, and behind the chairs comes a great area of boxes, each seating from four to six persons. These boxes, like those of a typical Japanese theatre, do not contain chairs, but are floored with thick straw mats on which are cushions for the occupants to squat on. The only division between the boxes is a railing about a foot high. Above the main floor are two galleries running all the way around the building. The Imperial box is in the first gallery. People in the galleries sit in chairs, in front of which are narrow shelf-like tables from which luncheon may be eaten — for wrestling matches, like theatrical performances, last practically all day.

During the first part of the morning, matches between numerous minor wrestlers are run off, but at about eleven the building fills up, for everyone wishes to see the two groups of champions march in. One group represents East Japan, the other West Japan; each group contains about twenty men, and their seats are at the eastern and western sides of the ring, respectively.

Gross-looking creatures, naked to the waist, they enter in single file, each wearing a long velvet apron, elaborately embroidered and tasseled. These aprons, which are given to them by their patrons, are removed before the contests, a loin-cloth and short skirt of fringe being worn beneath them.

Marching into the ring the champions form a circle and go through a series of set exercises, clapping their hands in unison, raising their legs high and stamping their feet violently upon the ground to exhibit their muscular flexibility. After these exercises they march out again.

Next enter the supreme champions of the East and of the West — the two great wrestlers of Japan — popular idols who, by reason of having remained undefeated throughout three or more successive wrestling meets, are entitled to wear not only the elaborate velvet apron, but a very thick white rope wound several times about their waists and knotted in a certain way.

Each of these super-champions is attended on his march to the ring by two other wrestlers. The one who precedes is known as the *tsuyu harai*, or dew-brusher. In theory, he clears the way, brushing the dew from imaginary grass before the feet of the mighty one. The attendant who brings up the rear is the *tachi mochi*, or sword-bearer; for according to old Japanese custom no wrestler except a super-champion was allowed to wear a sword, and though the sword is now only a symbol, the custom still survives, and the sword of the super-champion must be carried in behind him.

To one accustomed to the sort of wrestling practised in the Western world, many of these champions do not look like athletes, since they are, as a rule, so fat that their paunches bulge like balconies over the tops of their aprons and loin-cloths, and their arms and thighs tremble like jelly when they walk. Under the Japanese method of wrestling, however, each match is quickly settled,

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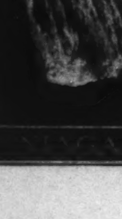

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wherefore endurance is not so important as great weight and power in the first moment of attack. It is for this reason that fat wrestlers are usually the most successful. Some of them have weighed as much as three hundred and fifty pounds. But now and then there comes along a super-champion like Tachiyama, who is not very fat, and who conquers by strength, speed and reach rather than by mere weight.

When the super-champions have exhibited themselves, the two groups of lesser champions return and occupy their seats around the ring. The four referees — retired wrestlers — take seats on cushions, one at each corner of the kiosk, and the umpire, wearing beautiful flowing silks and a strange little pointed hat like that of a Buddhist priest, enters the ring and holding up the lacquered wooden fan, which is his badge of office, announces in impressive tones the names of the two men who are about to meet.

The adversaries then enter the ring and go through the same old series of stampings and flexings. Each takes a handful of salt from a box at his side of the ring, puts a little in his mouth and throws the rest upon the ground before him. This is supposed to have a purifying effect, not in the antiseptic sense, but in some occult way. Salt is often used thus in Japan.

Having completed these preliminaries the two men take their positions facing each other braced upon all fours. But this apparent readiness by no means indicates that the contest is commencing. Instead of immediately attacking, they will often remain thus poised for minutes, sharply watching each other. Then one of them will get up and take a drink, or will go for some more salt and throw it in the ring. Also one or the other will often make a false start, attacking when his adversary is not ready to accept combat; whereafter the two resume their crouching attitudes, toes braced, hands on the ground. This sort of thing may continue for ten or twenty minutes, to the accompaniment of howls from the fans, who shout the names of their favorites and bellow Japanese equivalents for such Americanisms as "Go to it!" and "Atta Boy!"

But whereas the period of preparation may often be measured in fractions of an hour, the actual struggle usually consumes but a few seconds. The men spring at each other like a pair of savage fighting dogs and the contest is settled before you know it. There is none of that straining to get a certain hold, or to break one, which is so characteristic of our style of wrestling, and you never see the contestants writhing in deadly embrace upon the floor. The vanquished need not necessarily be thrown at all, though often he is. If any portion of his body, other than the soles of his feet, touch the ground, or if (whether he be thrown or not) any portion of his body touches the ground outside the ring, that means defeat. In case both men fall, or are forced from the ring together, the one who first makes contact with the ground, or first leaves the ring, is vanquished.

OFTEN a man is beaten by being bent over until he is forced to support himself on one hand, and there have been cases in which decisions were rendered merely because one man's head was bent down until his top-knot touched the floor. A wrestler will sometimes win in one hard push, backing his opponent out of the ring; but in this there is always the danger that the one being pushed will at the last moment step aside, causing the adversary's own momentum to carry him beyond the boundary, thus applying an underlying principle of *jiu-jutsu,* — or *judo,* as it is called in its improved form — in which a man's own strength is used to defeat him. Frequently, however, there will be a spectacular throw; and sometimes, when this occurs, the ringside seats, so coveted at wrestling and boxing matches in this country, are not highly desirable. I have seen huge wrestlers hurled through the air to land sprawling on the other wrestlers in their seats.

When a close decision has to be made, the umpire confers with the referees, and at such times the audience and the two opposing groups of wrestlers are vociferous in support of the contestant they favor.

To the credit of the Japanese be it said, however, that they do not yell: "Kill the umpire!" when displeased by a decision rendered in connection with their national sport; that they do not throw bottles at the umpire, and that it never becomes necessary to give police protection to an umpire whose judgment has not accorded with that of the crowd. The Japanese, you see, have not adopted every detail of Western civilization. As I have said before, it is their aim to pick and choose.

I must have seen twenty-five or thirty bouts that day. But though I was interested I cannot pretend to find in Japanese wrestling the qualities of a really great sport. Skill their wrestlers have, but there is no call for stamina. Their style of wrestling seems to me to leave off where ours begins.

On the other hand, it should be remembered that I was not familiar with the fine points necessary to full appreciation. Furthermore, the differences between our temperament and training and those of the Japanese make it natural that we should not share, in all things, the same enthusiasms.

Japanese life runs at lower pressure than our life. There is not the nervous rush about it. Matters move at a more comfortable pace, and people seem to have more patience, An American crowd would become restless over the interminable preliminaries of each Japanese wrestling bout, and would find the bout itself unsatisfactory because of its brevity and the lack of sustained effort. The Japanese, on the other hand, seem always to be willing to wait for something to happen. One notices this in innumerable ways. Motion pictures made in Japan are likely to be, from our point of view, intolerably slow in their action. So also with the all-day plays of the typical Japanese theatre.

The Japanese business man's custom of taking a day off whenever it happens to suit him is doubtless due in part to the fact that until recently Sunday in Japan was just like any other day. There was no regular day of rest. One day a month was usually appointed as a holiday for commercial and industrial workers; later it became two days a month; and at last there developed a custom of making these days the first and third Sundays of the month. For though Sunday has, of course, no religious significance in the eyes of the large body of Japanese, it seemed the most practical day to select for a holiday if only because it was a day on which the offices of American and European residents were closed.

The Wind in the South

Continued from page 21

understand for himself, if he might, the significance of the things that transpired.

To a man who had so recently offered his life to his country — to any rational man, in fact — the sight which greeted Wessington's eyes was one to provoke serious reflection.

Surging up and down the thoroughfares, or gathered in tense, listening groups, or revolving in ever-increasing eddies like the crowds at some lurid carnival, was an endless throng of men, mentally inflamed to a point requiring, as it appeared, but a single added spark to light the whole inflammable mass into a sudden and irrepressible conflagration of violence and death.

Night had come on — a lurid night, close with the suffocation of an unending drouth — a portentous night, blue-black under a moonless sky.

They had built for themselves huge bonfires, in the vacant areas to eastward of the mills. The stage for this open-air drama had been carefully set, the repertoire arranged with ample forethought.

Scattered at intervals about the area were many tiny platforms — empty barrels and provision boxes. Upon the tops of these, under the lurid gleam of the bonfires, stood the orators. Coatless, hatless, hair disheveled, reeking with perspiration from internal heat, they tore the surrounding atmosphere with frenzied fists.

At the shrine of one of these orators, Wessington paused to listen. The man proved to be Melinkoff. With flail-like arms and thundering speech he harangued the sea of upturned, anxious faces:

"The era of the downtrodden is at hand. The great proletariat have risen in their might. The hour has struck; the die is cast. We have started on a road that leads, no one knows where! . . ."

Rising suddenly above this rush of impassioned speech, came the deep, funereal chant of a chorus of voices from a neighboring bonfire:

"Arise ye prisoners of starvation!
Fight for your own emancipation;
Arise ye slaves of every nation,
  In one union grand.

Our little ones for bread are crying,
And millions are from hunger dying:
The end the means is justifying,
  'Tis the final stand."

They were chanting their famous hymn of hate. Night seemed to have lent them boldness. With eyes that gleamed wild and roving against the firelight, nerves that jerked and twitched uncontrollably under the heat of human emotion, they crowded about the speakers like hungry men at some huge barbecue.

Down the center of the street came a group of men, moving in a rhythmic formation — singing:

"Fifty thousand lumberjacks,
  Fifty thousand packs,
Fifty thousand dirty rolls
  Of blankets on their backs,
Fifty thousand minds made up
  To strike, and strike like men.
For fifty years they've packed a bed,
  But never will again."

They marched into the borders of the crowd and there dispersed, laughing and cursing deeply. Their state of frenzy seemed verging continually upon the breaking point — yet it did not break.

"This is the day of the redemption! . . ."

The voice attracted Wessington's attention; he pushed farther into the throng.

The speaker stood upon a raised dais. Arranged upon trestles at the level of the platform were two oblong boxes, made in the shape and manner of coffins.

Upon the side of one of these, in large block letters, were the words:

HERE LIES CAPITAL

The remaining box bore a likewise illuminating message:

HERE LIES YOUR MASTER
KILLED BY SOLIDARITY

Above these improvised coffins stood the speaker haranguing his audience.

Wessington turned away, sick with disgust, and bumped into McBreen.

The mill foreman's face wore a grim hard look, yet there was the suggestion of a twinkle at the corners of his eyes. He twitched Wessington by the sleeve:

"Curious little fellow talkin' over there," he remarked. "Interests me considerable — might interest Caswell, too. Let's go over an' listen to him."

But they could already hear him, wailing across the crowd. The man was Olsen.

"The wealth of the Universe belongs to the proletariat," he bellowed. "These forests are yours, these mills, and machinery, and lumber — they are all yours. You created them, and they are yours. But your masters have taken them from you, starved your wives and children, while they have become multimillionaires. Are you going to let them keep what they have stolen? Or are you going to take what belongs to you? What are you going to do about it?"

He paused dramatically here, to glare about at them.

"There is but one way left," he went on significantly, "the overthrow and destruction of the rotten system, which produces thousands of millionaires, and millions of paupers each year. A Soviet government will correct this awful evil. The Russians have shown you the way out! . . ."

Thus they raged on and on, in the lurid half-light of that thing which they considered a new millennium.

Clinging to improvised flagstaffs, and made yet more lurid by the flickering firelight, were the blood-red banners of the cause which they espoused. Pinned to the lapels of coats, or thrust obtrusively behind hat-bands, were the tiny red symbols of that force which was to overthrow, in time, all other national emblems, destroy quickly and decisively that vapid thing called "Democracy", bringing in its stead a reign of communistic bliss to a tortured and blood-soaked universe.

The Bolsheviki had found their voices at last; the little town of Port Discovery was in the midst of a revolution!

Wessington turned away and left McBreen standing intent, on the edge of the crowd. An uncontrollable bitterness possessed the soul of the Forest Ranger. Why should these things be permitted — this treason and insurrection, this engenderment of a class hatred which existed in inflamed imaginations only? Why did an over-lax government permit such latitude?

Mechanically he passed on into the throng, listening, watchful.

As they looked up, now and again, and observed his erect figure towering there among them, they moved away abruptly — gave him a wider berth, turned their backs sneeringly, or offered him gratuitous insult.

To all of which he gave no heed; they were traitors to the land that fed them — outlaws, beyond the pale, wholly beneath his notice. Into the Ranger's wide-open, watchful eyes there had crept gradually a look of hate, of smoldering defiance. So he shouldered them rudely aside, and passed on.

Across the top of the crowd he caught a glimpse of the girl, Katherine. She was standing at the outskirts of the mob, listening in rapt attention to one of the orators. There was the look of a zealot in her darkly beautiful eyes. Pinned against the lapel of her coat was a red flag.

Abruptly she shifted her position, gazing about half-fearfully, as if some presence had suddenly disturbed her. Then for a moment he caught the flash of her eye. In it there was no light of recognition. Yet there came abruptly that look which Wessington of late had wholly failed to understand. She turned her face swiftly from him and immediately the milling crowd drew her into oblivion.

Presently — he knew — rather he felt — that he was holding a bit of paper in his hand. It was folded after the manner of a note, within his half-closed fingers.

The thing gave him an odd sensation. How had he come by it? Who had put it there?

He glanced about, quickly. But the faces before him were those of strangers set, for the most part, in grim silence, or the stern, exalted look of zealots.

So, moving to a corner beneath a dim electric bulb, he unfolded the slip of paper. Across its otherwise white surface was scrawled a legend. He held it up to the light and read:

"*Ranger man, look out. They're after you!*"

So it was a warning, then; Wessington shrugged. "Why feature me?" he smiled grimly to himself. Then wadding the scrap of paper into a tiny ball he tossed it away.

As he turned back toward the crowd there burst abruptly upon his ears, the sound of a fusillade of firearms — the keen, sharp bark of pistols piercing the darkness; above his head the sickly whine of bullets.

Simultaneously the throng about the bonfires broke into a wildly chaotic mass — cursing, raging, shoving, mad with a purpose which they could not even analyze.

The sounds had issued from the base of the flagstaff.

Obsessed by this sudden knowledge the throng rushed thither. And with this mob ran Wessington, in the forefront of the onrush.

THE FIRING had ceased as abruptly as it came. No further sounds arose. The base of the flagstaff lay within a dull circle of light, cast downward from the electric street lamps.

Within this circle Wessington saw a group of a dozen men ranged in a shallow arc about the flagstaff, their shoulders squared, chins lowered, faces set, fronting the crowd, as if to meet and thwart some sudden onset. In their hands were the pistols that had so lately made the night hideous with sound. They were still smoking.

Upon the edge of the company pier sat Faulkner, half doubled up, rocking his body back and forth continually, with a slow motion, moaning half-audibly to himself. At his back stood young Weatherford, chin up and defiant, glaring at the throng. Within his clenched, grinning teeth was the corner of a white handkerchief; he was twisting it tightly about his forearm.

The situation became clear at a glance. In the heat of an overwrought moment they had stormed the flagstaff, in an effort to pull down the ensign. Thus had the swift event followed.

The affair had drawn now to a standstill; yet there still remained grim evidence of the attempt. He lay against the base of the huge pole, stretched flat upon his back, his face turned skyward, white and set in its final fixed rigidity. His left hand, still reaching upward, clutched tightly at the rope that ascended the flagstaff and disappeared into the night.

Across his lower body lay an unsuccessful comrade — lay as he had fallen, upon his back, twisted in a ghoulish and unnatural shape. Thus they reclined, at the end of the conflict, together, like a human cross — winked out and gone in a struggle of force which even God might fail to comprehend.

The crowd surged frantically forward, groveling, roaring, striving to strike down and destroy whatsoever, in its aggregate mind, seemed worthy of the act; yet helpless, nevertheless, from lack of discernment.

Up and down in front of the mob walked Ivanovitch — hands uplifted, palms extended outward, as if he fain would push them back to safety — exhorting, commanding, arguing for quiet, law and order.

"Not yet! — Not now!" These were the only words Ivanovitch spoke. Yet he kept repeating them over and over again, as he walked — "Not yet! Not now!"

It was as if, to his mind, some other time might serve the purpose better.

And the crowd, helpless and dumb in the absence of a definite purpose, drew back, turned finally and scattered. Its multiplied voice receded to a hoarse grumble, sank, like a restless patient under an opiate, into a sobbing moan, and slithered into silence.

In time there arose again, around the distant bonfires, the voice of the lurid orgy:

"The day of the downtrodden is at hand. . . . This is the New Dawn. . . ."

It was after eleven o'clock. Wessington had been out more than three hours. So, with lagging feet he moved now, out of the throng, beyond the sawdust streets and, at length, into the foot trail that led up to the Ranger's cabin.

The incident at the flagstaff already had shrunk to the semblance of a horrid dream. The warning from its unknown source had passed, too, from his mind.

In the place of these had come thoughts of yet another character. Before him as he went, stretching away and upward to the ancient peaks, lay the Olympic National Forest — vast, silent, full of gigantic potentialities. Behind lay the town, and the mills of Port Discovery, stricken, now, to a palsied inertness, by the acts of a group of fanatics whose avowed purpose was to lay waste and destroy that which others had built up. Against the purple-black sky rose the red gleam of their bonfires. While over a troubled earth, weary and surfeited with conflict, struggled a billion soul-sick people, begging for rest — praying for law and order, that they might gain food and sleep.

Where the trail bent abruptly, on its last ascent to the Ranger's cabin, he observed a white object pinned to an adjacent tree, and stepped from the trail to investigate. It proved to be a bit of cardboard. Upon it, in a bold handwriting, was scrawled a legend:

"*Ranger man, look out. They're after you!*"

It was late afternoon of the following day before Wessington started back down the trail. Meanwhile, every possible precaution had been taken; no loose ends appeared anywhere; and Oakley was in charge.

So he turned his footsteps back again toward the town of Port Discovery.

As he proceeded down the trail, he became, by degrees, conscious of a series of oddly familiar sounds, which grew gradually, at his approach, into more definite noises.

At this revelation his face brightened with a glad smile. Caswell had made good his threat — the mills were running!

At a point where the foot trail entered the village he turned abruptly to the left, and so down a parallel street — a residence thoroughfare.

In this act he had a definite purpose in view. There was a cottage nestling along this thoroughfare. He wished to talk to one of its occupants, an especially recalcitrant one — wished to reason with her, draw her out of her moods, correct those erroneous notions of hers. At least that was the excuse he gave himself.

She was standing beside the gate at the foot of the walk, gazing out eastward toward a reflex of the late afternoon sun that purpled the distant Storm King Mountain.

Her appearance was unusually moody, abstracted. Clearly her thoughts to-day were not of pleasant things. Suddenly Wessington divined the nature of them, or so at least he believed; she was contemplating the tragedy of the night before.

He resolved to avoid this subject entirely, if possible. No one could hope to get anywhere discussing such pitifully tragic events so mixed in their cause and effect. So they would talk — discuss old times, and thus verge, gradually and naturally, into the subject upon which he wished to set her straight.

"Looking for the gnomes and fairies, over on Storm King?" he accosted her blithely.

She did not shift her position; she simply stood gazing at him calmly, inscrutably.

"No; waiting for the Dawn," she said.

It was a poor beginning; Wessington made another attempt. If only he could break through this frozen exterior he felt sure he would still find the former Katherine somewhere underneath.

"How are the asters and marigolds coming on?" he asked, hopefully.

She twisted her head slowly to look at them, drooping disconsolately there along the walk; then she turned back again.

"THEY seem to be coming on all right," she said, echoing his words.

"Pretty dry for them, this summer."

"Yes; pretty dry."

"The chlorophyl didn't come up very good at all in the larch, this year."

"It didn't?" she inquired, listlessly.

"No; not enough rain. . . . Remember how we used to watch every spring for the chlorophyl to come up?"

"I remember a great many things," she said — "That among others."

He stood looking at her wistfully:

"God, how I'd like to see you smile again, Katherine — that old-time smile of yours."

"Oh, I smile occasionally," she said, with a little mirthless twist of her lips.

"Yes, but the old-time smile is dead."

"It is better dead — all things considered." There came a perceptible catch in her voice as she made the statement.

"And most that was sweet and kind in you, seems to have died with it. What a pity."

"It's all in the way you look at it," she replied, apathetically.

"Still hunting trouble," he accused. "Still looking for things to worry about."

"I don't have to look for things to worry about," she replied. "They're already here, I can't avoid them."

Wessington changed the subject. It was of no use. Her defense was impregnable, his attempt to break through had been a pitiful failure.

"Well, did you find your orchids and maidenhair, up in the woods yesterday?" he asked, in lighter mood.

"No. Like many people's dreams they had withered in the drouth. I suppose I shouldn't have picked them, anyhow."

"And why not?"

"Privately owned," she said.

He stood leaning an elbow on the gate post, smiling at her wistfully.

"Privately owned! That's all foolishness. You're fighting with life, Katherine. What makes you do it?"

"No, I'm not fighting with life," she replied. "I'm fighting a force that is trying to destroy life — the life of a helpless people."

"Class consciousness!" he said. "It's a badly-overworked term, nowadays! In addition to that, the theory will never get you anywhere; its basis is purely imaginary."

"It seems real enough to me," she said, "when I see the injustice of the capitalists, and the suffering of the poor and weak."

"Capitalists!" he replied. "Why we're all capitalists — capitalists at heart, workers from necessity, and selfish by human instinct. Why don't you correct, instead of trying to overthrow? No cause ever prospered through ruthless destruction. The system should be reformed, if at all, from the inside."

"We can't reform the system," she said hopelessly. "The masters are too cruelly strong, and too wicked."

"So you think the thing to do is to crush these so-called masters, break up the present system of government — in a vague hope that some new elysium may arise in its place."

"The thing to do is to get justice," she breathed, looking at him in a wide-eyed gaze.

"Yet there never has been justice in human form," he persisted, "and there never will be. No man can ever know the whole truth. And not knowing it, he can not administer it. Injustice is a thing unavoidable so long as the race continues human."

"Ah, but it doesn't work out that way," she explained hopefully. "It's the selfish,

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